

VOL. 3 N° 5

DECEMBER



Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

10¢



52 PAGES of **THRILLING**
DETECTIVE **ADVENTURE**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

COLE CLUES

NEWS AND VIEWS

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

As usual, we enjoyed reading all your many letters this month! We wish we had room to print more of them.

The letters below are well thought out and have given us valuable criticism. Come on, reader-editors, let's have more constructive suggestions.

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Sirs:

I think that you will, and I hope you do like my letter.

I think that "Young King Cole" is the best in your comic and "Toni Gayle" comes next. However, I do think Toni is a bit too hot tempered.

"Dr. Drew the Zoo Man" is one of my favorites. He is very brave, and I think it was especially exciting when he fought the alligator. The only one that I do think is bad is "Dr. Doom." He is too brave for anything and is not real enough in the sense that he gets clues too fast. Well, I hope I get your next issue, and don't leave out "Dr. Drew" ever.

Your friend and fan,
David Gilmour
Hamilton, Ont.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I always have and know I always will enjoy YOUNG KING COLE comics. My favorite character is "Toni Gayle." Besides being exciting, Toni is always glamorous.

In my estimation, "Young King Cole" could never, never compare with Toni because it isn't exciting enough. I suggest that you annex another story of "Young King Cole" (since that is the name of the magazine) and pack them both with thrills, danger, and excitement.

A satisfied reader,
Sally Miller
Dayton, Ohio

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just read the latest issue of YOUNG KING COLE. In our neighborhood the kids "swap" comic books. When YOUNG KING COLE first came out, I wasn't too eager to "swap" for it, since I don't care for continued stories. I think this latest issue is a great deal more interesting than the earlier issues. I am now very eager to "swap" for YOUNG KING COLE.

I think the story of "Young King

Cole" would be improved if the cartoons weren't so crowded. One of the main reasons I like "Toni Gayle" is because the cartoons are clear and nicely drawn. The printing is also easy to read. However, I like the stories in both "Young King Cole" and "Toni Gayle."

Keep up the good work! I think you publish a very nice magazine!

A new fan of Y.K.C.
Bunnie Jane Curlette
Birmingham, Alabama

* * *

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the June YOUNG KING COLE, and I think it's a pretty good book. Personally, I think "Dr. Drew the Zoo Man" is the best character in the book. The drawings are good, too. Say, who draws "Dr. Drew," anyway? He or she is a good artist.

Next, I like Young King Cole. If I'm not mistaken, Dick Cole is his cousin. Jim Wilcox is a good artist. But I agree with a certain Anne Clarke that "Young King Cole" mysteries are too easy to solve. I think it would be a good idea if there were a book about Young King Cole and it would have all the stories about him only.

I cannot understand why so many people like "Toni Gayle." I don't ever read those stories. I can't seem to get interested in her. The artist, J. Valleau, is a good one, but he'd do much better with a different character. Lots of people like her better than "Dr. Drew" or "Young King," and that I can't understand.

All the other characters, "Heathcliff the Hobo," "Dr. Doom," "Homer K. Beagle," and "Boitram the Boiglar" are all right. That Art Helfant, drawer of "Boitram" and "Heathcliff," is a good artist. He should be allowed to make a story as long as "Young King Cole."

Milt Hammer is good, too.

Yours truly,
Russell Doss
Lafayette, Indiana

Dear Editors:

I am going to give you my opinion about your book. "Young King Cole" is all right in some stories, but he is not good enough for detective stories. I know you try to improve him, but you haven't got the right idea. You should think of how we are going to think about it—like "Toni Gayle" and especially Sam Spade on the radio on Sunday at 8:00 o'clock to 8:30. They are regular characters that get hurt, but are heroes at the end. "Young King Cole" never gets hurt and nothing exciting happens.

Sincerely yours,
Jane MacDermott
Dorchester, Mass.

* * *

Dear Editors:

As soon as I buy my YOUNG KING COLE comic, I turn straight to "Toni Gayle." I am afraid I have to skip the main issue, "Young King Cole," as I think the plot's dull. "Dr. Doom," "Dr. Drew," and "Heathcliff the Hobo" are very good, especially "Heathcliff" which is very amusing.

My opinion is that all the scripts should have more suspects. In "Young King Cole," and in many other mystery comics, I've noticed that there is just one person who could possibly be the guilty one. I think that, as I said before, there should be at least two or three suspects. Then, at the end of the story, you would show the guilty person. This would make the stories more interesting. Now the main idea of the story is just the hero or heroine chasing after the killer, but he or she usually knows who did the killing.

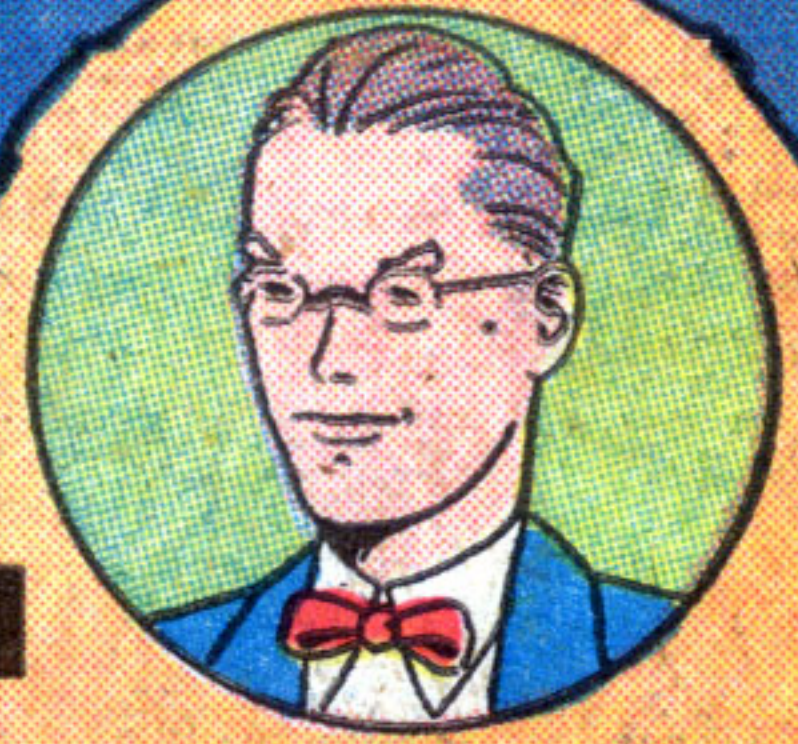
These are just my ideas, which I think would make your comic more popular. Right now, I think YOUNG KING COLE is very popular with millions of children and grown ups, and also popular with me.

Sincerely yours,
Nancy Pontius
Warson Woods, Mo.

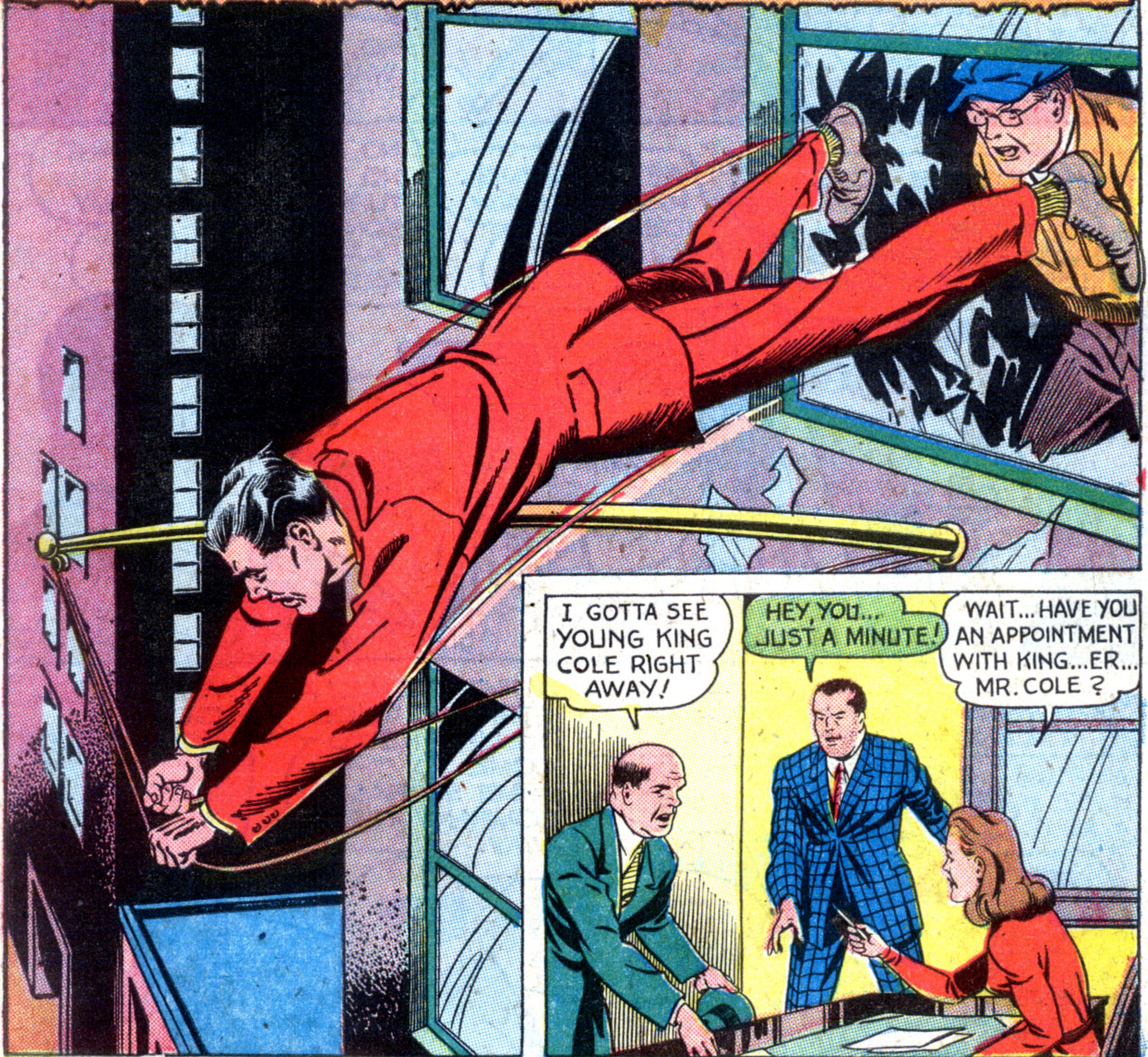
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO YOUNG KING COLE, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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THE BALD MAN BARGES INTO KING'S OFFICE.

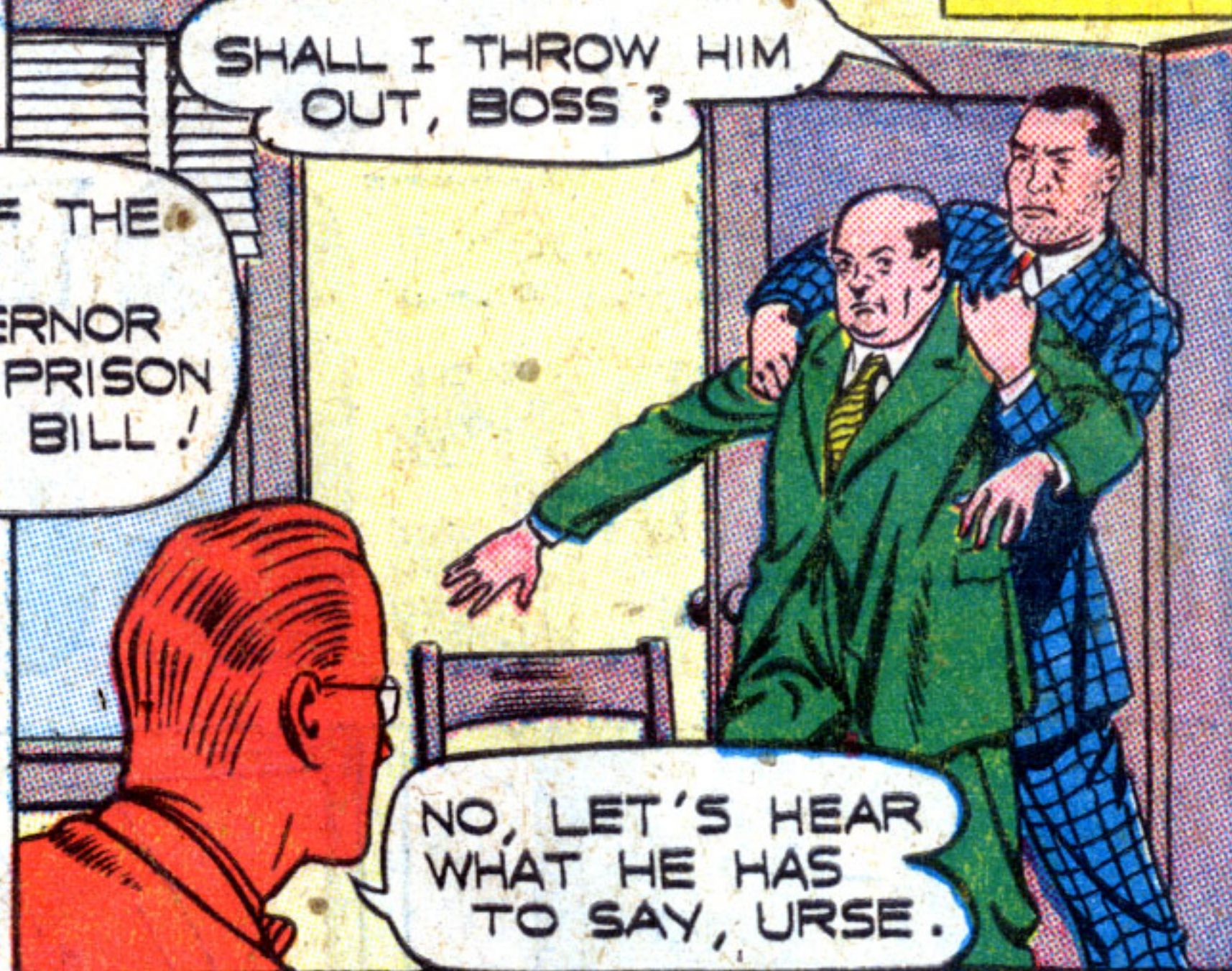
MR. COLE, I'M ROCKY BEMIS. YOU GOTTA HELP ME!



OH, YOU'RE ONE OF THE CONVICTS RECENTLY PARDONED BY GOVERNOR GRAY'S PRISON REFORM BILL!

URSUS GRAHAM DASHES IN TO SEIZE BEMIS.

SHALL I THROW HIM OUT, BOSS?

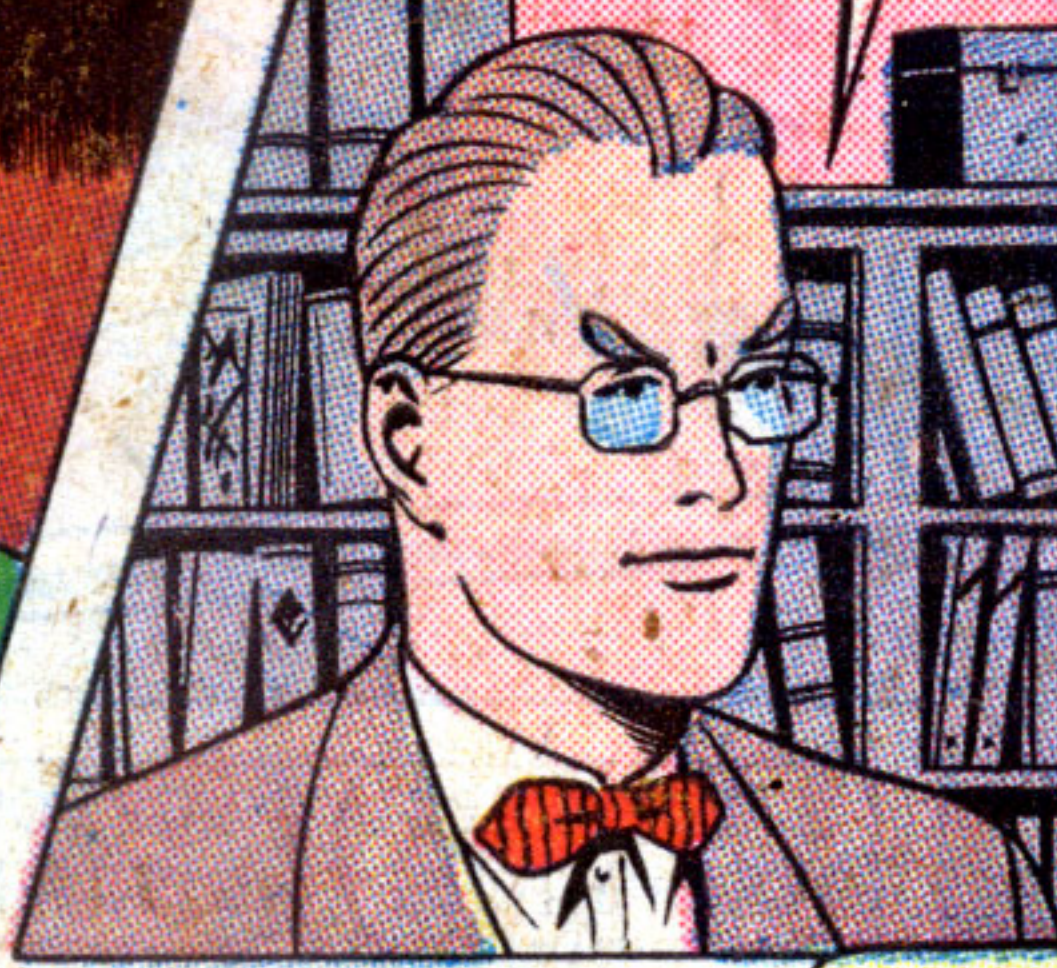


NO, LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY, URSE.

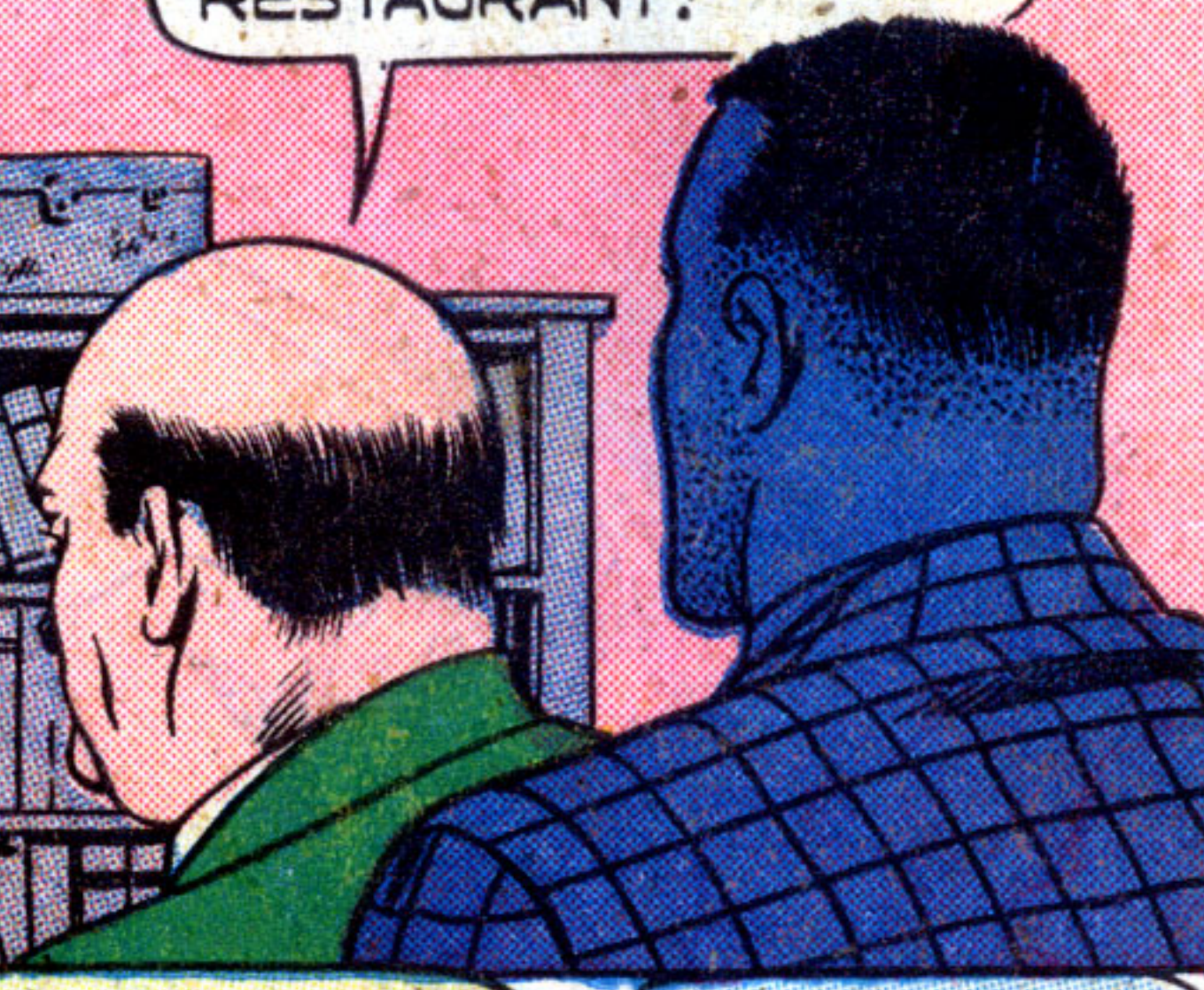
ALL SIX OF THE CONS PARDONED WITH ME ARE BACK IN THE JUG ON FRAMED-UP CHARGES! I'M NEXT...I KNOW IT!



RELAX, BEMIS. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO WANTS TO FRAME YOU?

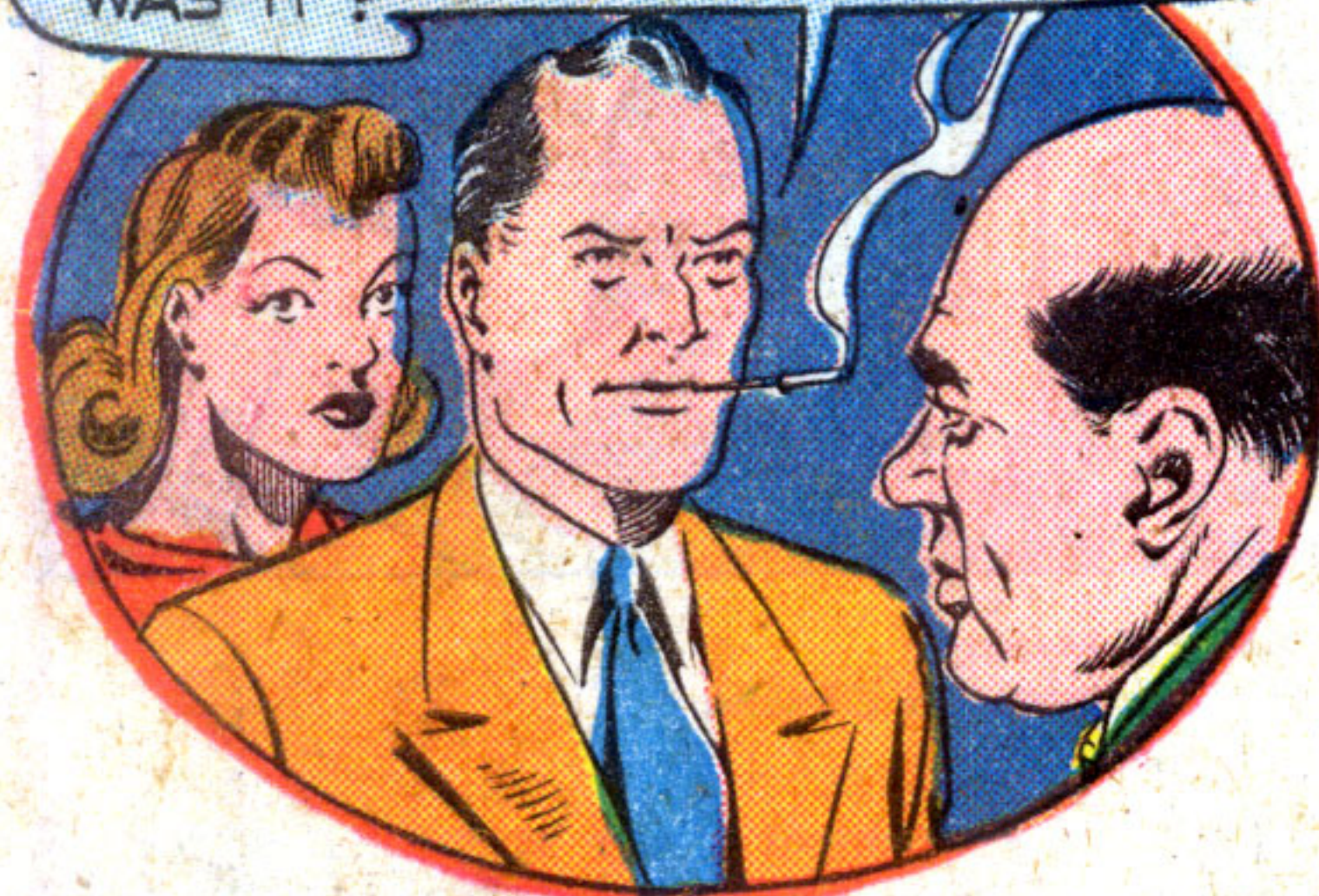


NO, BUT I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. I'VE TURNED STRAIGHT! MY SON GAVE ME A PARTNERSHIP IN HIS RESTAURANT!

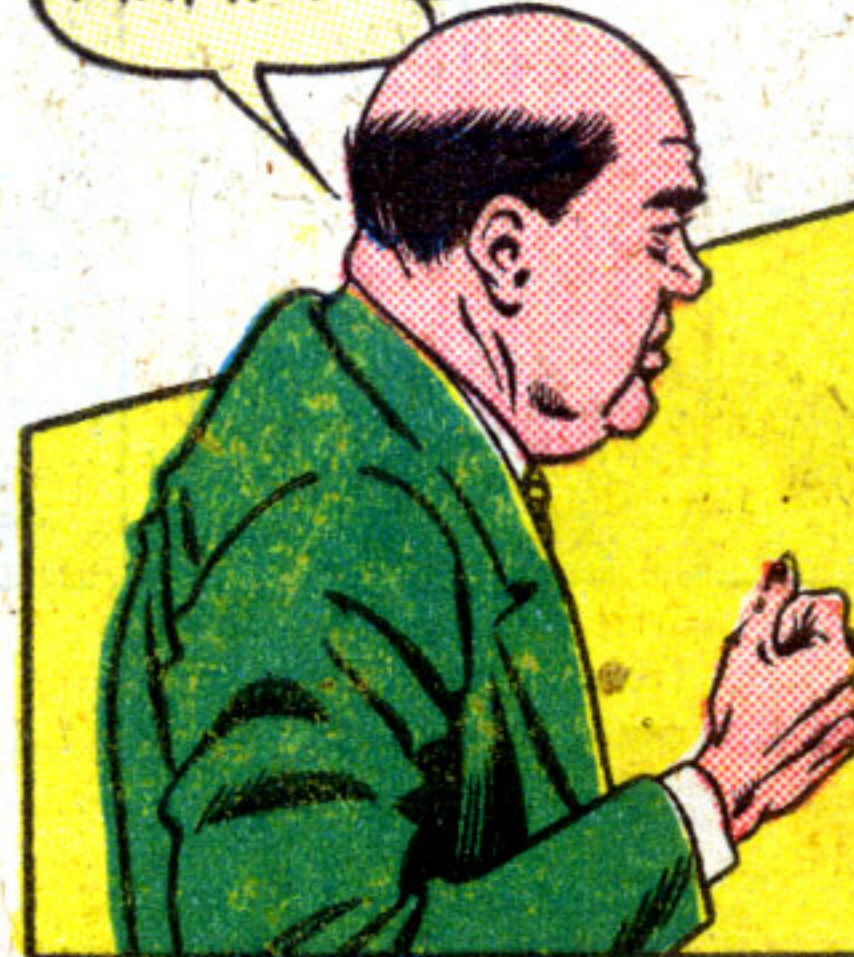


MEANWHILE WHIP STEELE AND IRIS NORLAND HAVE ENTERED THE ROOM.

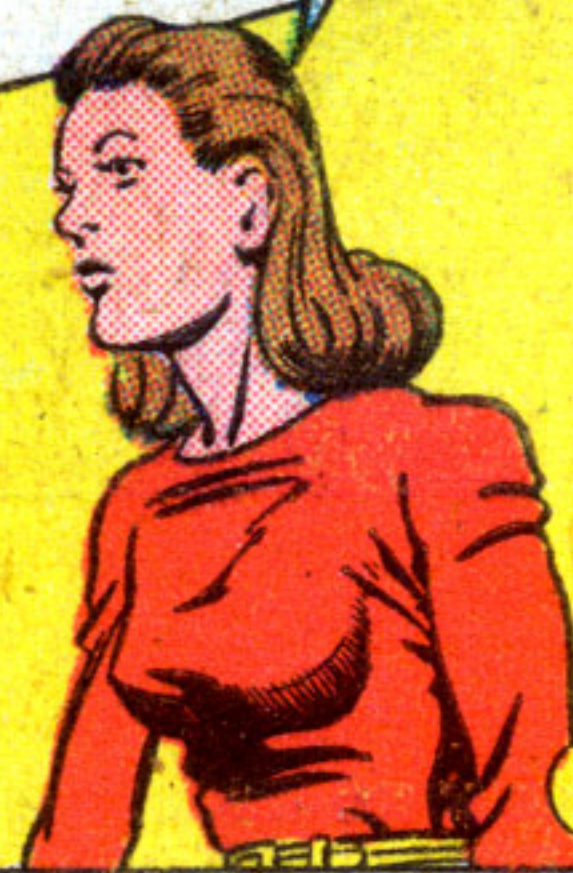
WHIP ME, SOMETHING MUST HAVE JUST HAPPENED, BEMIS! WHAT WAS IT?

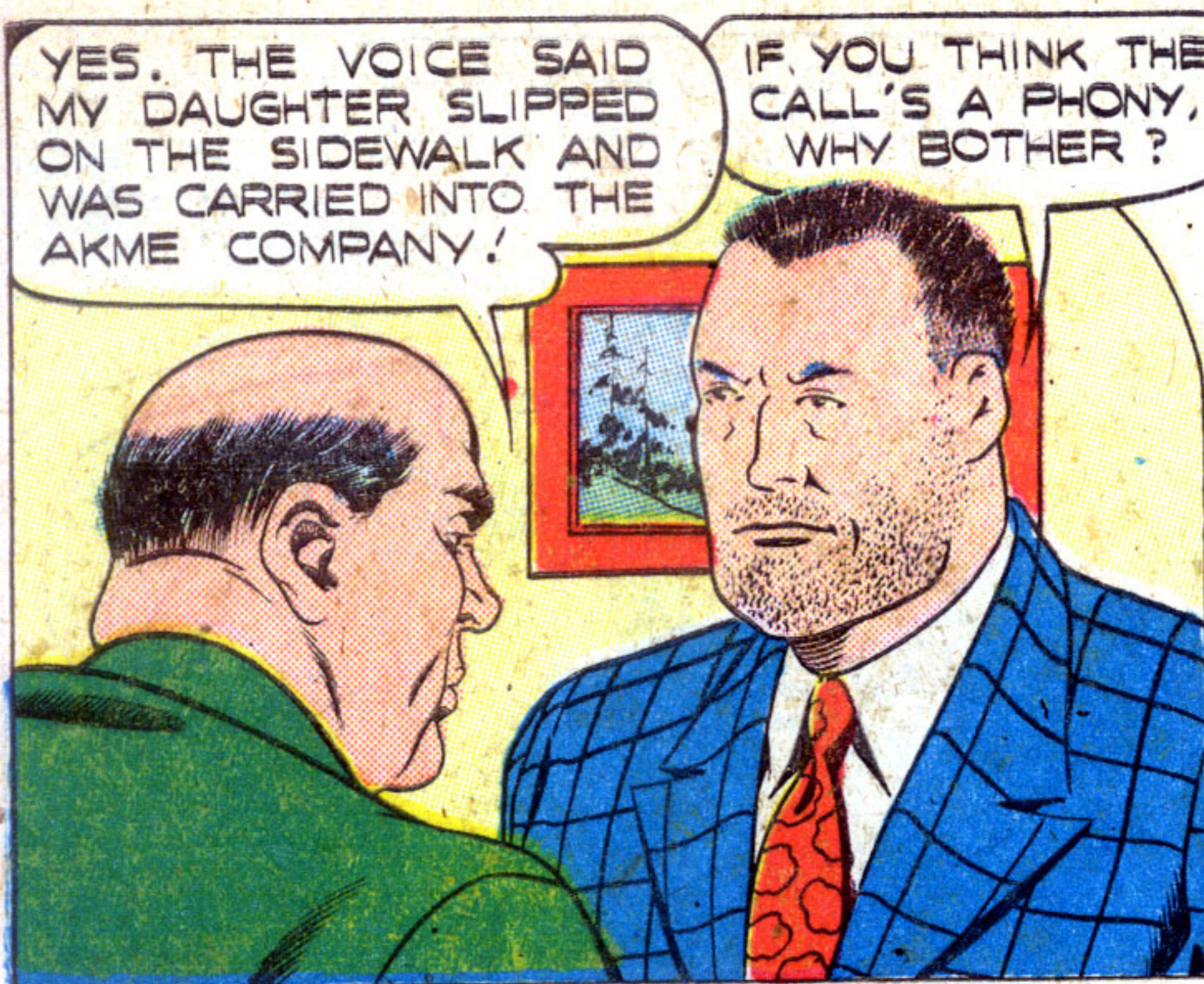


A PHONE CALL! A STRANGE VOICE TELLING ME TO COME TO THE AKME STORAGE COMPANY RIGHT AWAY.



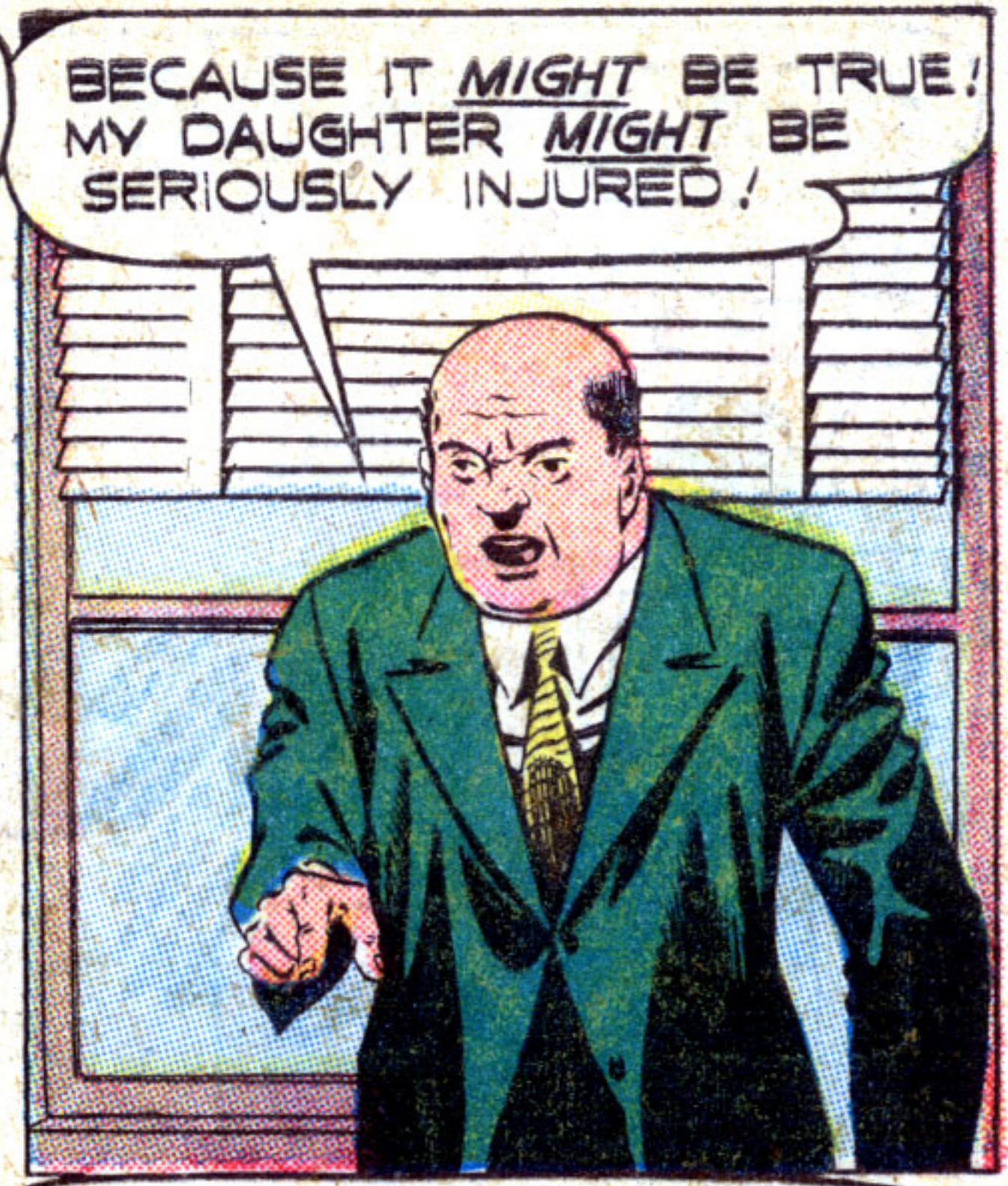
YOU THINK A CRIME IS GOING TO BE PULLED OFF THERE IN WHICH YOU'LL BE INVOLVED?



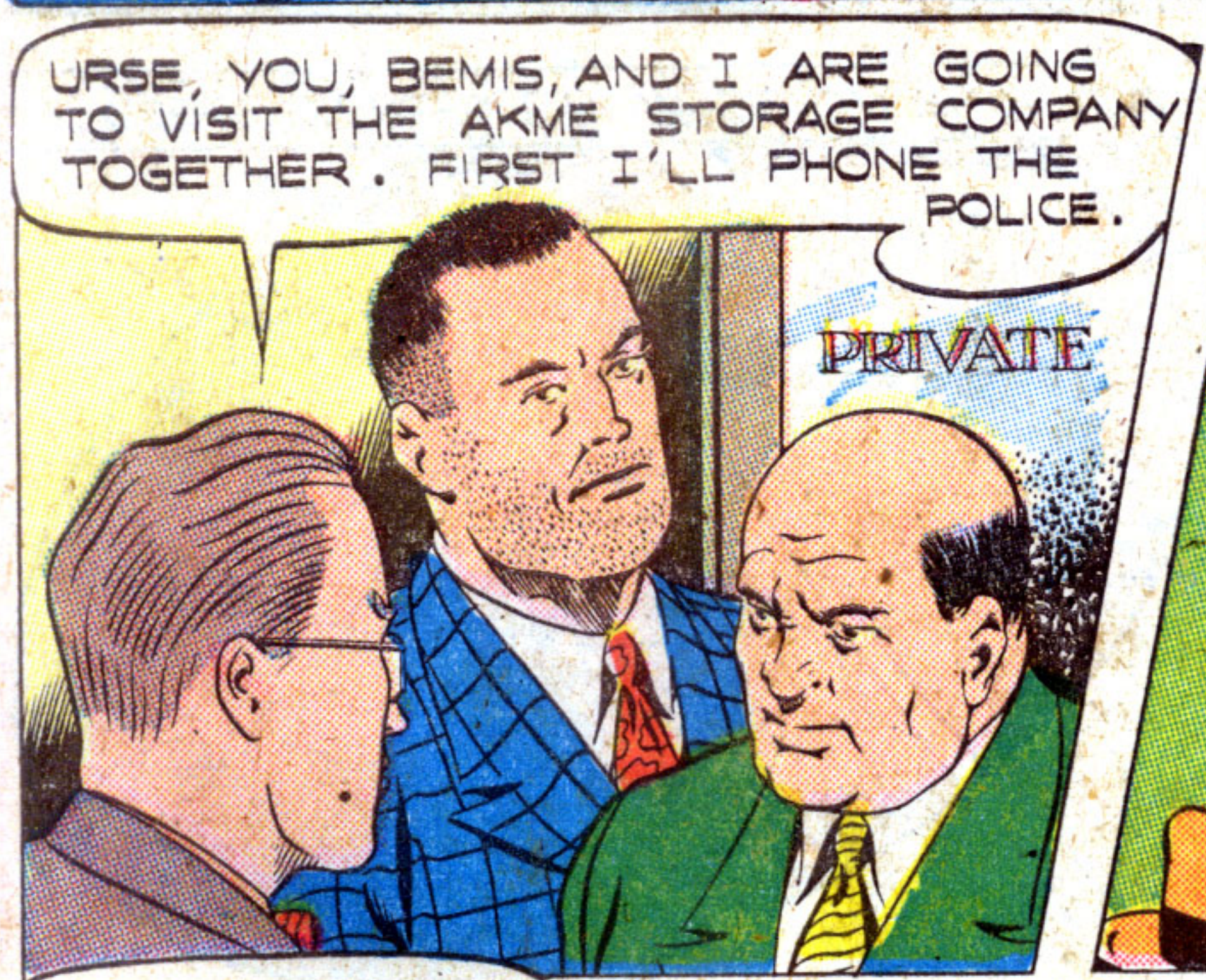


YES. THE VOICE SAID MY DAUGHTER SLIPPED ON THE SIDEWALK AND WAS CARRIED INTO THE AKME COMPANY!

IF YOU THINK THE CALL'S A PHONY, WHY BOTHER?



BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE TRUE! MY DAUGHTER MIGHT BE SERIOUSLY INJURED!



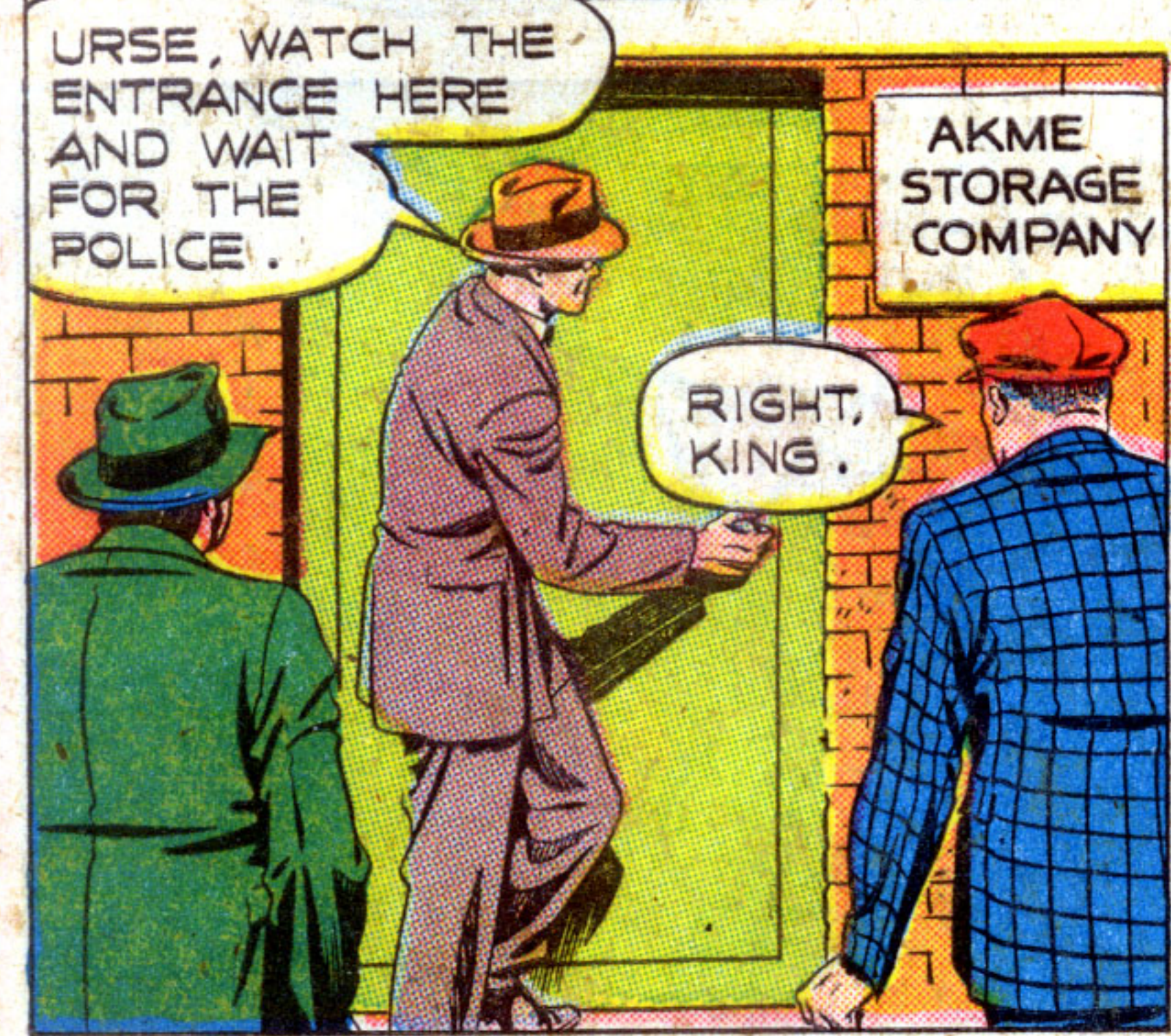
URSE, YOU, BEMIS, AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT THE AKME STORAGE COMPANY TOGETHER. FIRST I'LL PHONE THE POLICE.

PRIVATE



WHIP, GET THE STORY ON THE SIX OTHER PARDONED CONS. IRIS, TAKE CHARGE OF THE OFFICE. HELLO ... POLICE HEADQUARTERS, PLEASE.

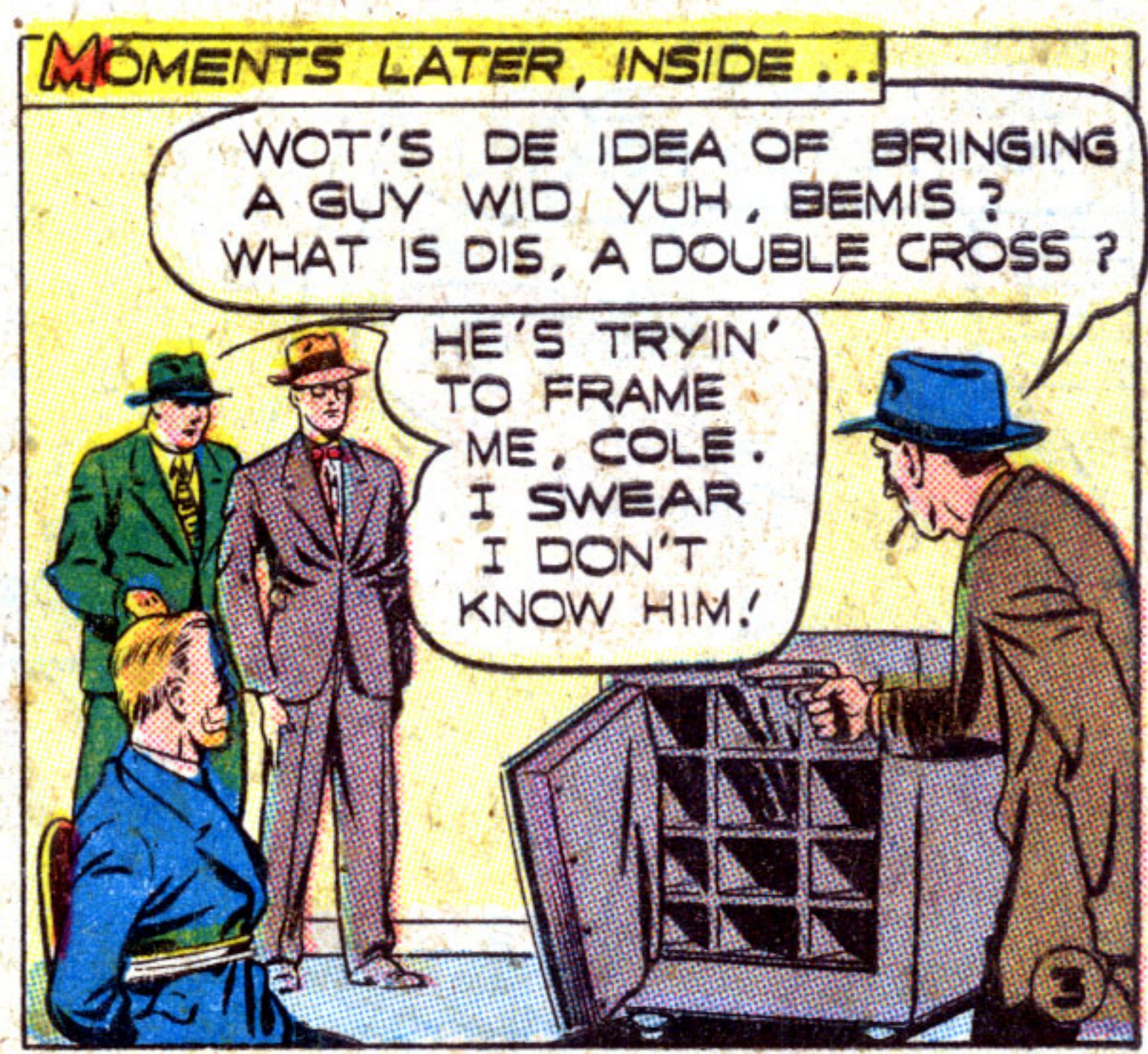
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



URSE, WATCH THE ENTRANCE HERE AND WAIT FOR THE POLICE.

AKME STORAGE COMPANY

RIGHT, KING.



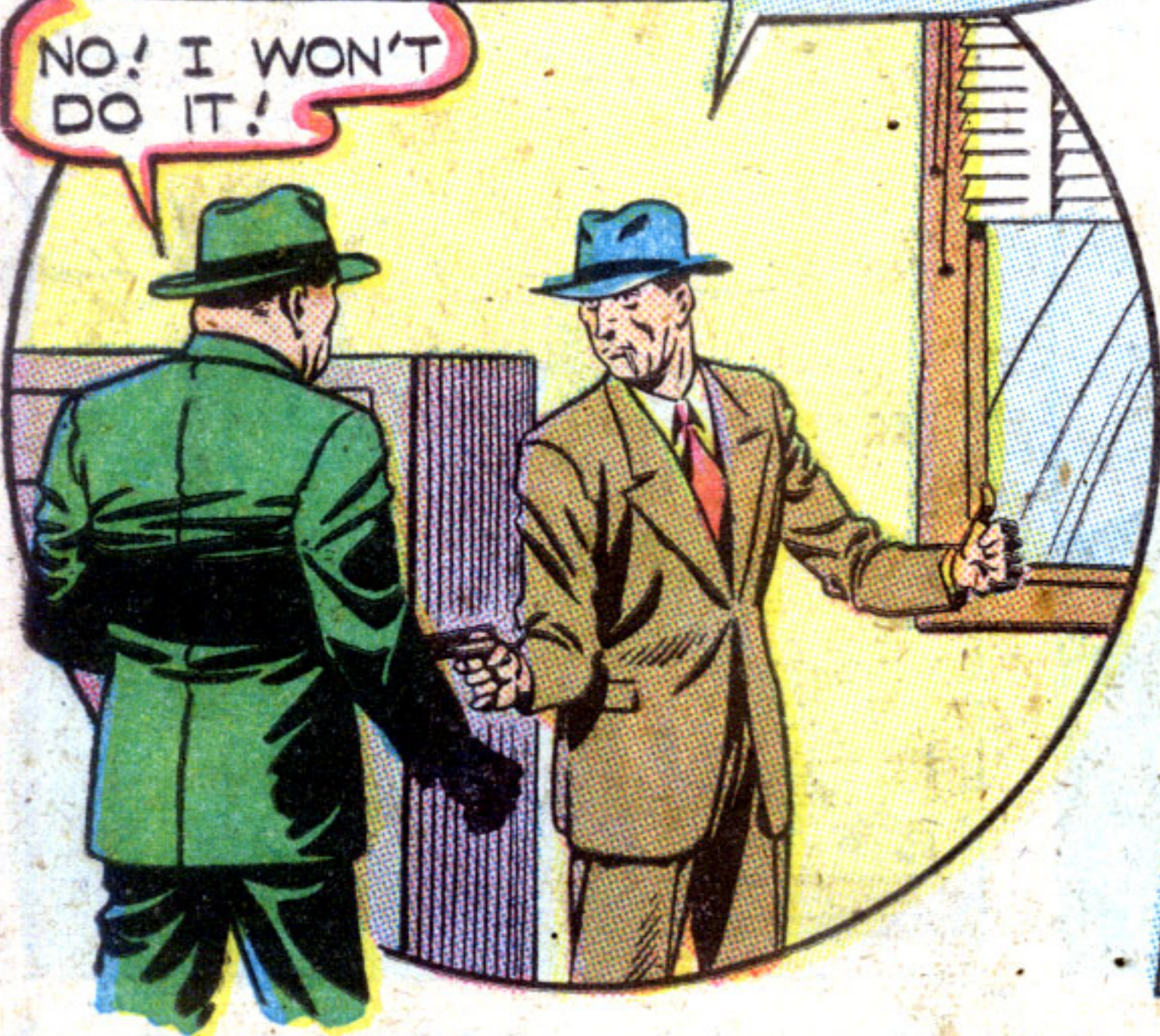
MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE ...

WOT'S DE IDEA OF BRINGING A GUY WID YUH, BEMIS? WHAT IS DIS, A DOUBLE CROSS?

HE'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME, COLE. I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW HIM!

BEMIS, CUT A PIECE OF CORD OFF DAT BLIND AND TIE UP YER PAL!

NO! I WON'T DO IT!



YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT! I'LL TIE HIM UP MYSELF!

THOC



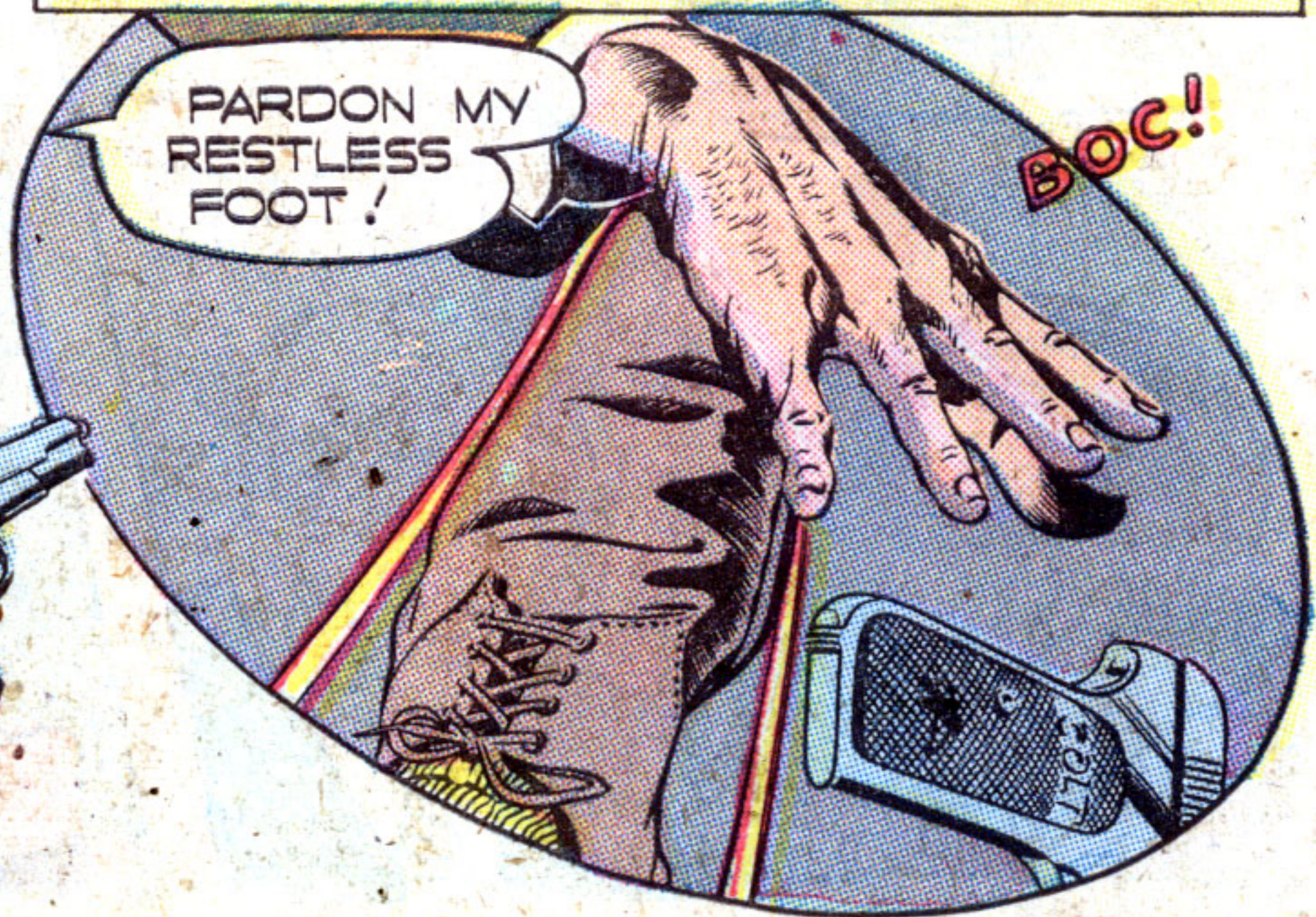
THE GUNMAN WHIRLS ON KING...



BUT KING MOVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.

PARDON MY RESTLESS FOOT!

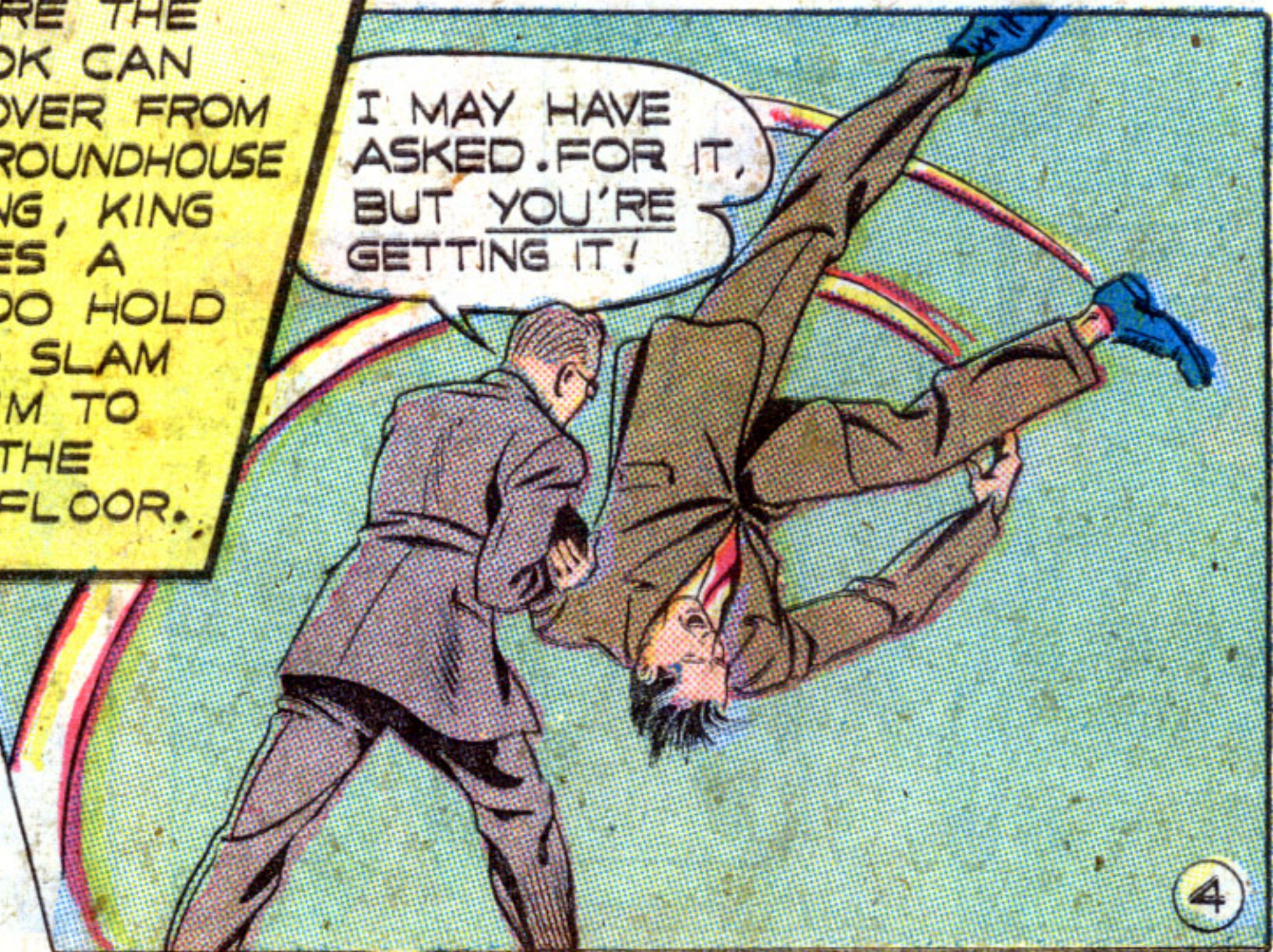
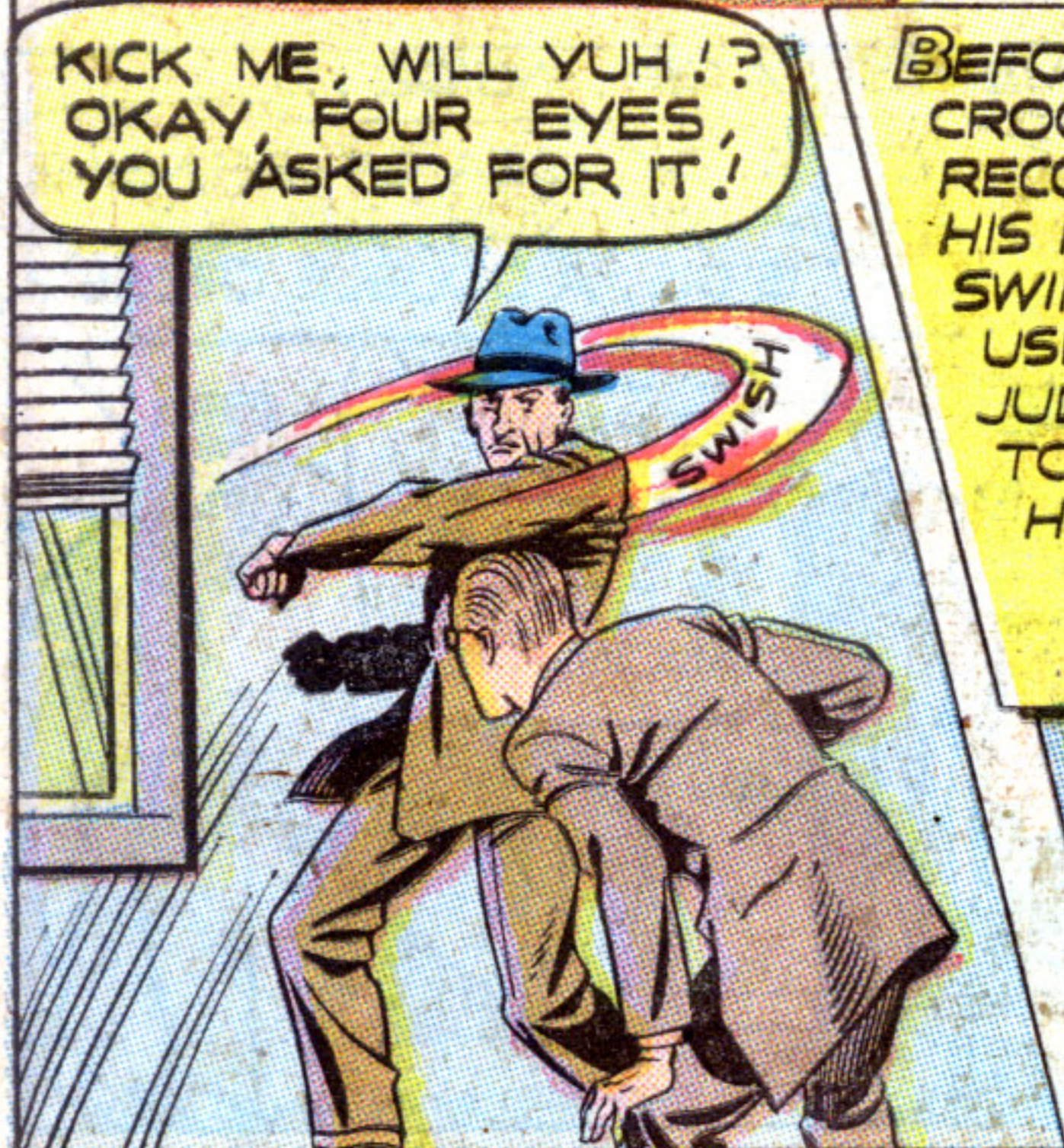
BOC!



KICK ME, WILL YUH!? OKAY, FOUR EYES, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

BEFORE THE CROOK CAN RECOVER FROM HIS ROUNDHOUSE SWING, KING USES A JUDO HOLD TO SLAM HIM TO THE FLOOR.

I MAY HAVE ASKED FOR IT, BUT YOU'RE GETTING IT!



KING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, URSUS. THIS CROOK GOES TO JAIL. BEMIS, TOO, FOR THE PRESENT.

YOUR FAKE ARREST MAY HELP US CATCH THE REAL CRIMINAL, BEMIS.

YEP, I GET IT. THE GUY WHO'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME WILL THINK HE'S SUCCEEDED!

YOU! WHO HIRED YOU FOR THIS JOB?

WHAT?
OH, I GETCHA!

HUH! STILL BELIEVE IN SANTY CLAUS, DON'T YUH? YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT OUTTA ME, FOUR EYES.

URSE, SEE THAT BEMIS IS TREATED ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE.

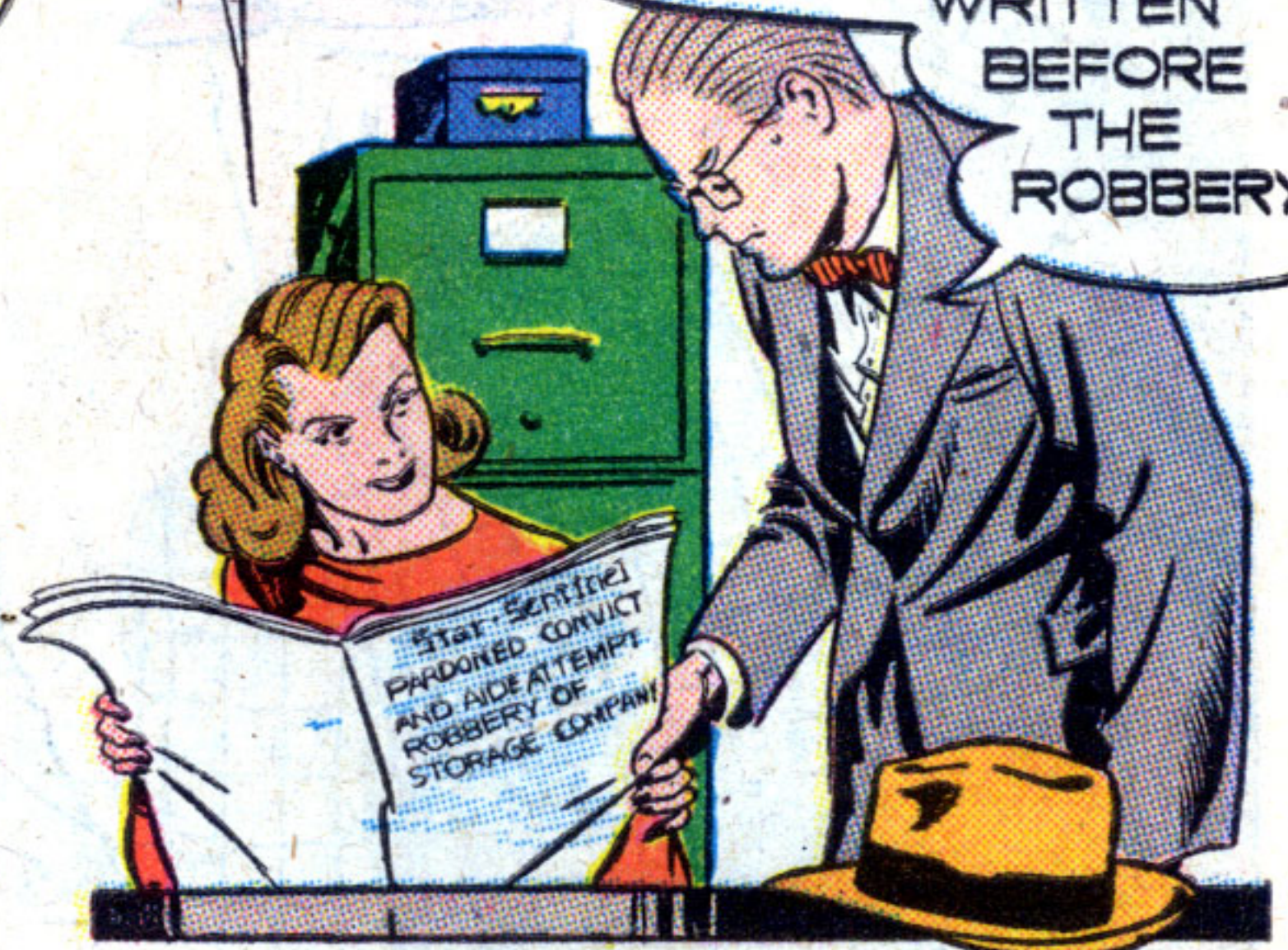
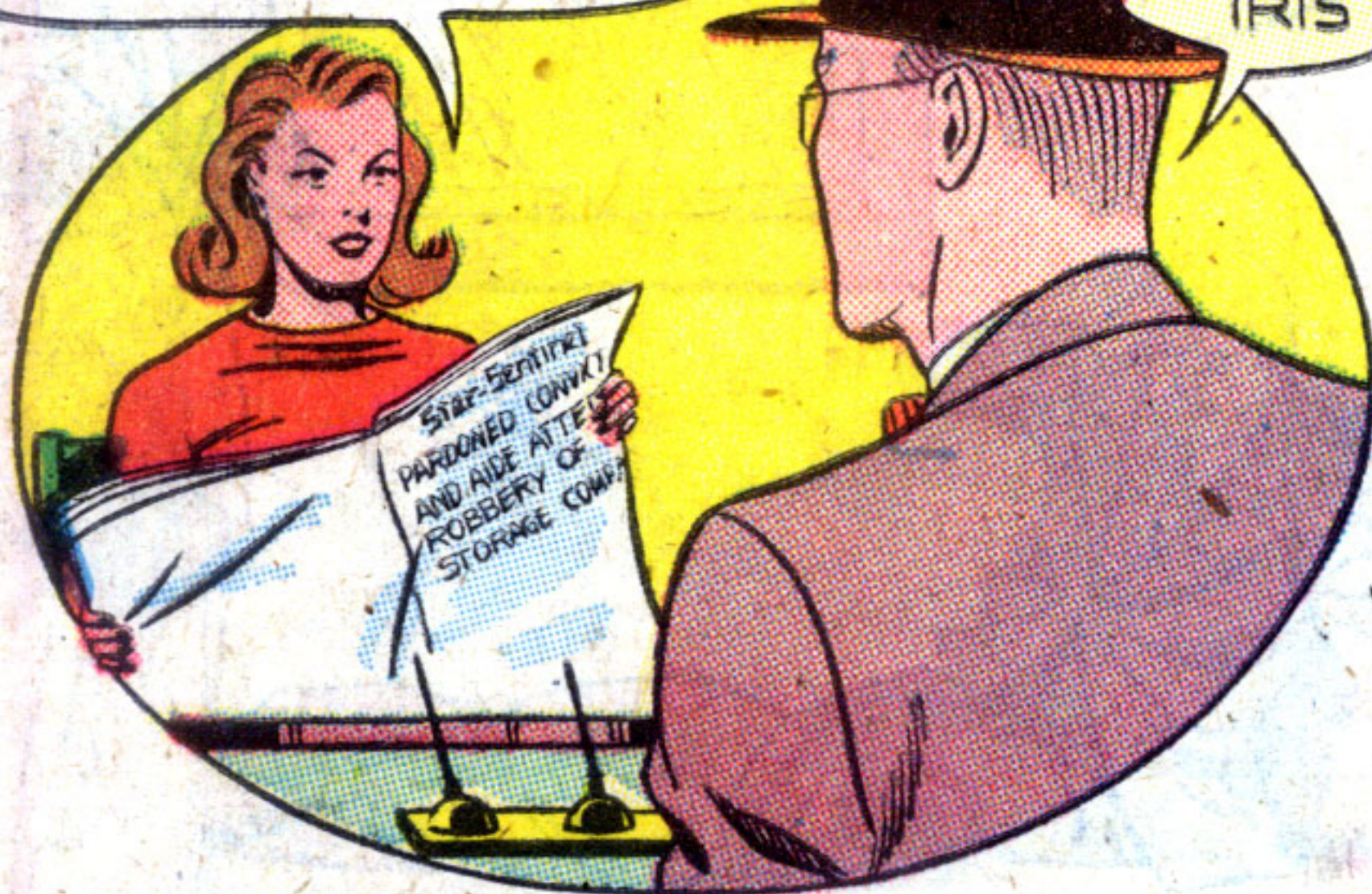
OKAY, KING.

KING, THIS **STAR-SENTINEL** EXTRA HAS A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE ROBBERY. IT MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITING!

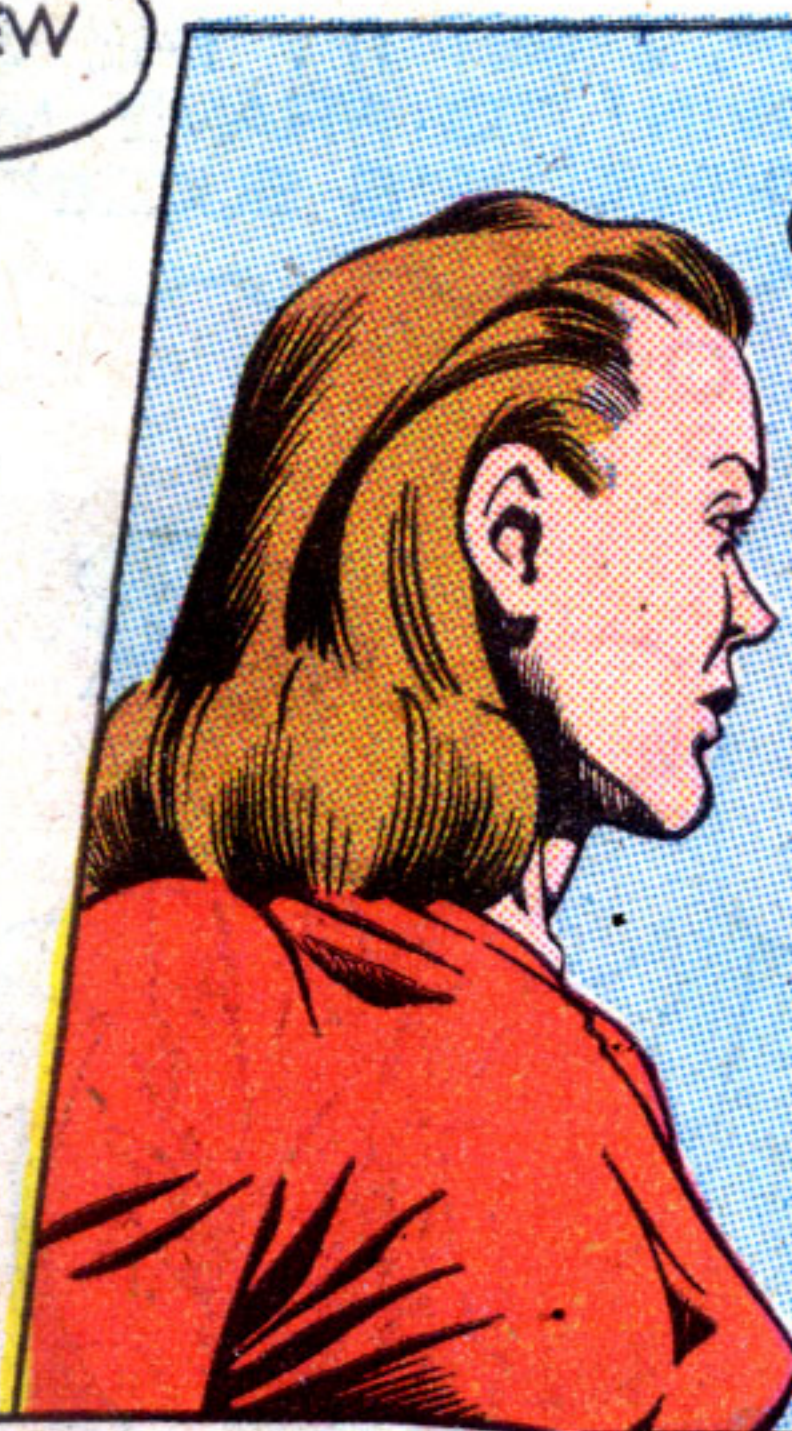
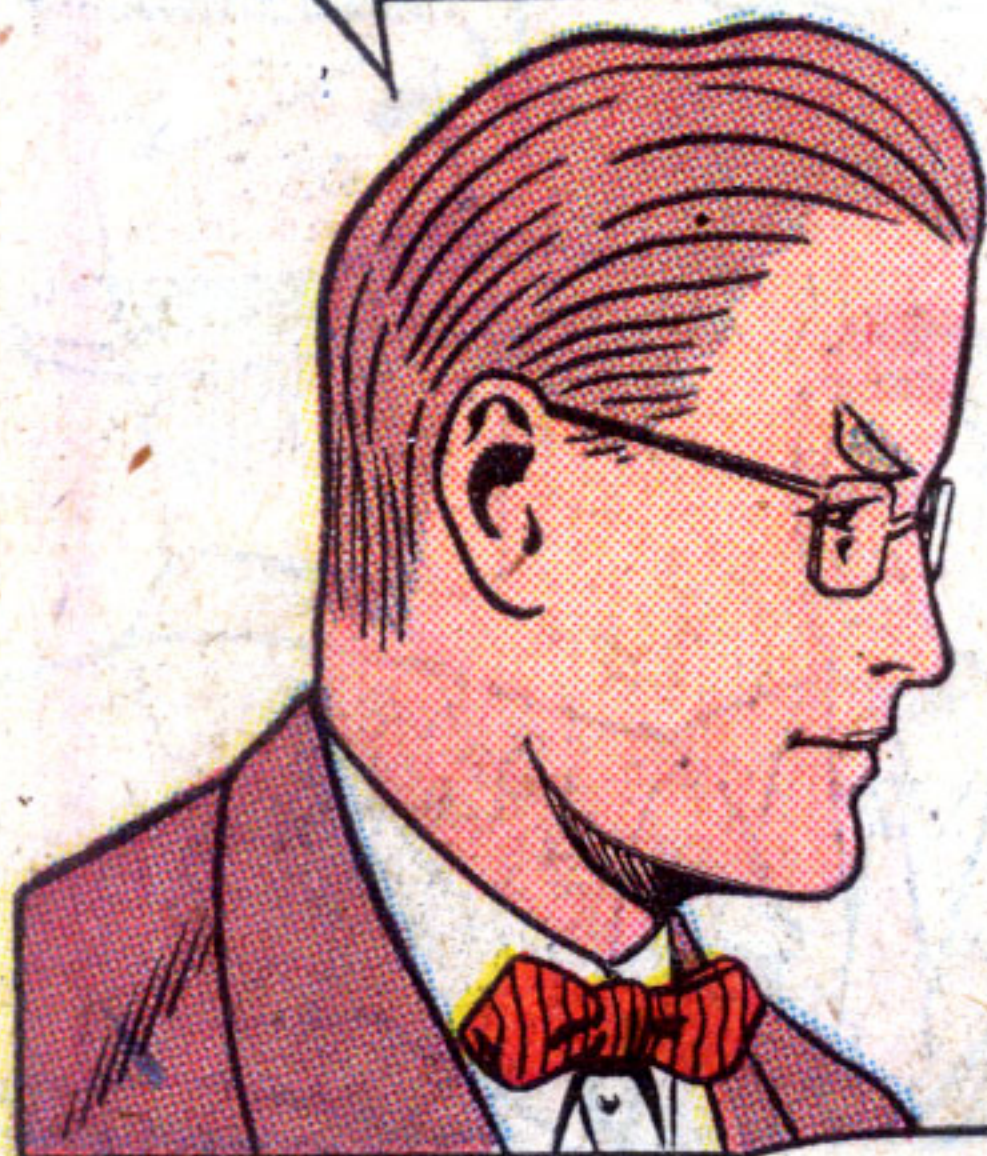
THAT'S ODD! HOW LONG SINCE YOU BOUGHT THAT EXTRA, IRIS?

WHY, ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO.

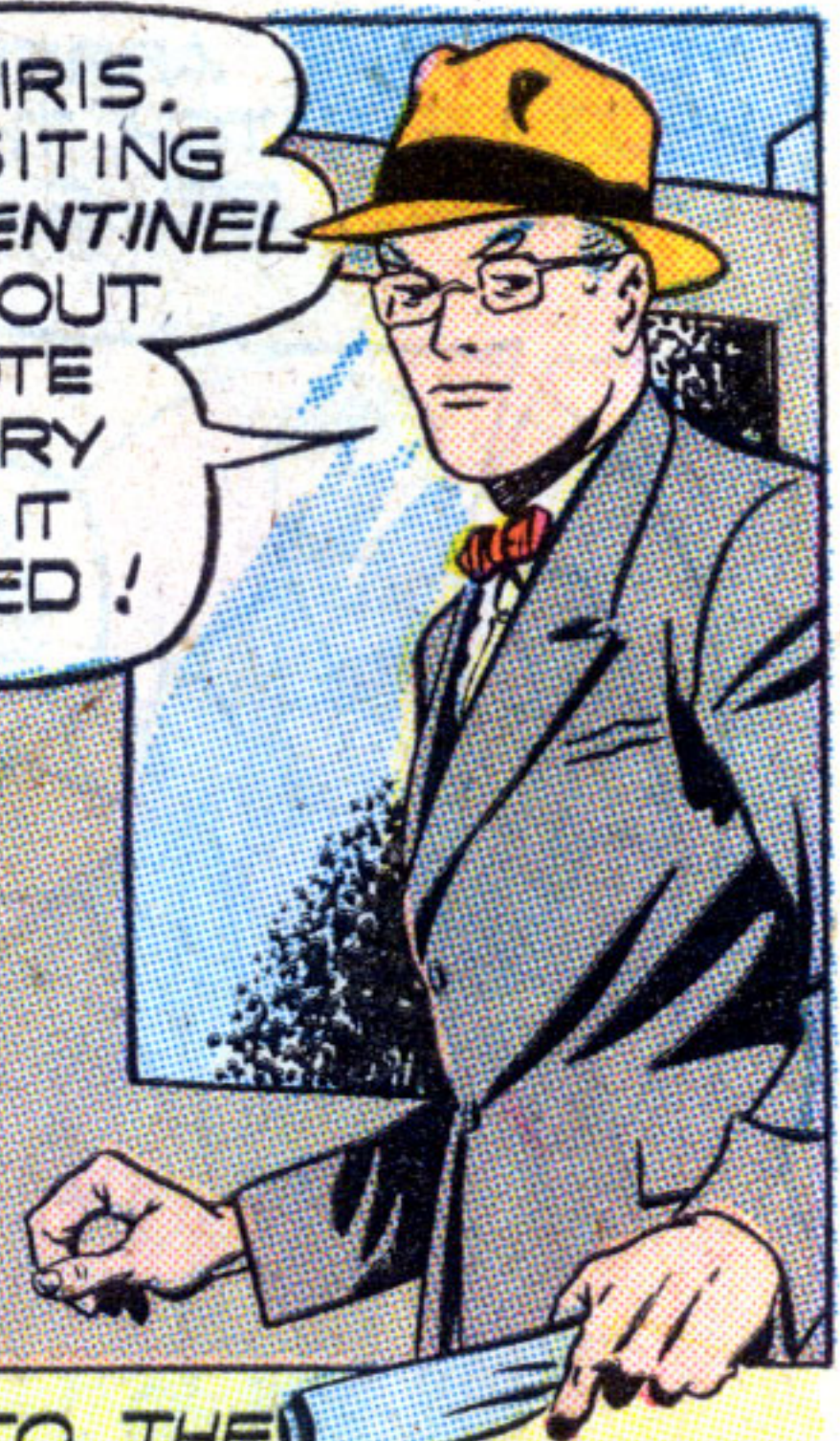
THEN, FIGURING THE TIME IT TOOK TO DISTRIBUTE THE EXTRA, THAT STORY MUST 'VE BEEN WRITTEN BEFORE THE ROBBERY!



WHOEVER WROTE IT KNEW BEMIS WAS GOING TO BE FRAMED!



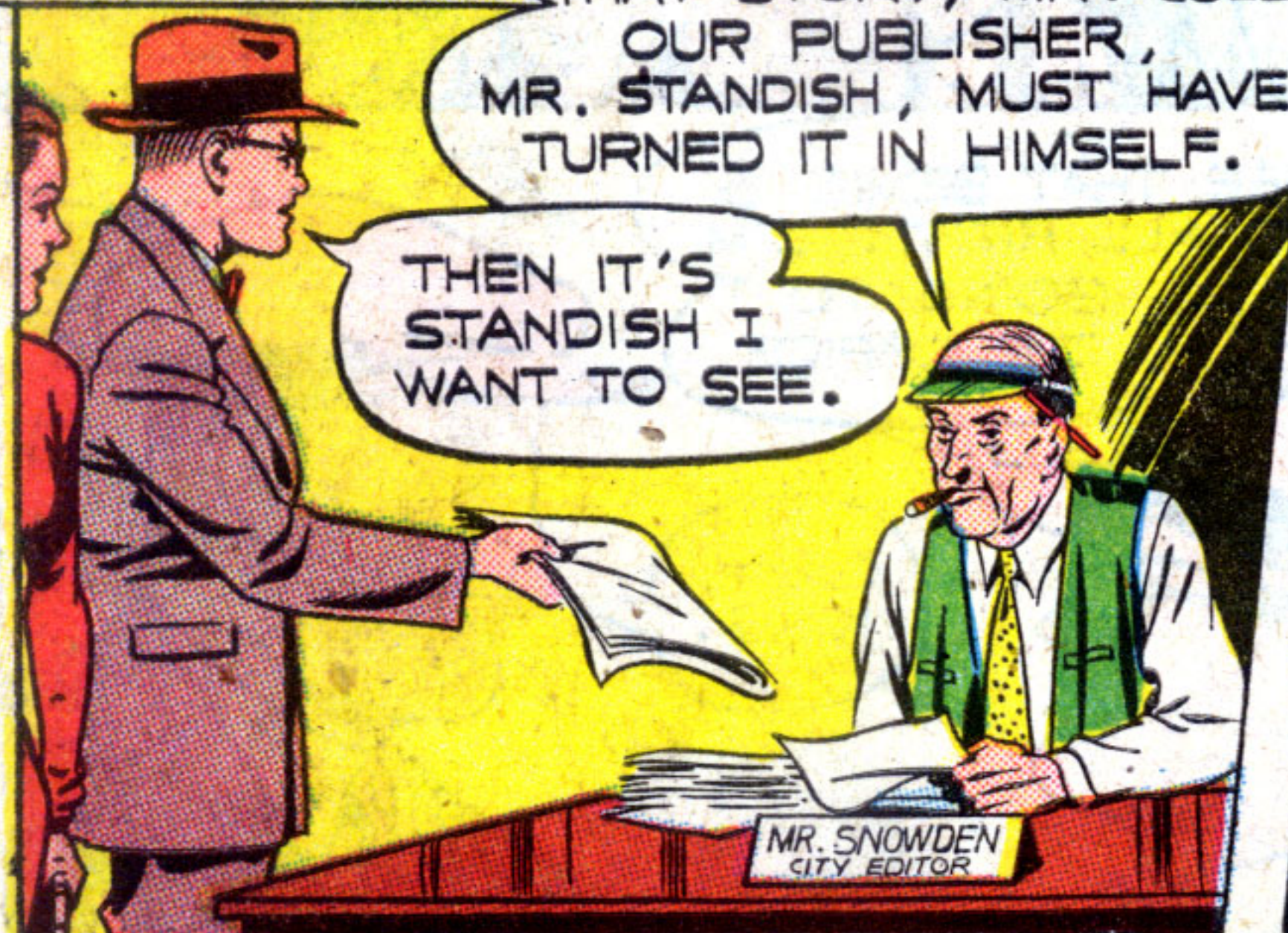
COME ON, IRIS. WE'RE VISITING THE **STAR-SENTINEL** TO FIND OUT WHO WROTE THIS STORY BEFORE IT HAPPENED!



LATER, AT THE **STAR-SENTINEL**...

... SINCE NONE OF OUR REPORTERS WROTE THAT STORY, MR. COLE, OUR PUBLISHER, MR. STANDISH, MUST HAVE TURNED IT IN HIMSELF.

THEN IT'S STANDISH I WANT TO SEE.

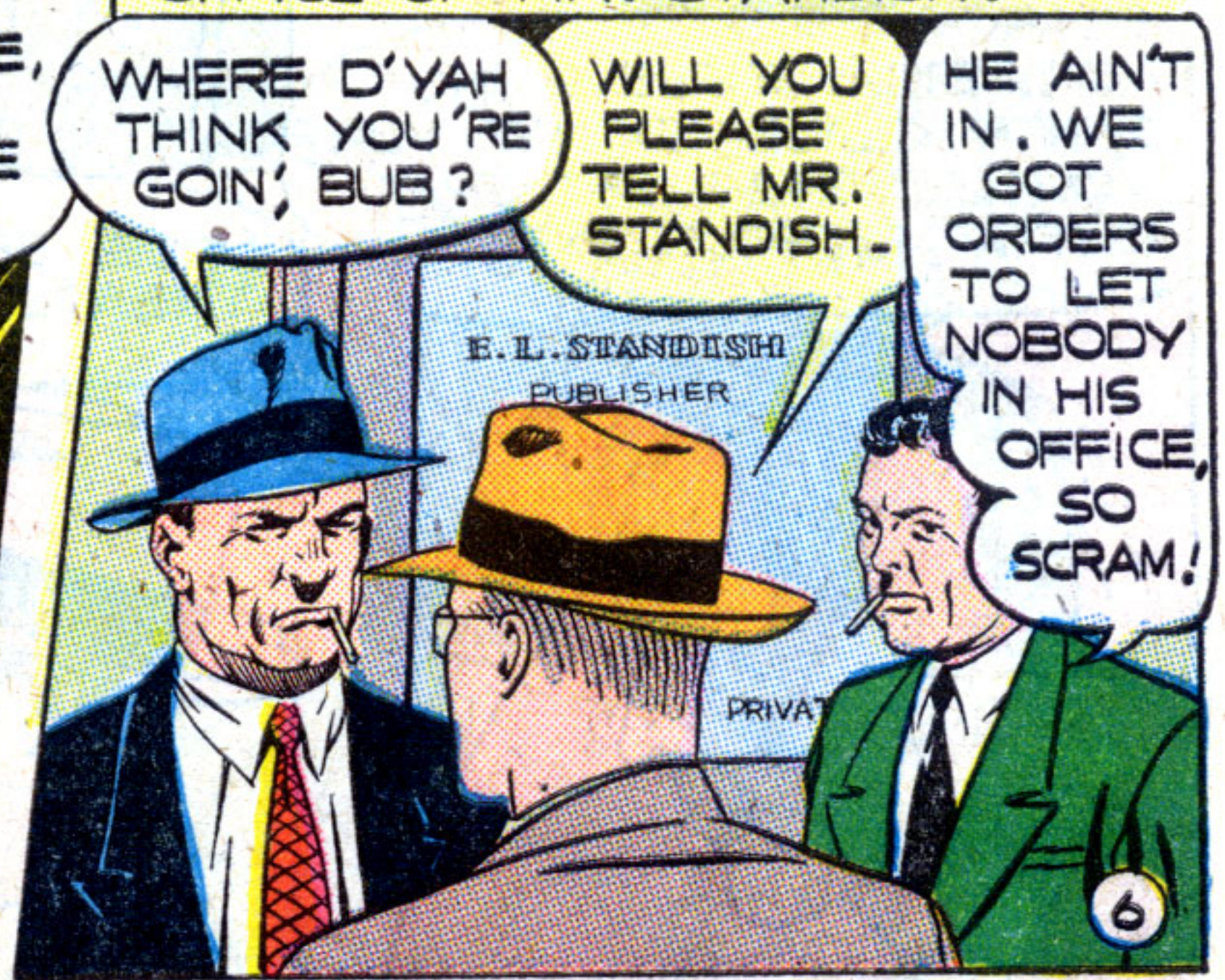


KING GOES TO THE OFFICE OF MR. STANDISH.

WHERE D'YAH THINK YOU'RE GOIN', BUB?

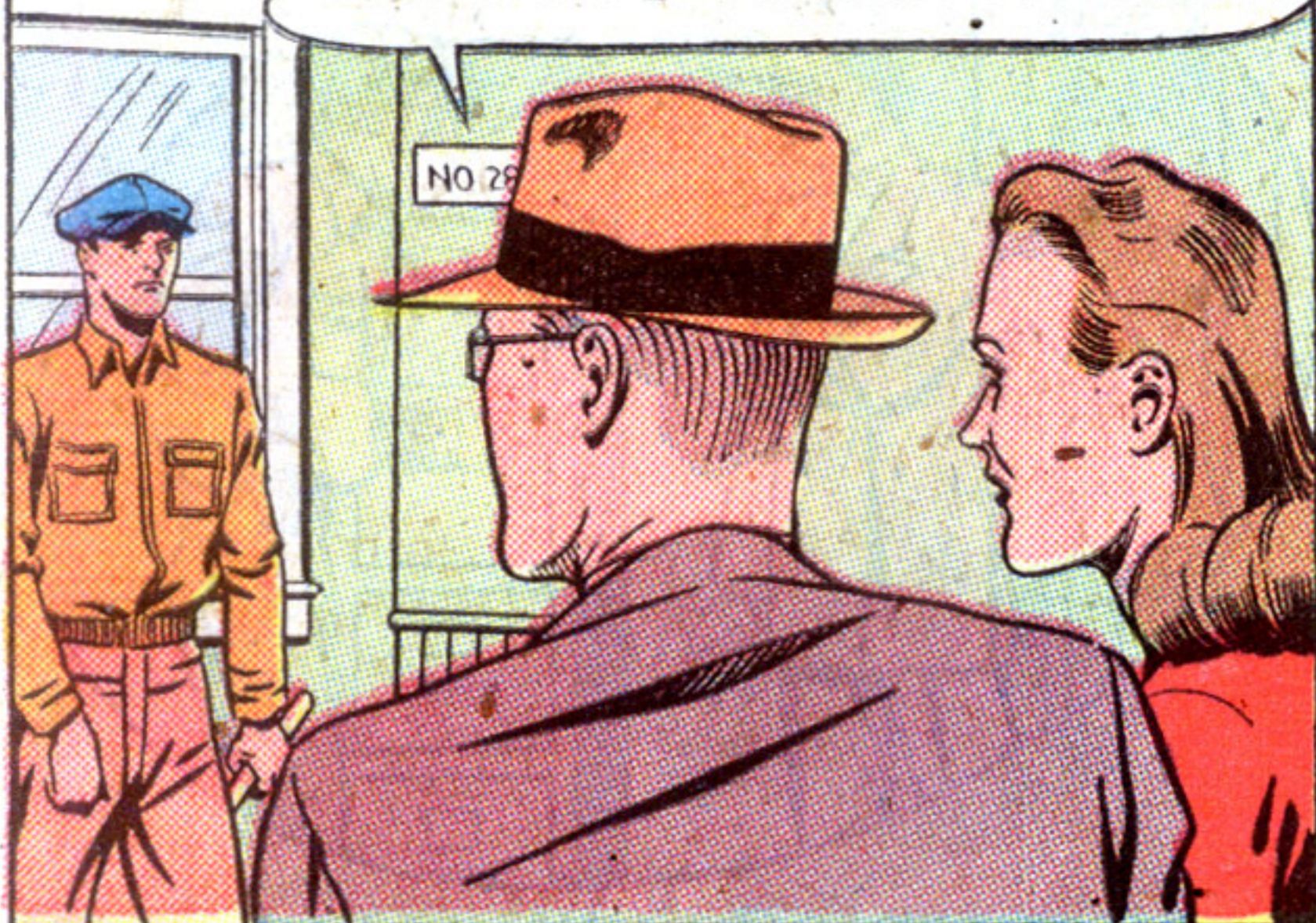
WILL YOU PLEASE TELL MR. STANDISH.

HE AIN'T IN. WE GOT ORDERS TO LET NOBODY IN HIS OFFICE, SO SCRAM!



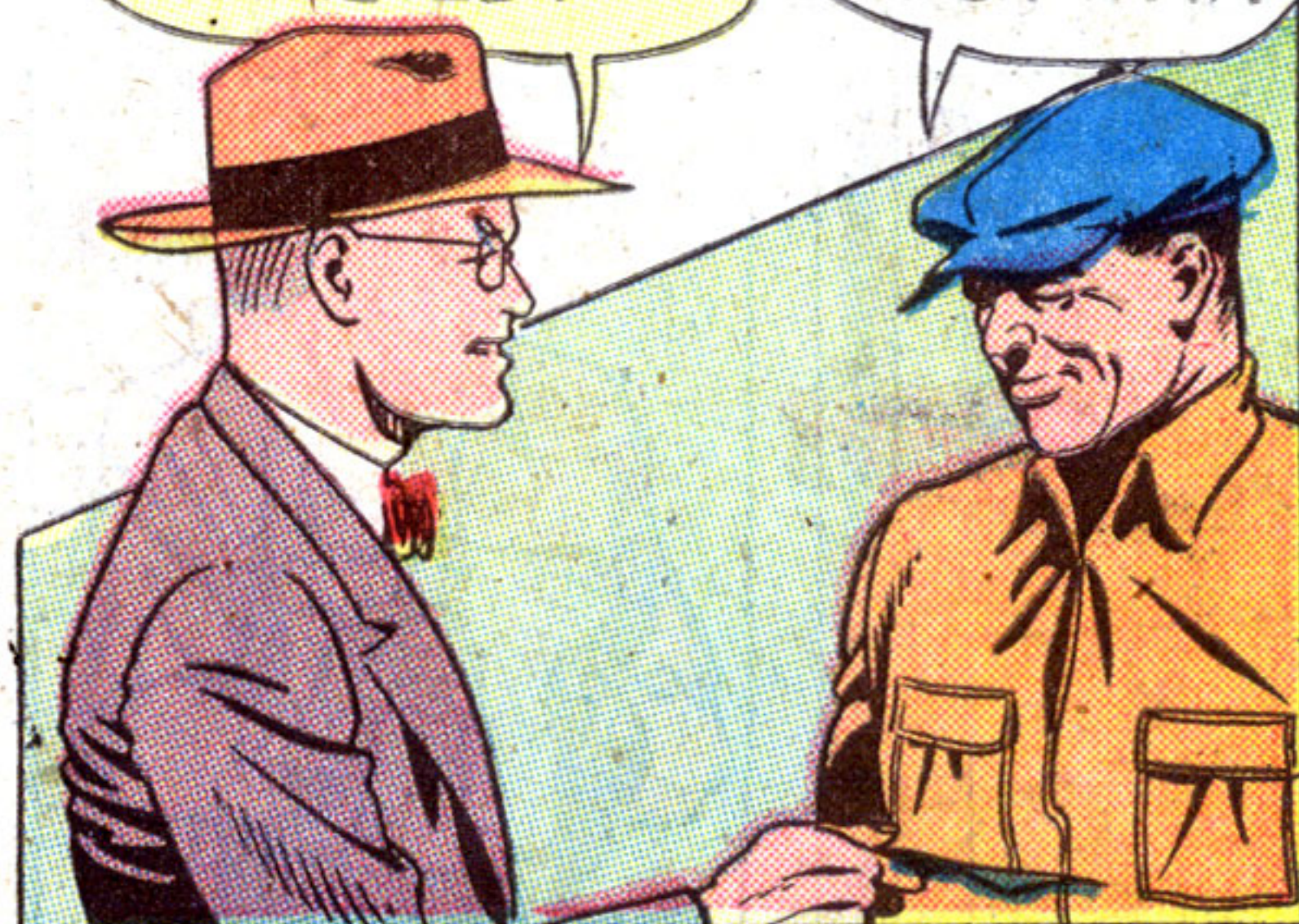
KING REJOINS IRIS IN THE CORRIDOR.

I'D SURE LIKE TO LOOK AROUND
THAT CLOSELY-GUARDED OFFICE.
HM-M... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



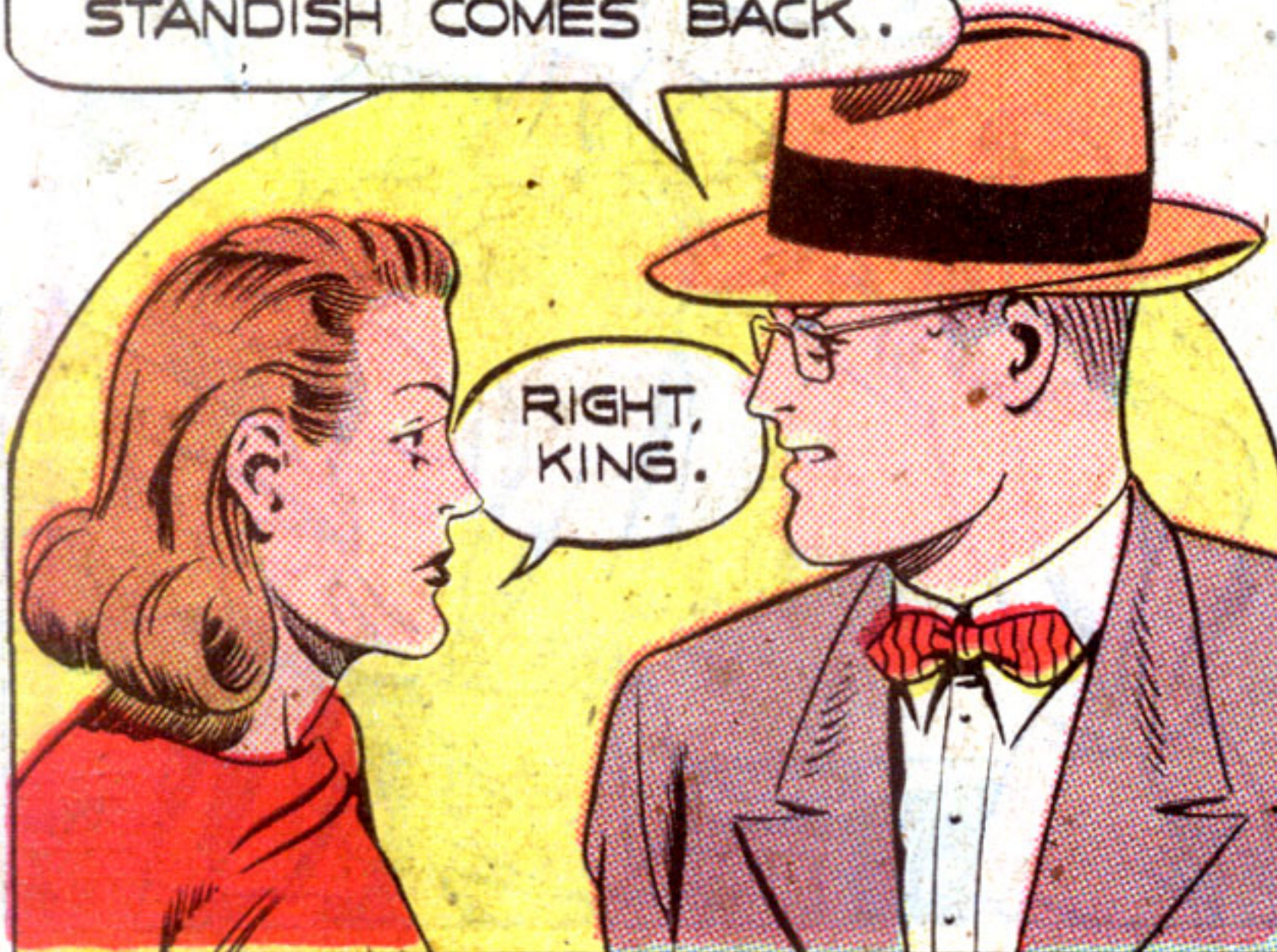
SAY, MAC. WOULD
THIS RENT YOUR
OUTFIT FOR 15
MINUTES?

RENT IT,
PAL? YOU
CAN BUY IT
FOR THAT!

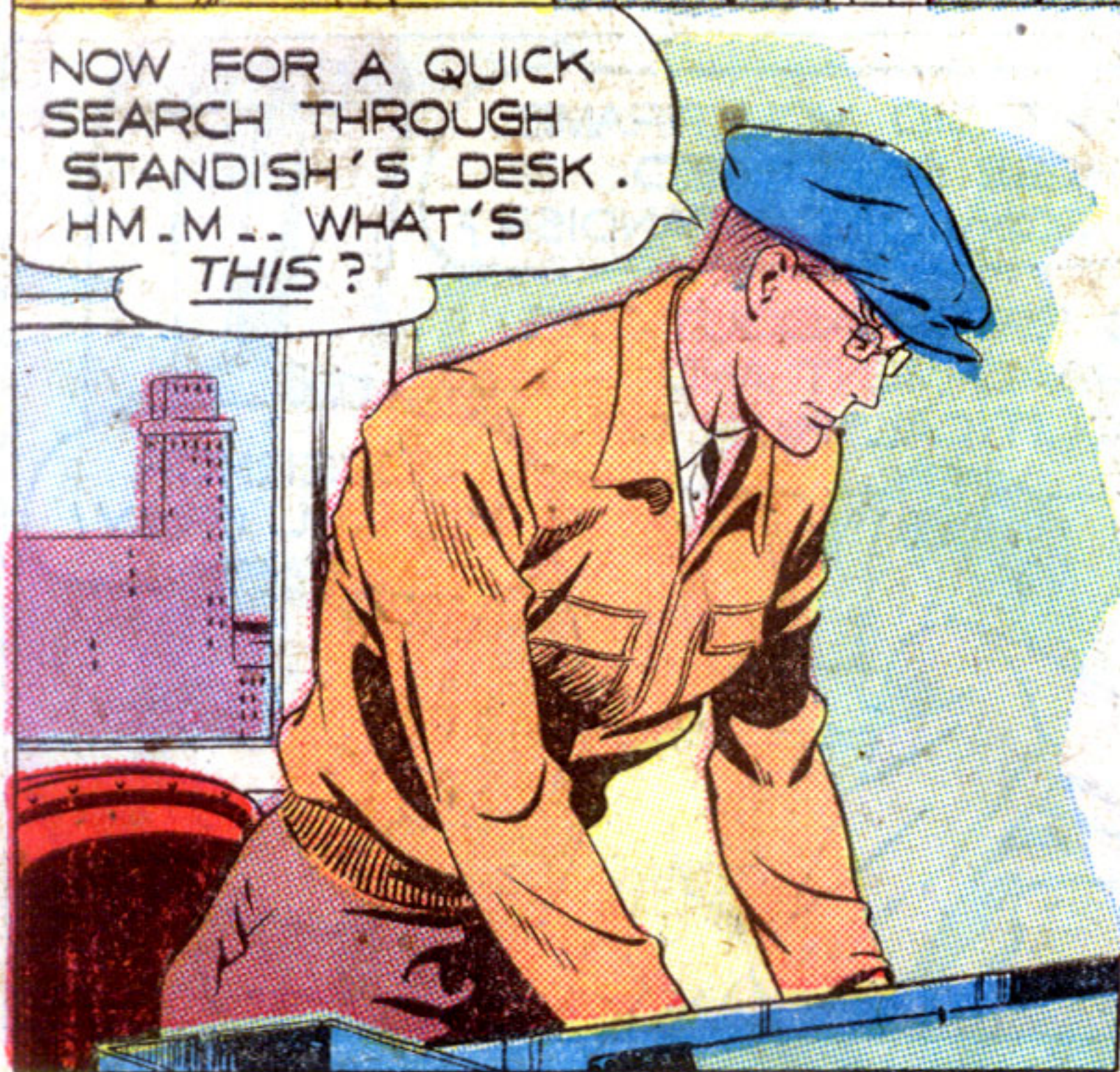


AS THE WINDOW WASHER APPROACHES.

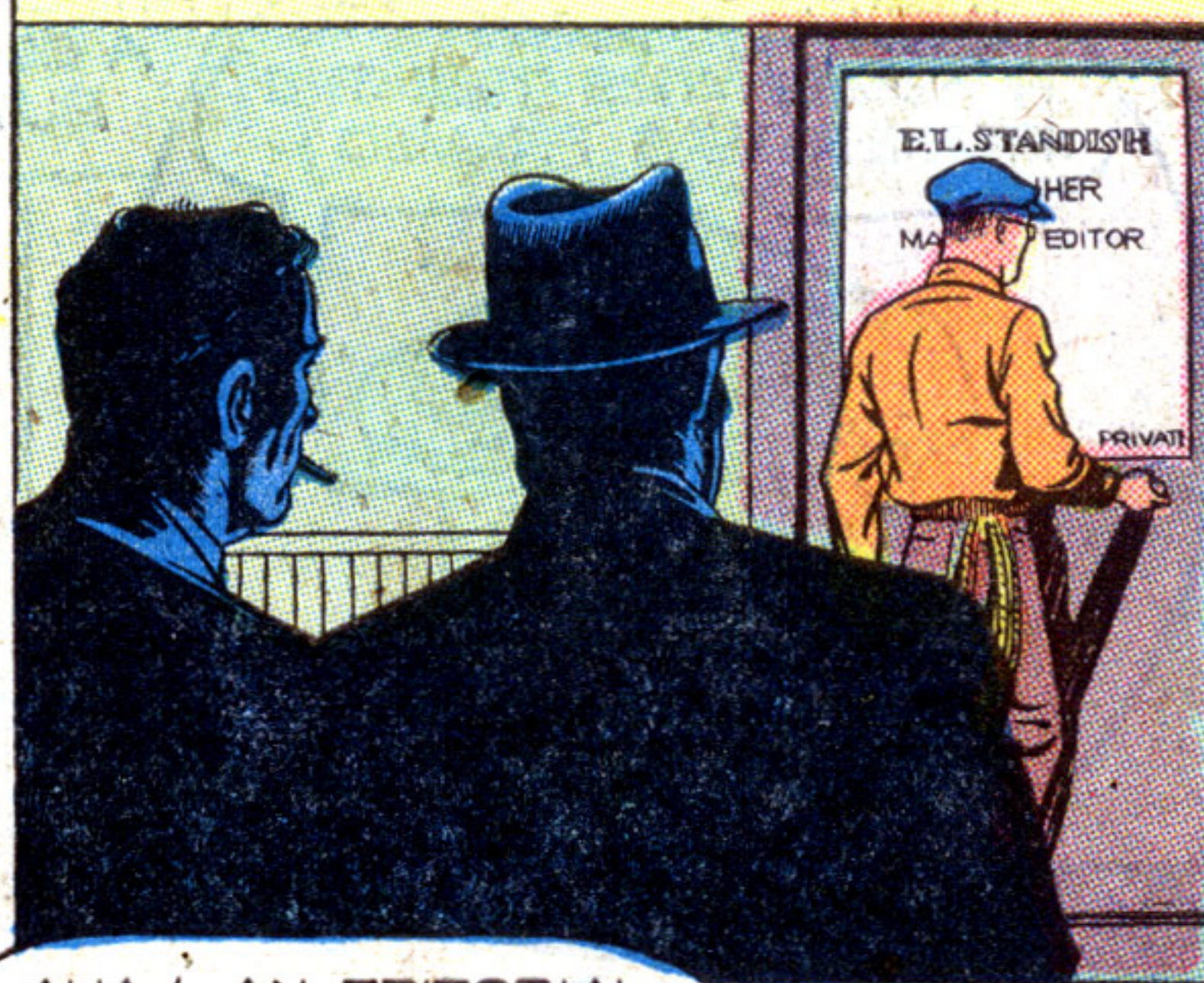
WAIT IN THE OUTER OFFICE,
IRIS, AND WARN ME IF
STANDISH COMES BACK.



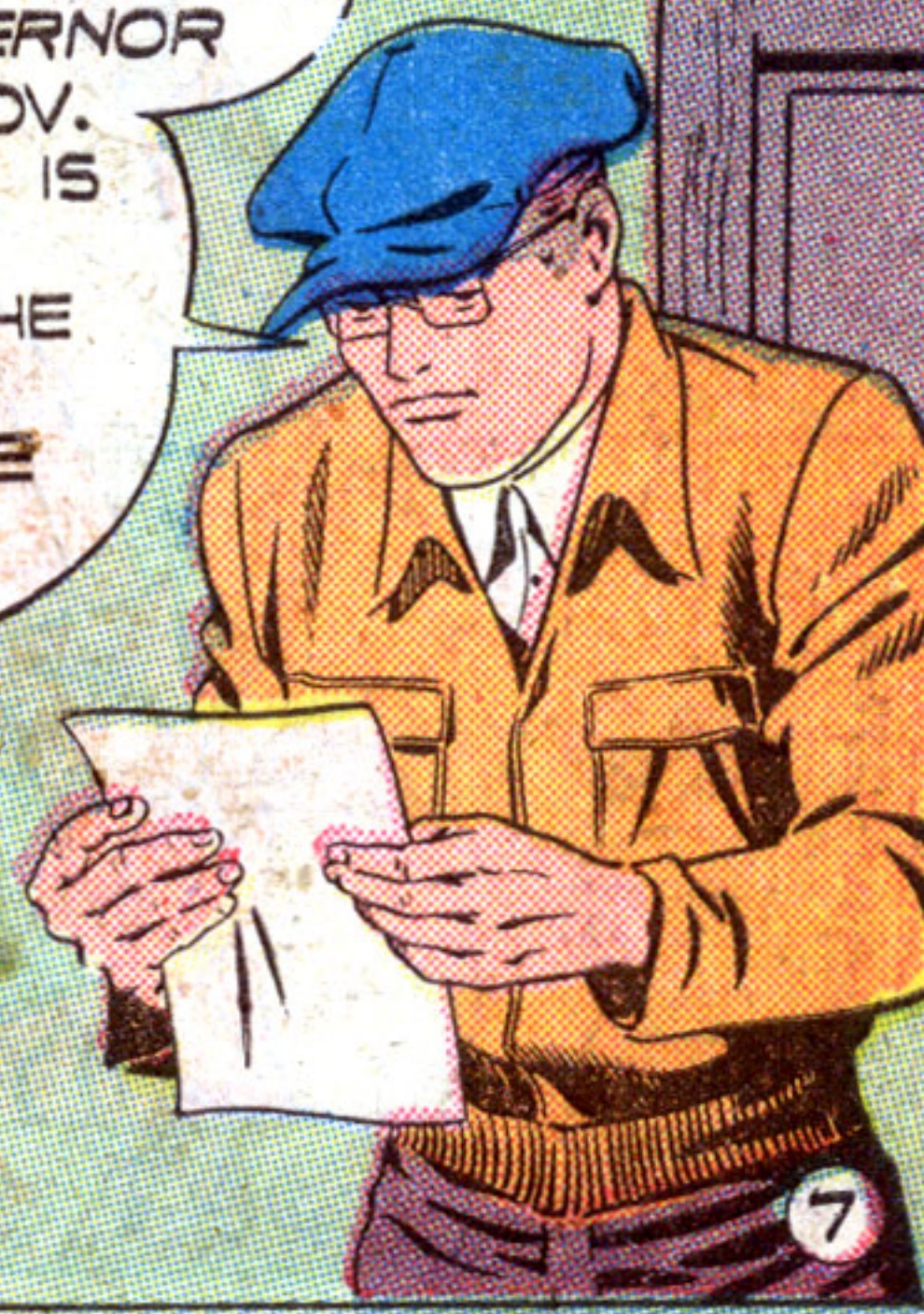
NOW FOR A QUICK
SEARCH THROUGH
STANDISH'S DESK.
HM-M... WHAT'S
THIS?

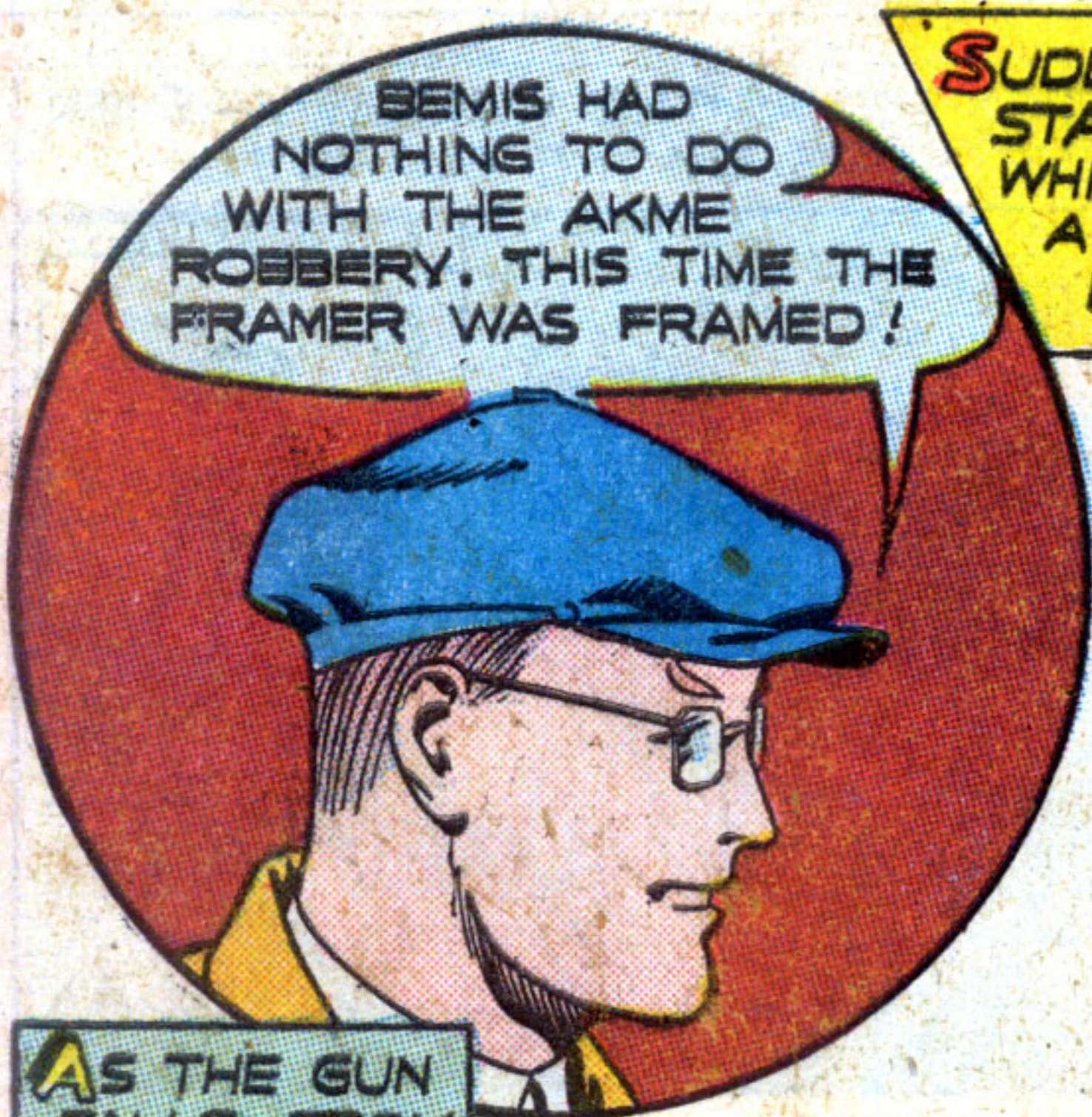
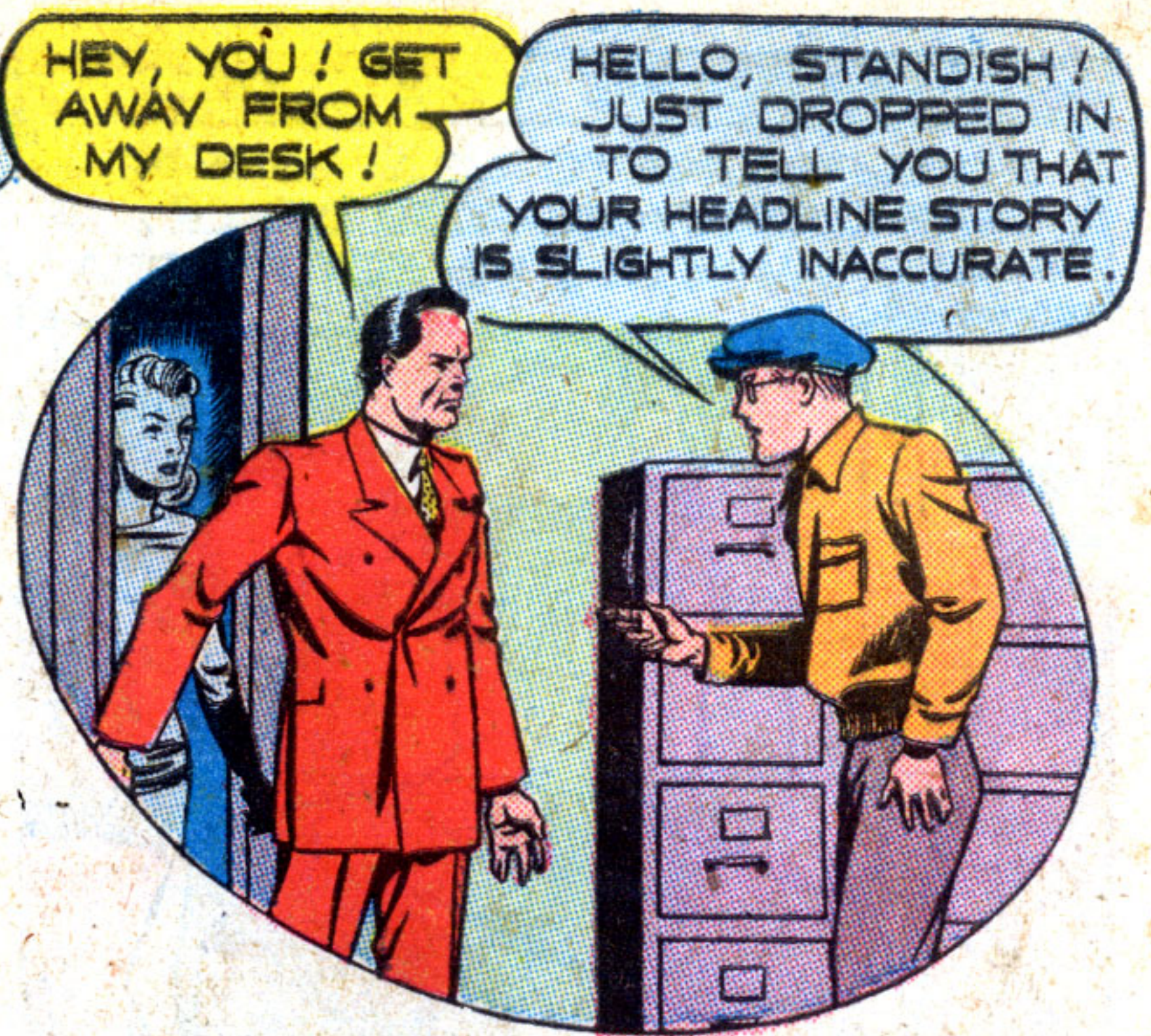
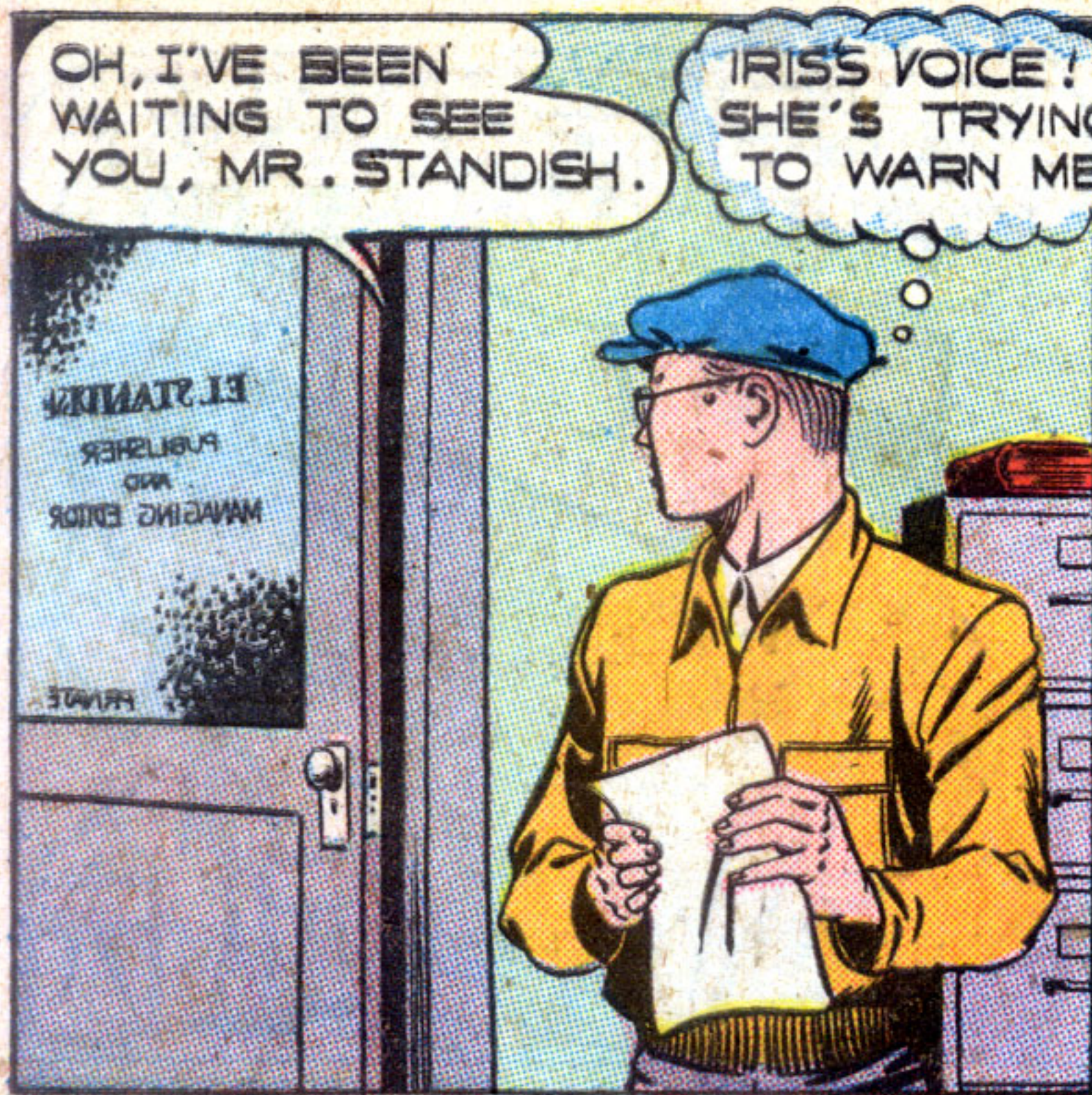


DISGUISED AS THE WINDOW WASHER,
KING SLIPS BY THE GUARDS.

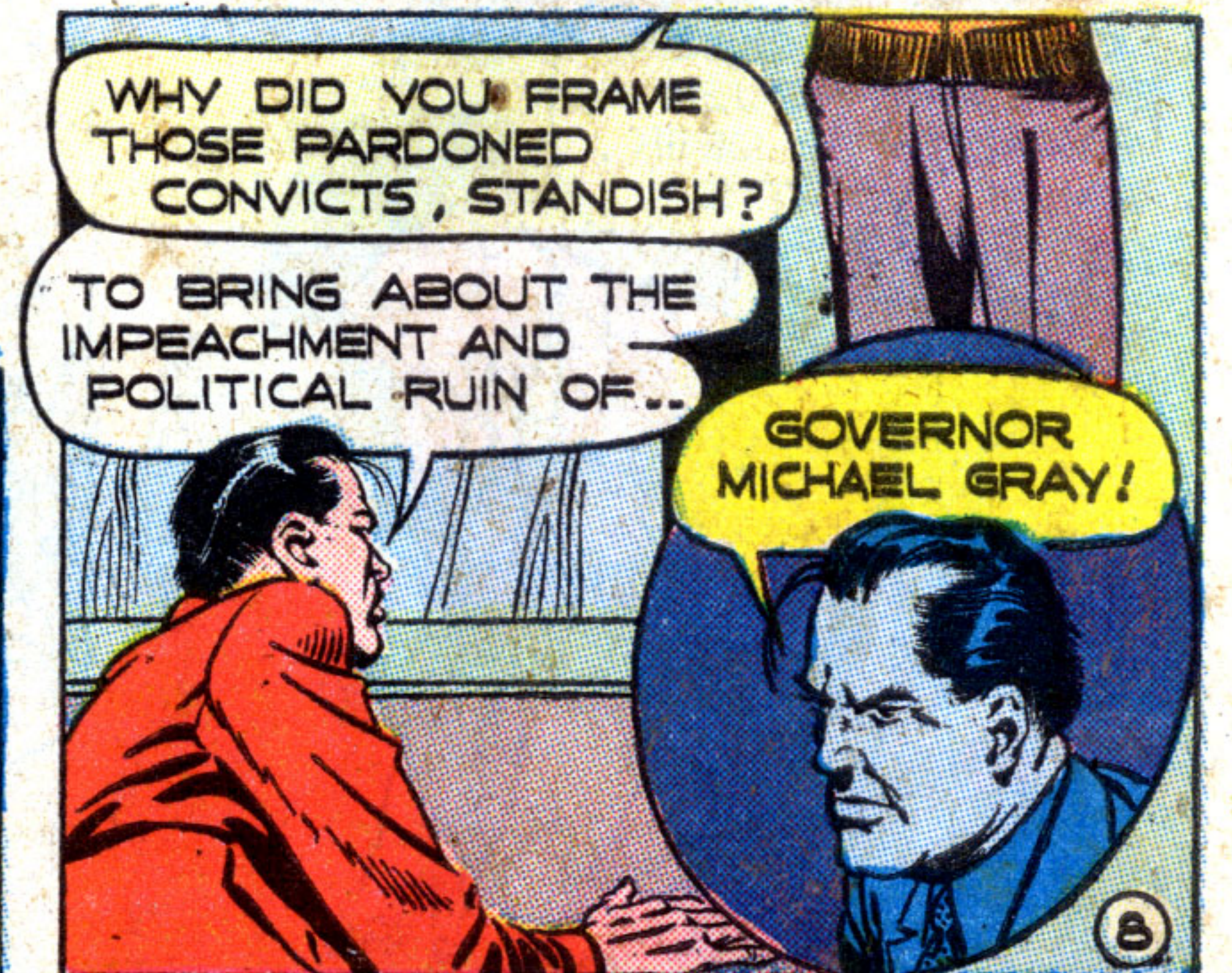
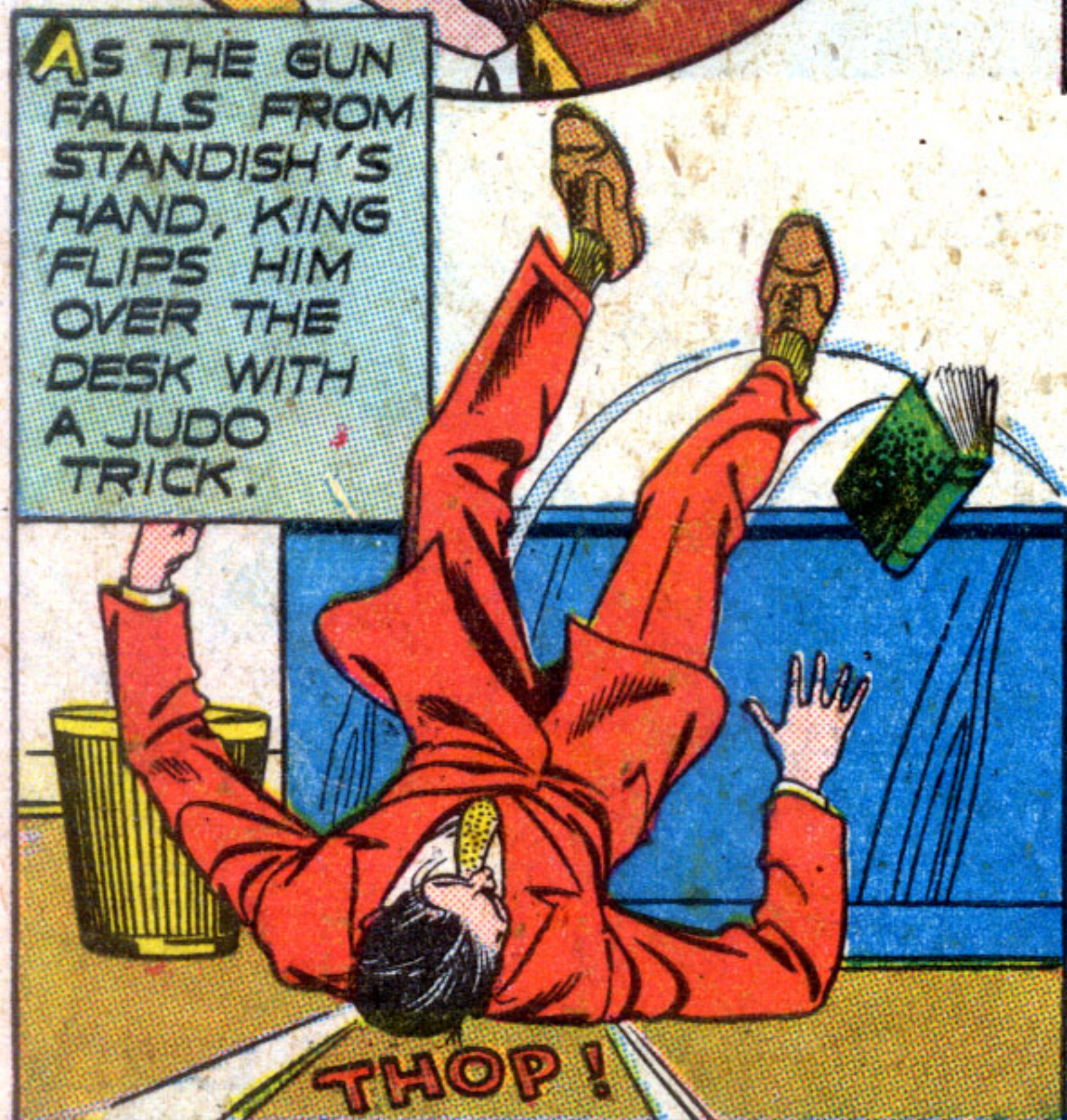
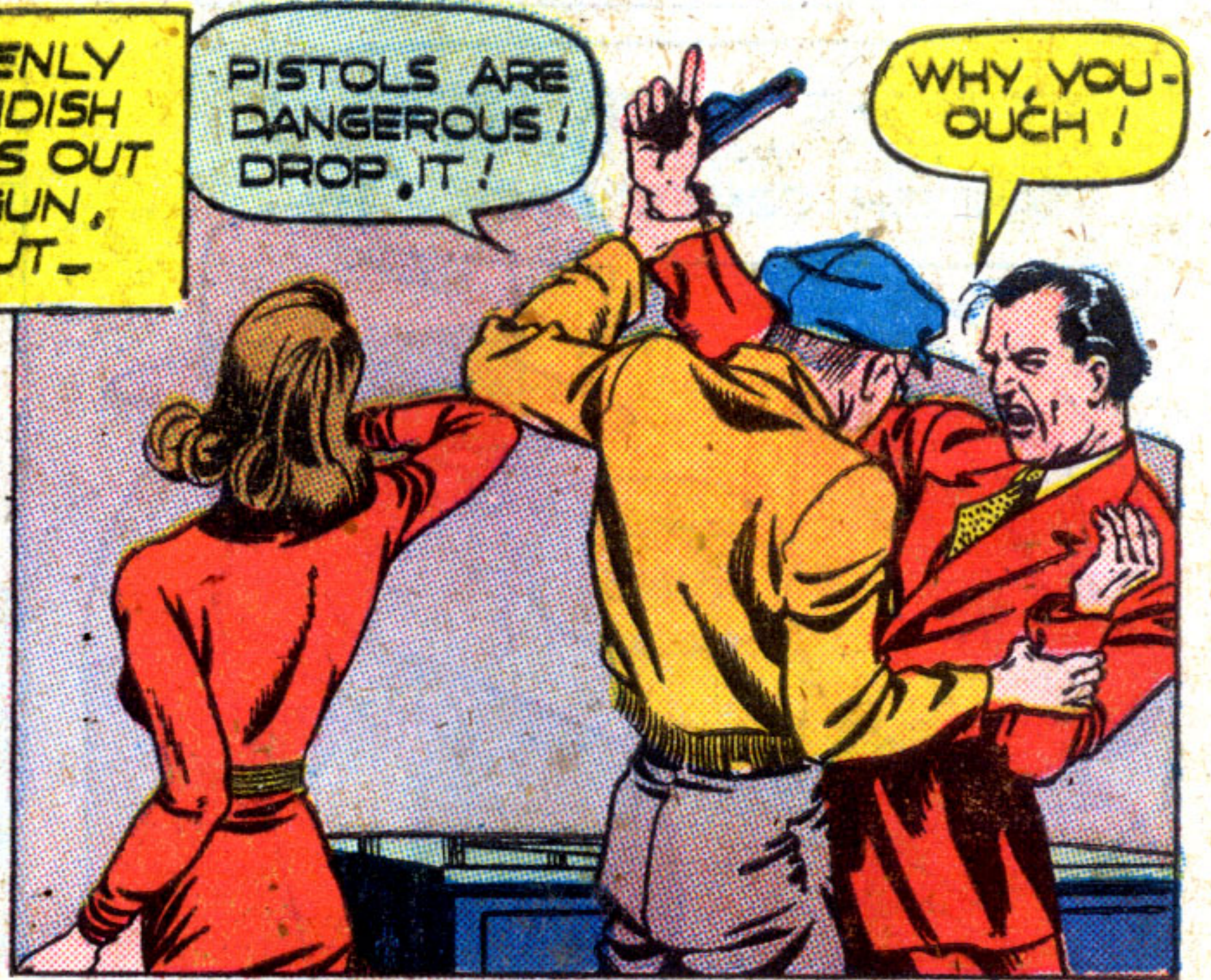


'AHA! AN EDITORIAL
BY STANDISH ENTITLED
*IMPEACH GOVERNOR
GRAY!* "GOV.
MICHAEL GRAY IS
ENTIRELY TO
BLAME FOR THE
CRIME WAVE
SWEEPING THE
CITY. BY
PARDONING
SEVEN
HARDENED
CRIMINALS,"
HE.....





SUDDENLY STANDISH WHIPS OUT A GUN, BUT—



KING, I THINK
STANDISH IS INSANE.

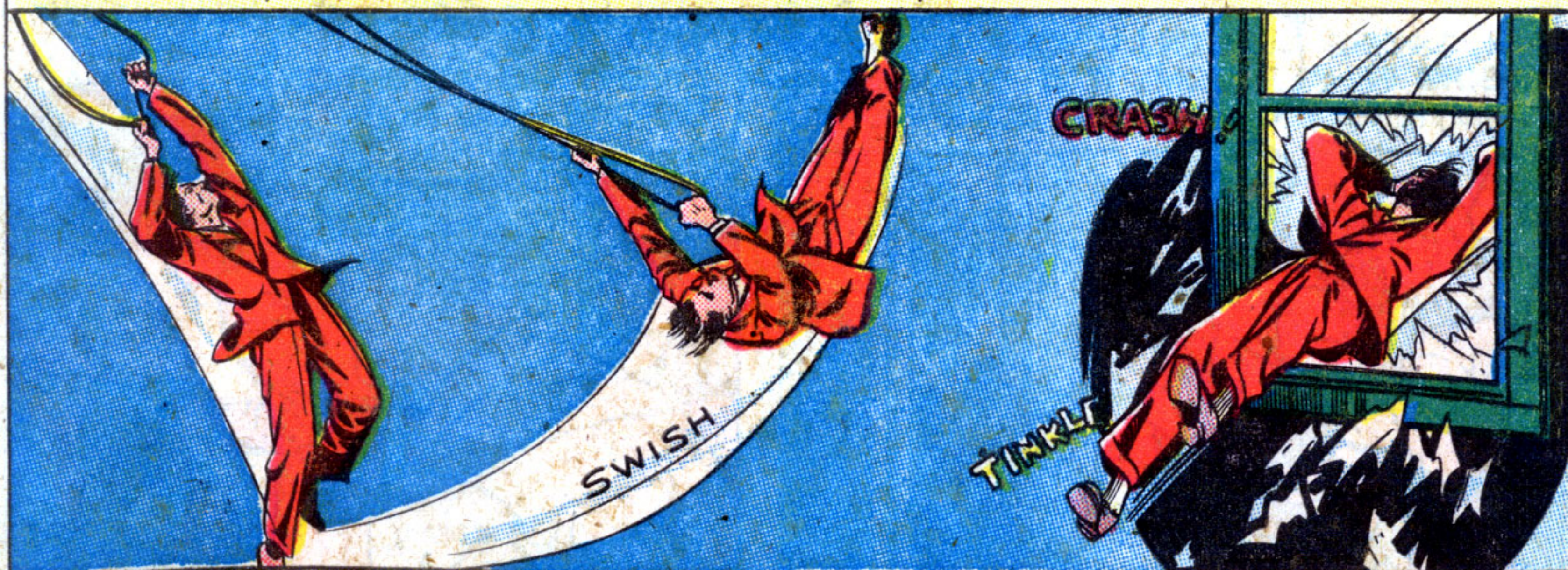
COULD BE, IRIS.
I'M PHONING
THE POLICE.

STANDISH!

STOP HIM! AIEEE!

STANDISH
GRASPS

THE FLAGPOLE HALYARDS AS HE HURTTLES DOWN, SWINGS FAR OUT AND
THEN BACK, TO CRASH THROUGH A WINDOW TWO FLOORS BELOW!



HE SWUNG THROUGH THAT
WINDOW BELOW US! HE'LL
PROBABLY MAKE FOR THE
STREET! COME ON, IRIS!

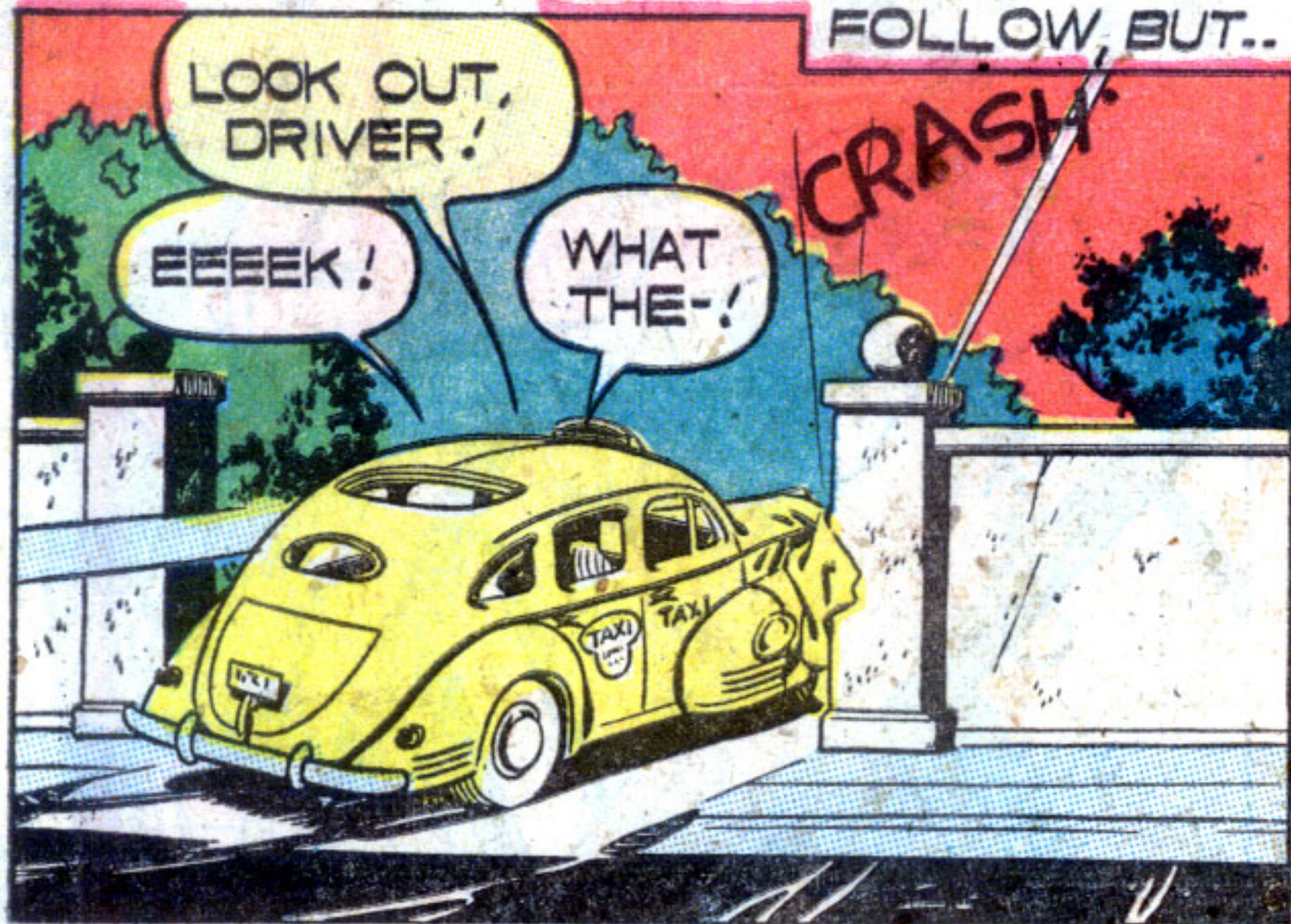
KING AND IRIS REACH THE STREET JUST
AS STANDISH DRIVES OFF IN A CAR.

THERE HE GOES,
KING. WE'LL NEVER
CATCH HIM NOW!

WE MUST! THE
GOVERNOR'S
LIFE MAY DEPEND
ON IT!...HEY,
TAXI!

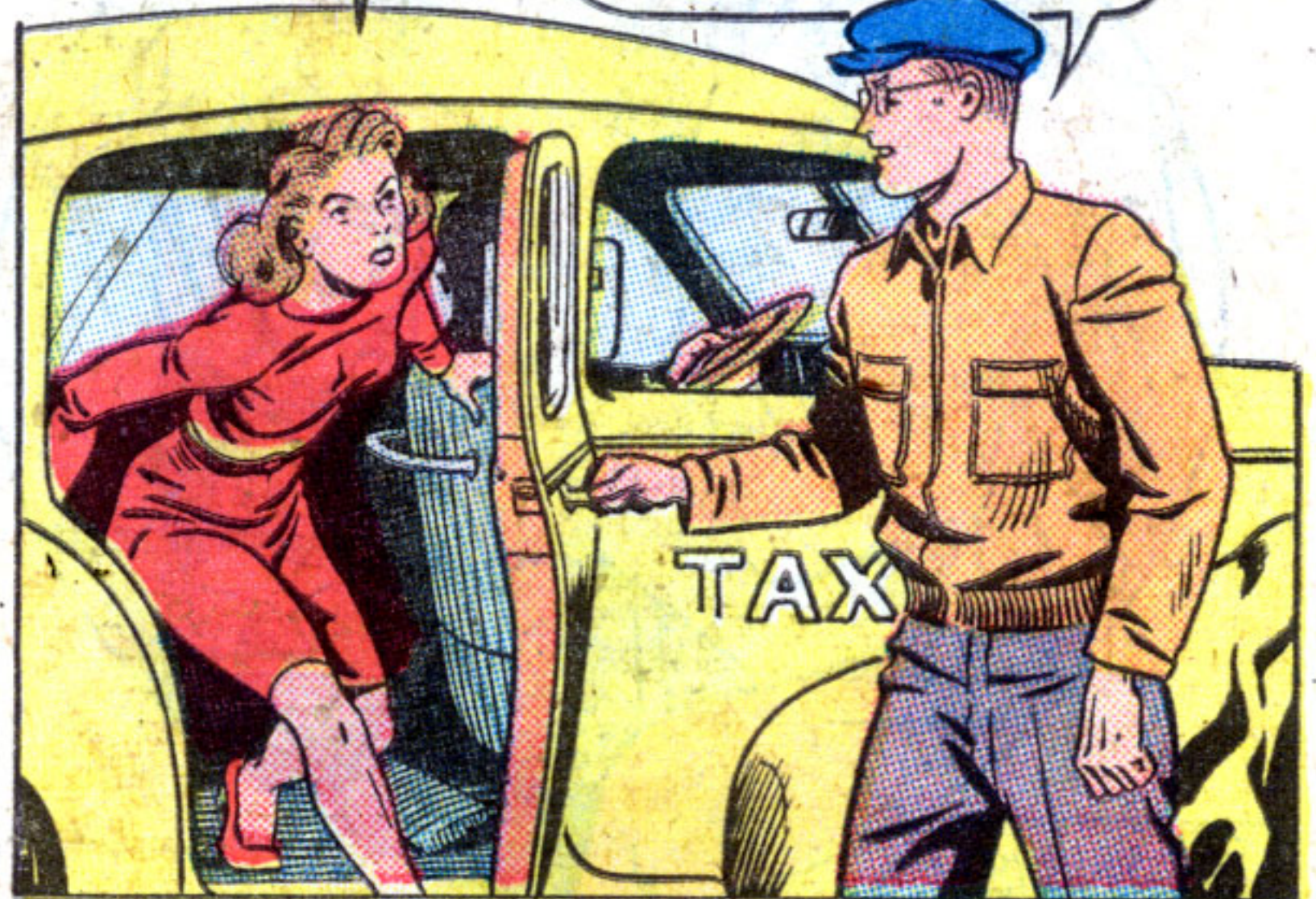
TAXI
STAND

AFTER A BREATH-TAKING CHASE, STANDISH'S CAR TURNS INTO THE GROUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION. KING'S TAXI SWERVES TO FOLLOW, BUT..



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KING?

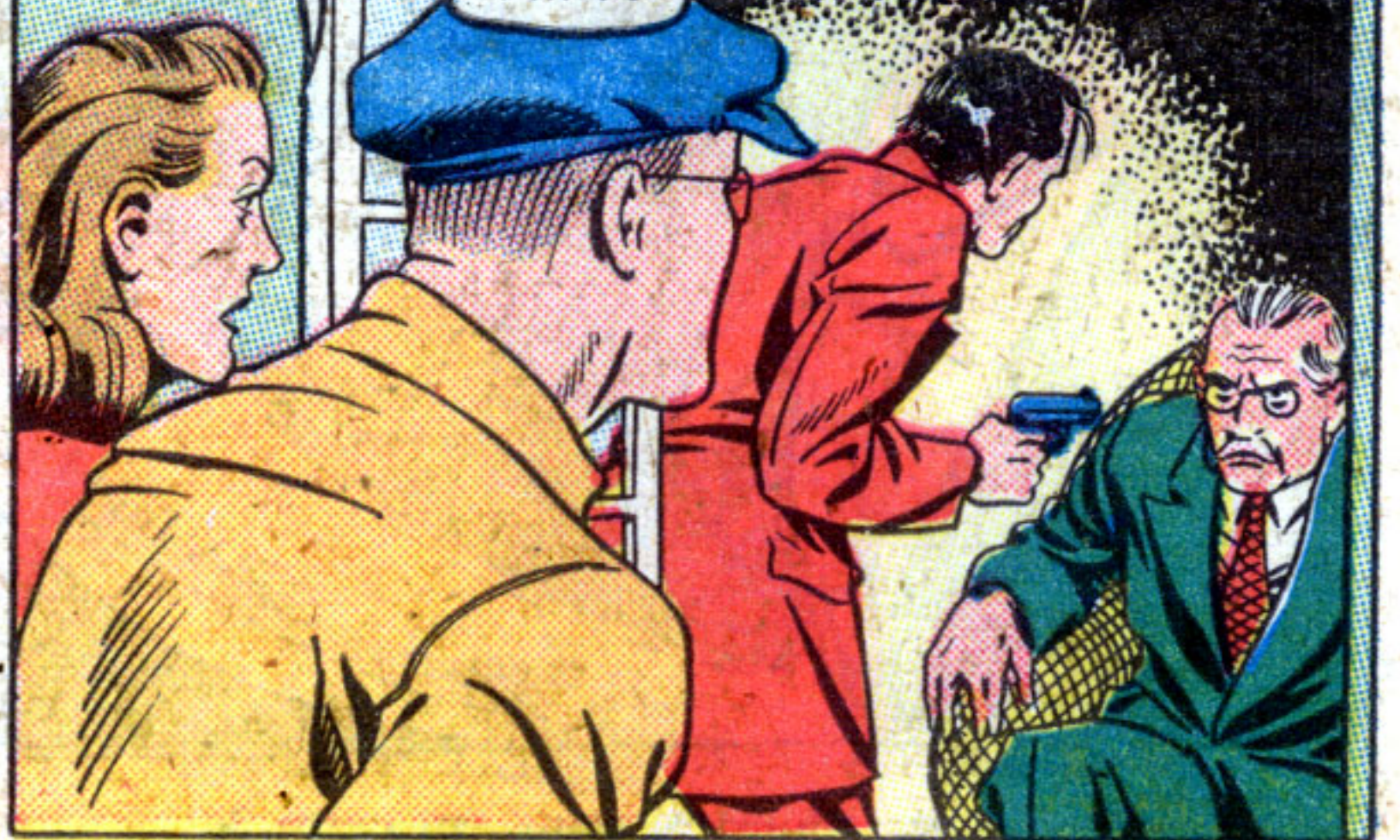
YES, IRIS, HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MADMAN BEFORE HE HARMS THE GOVERNOR.



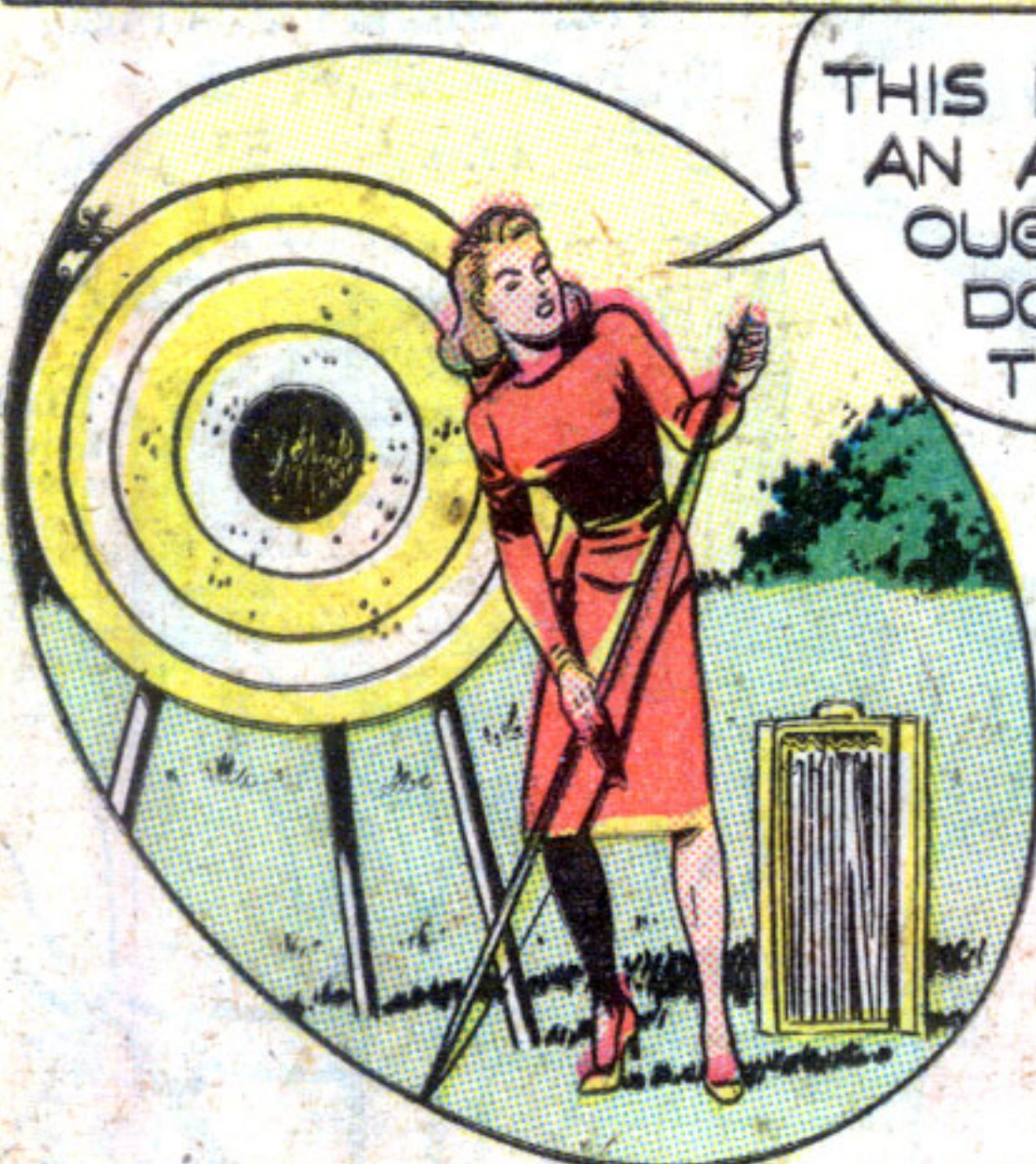
KING AND IRIS DASH ACROSS THE LAWN AND ONTO THE TERRACE.



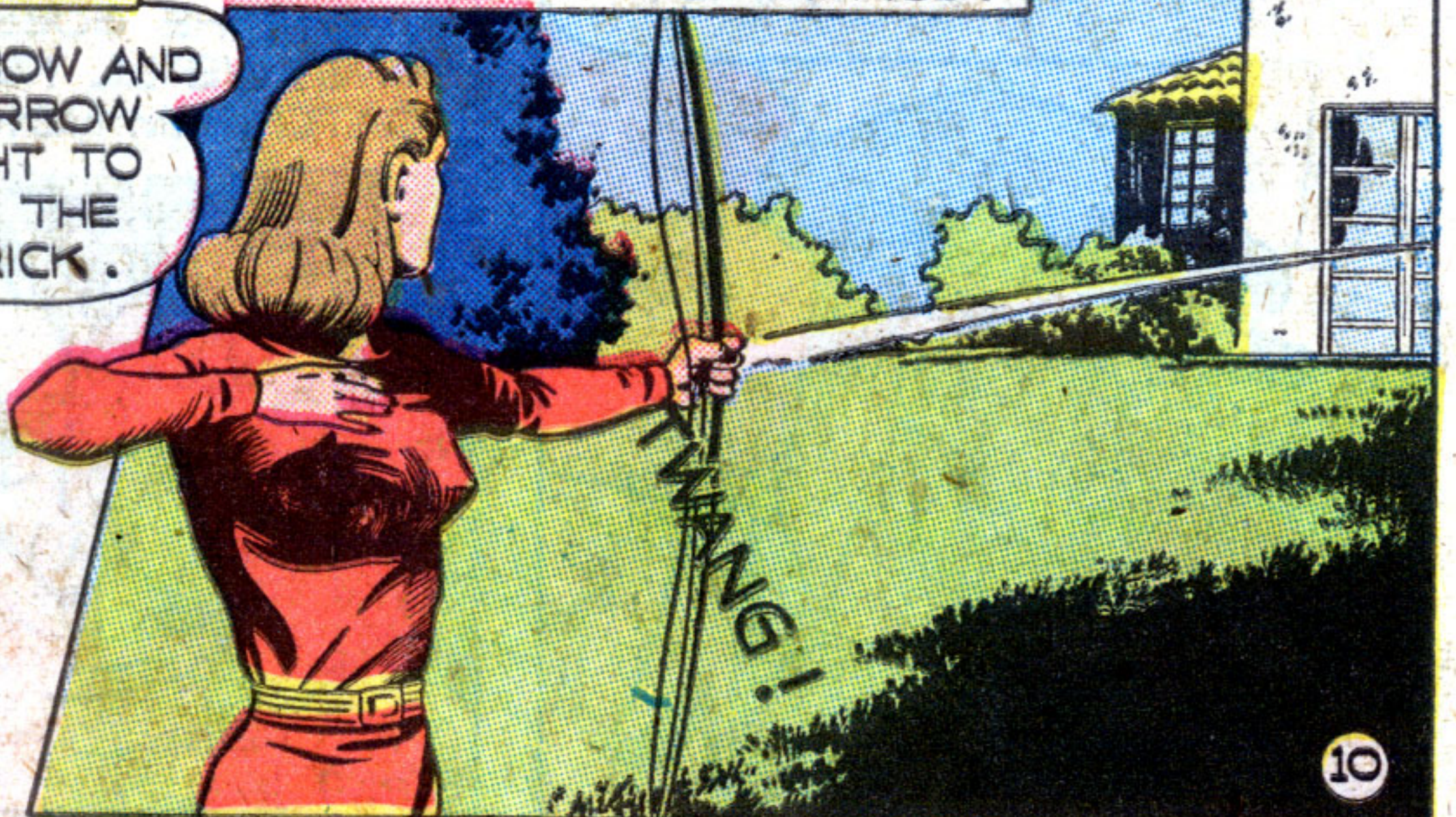
STANDISH MUST HAVE HAD ANOTHER GUN IN HIS CAR. WAIT, KING, I'LL DIVERT HIS ATTENTION BEFORE YOU RUSH HIM.

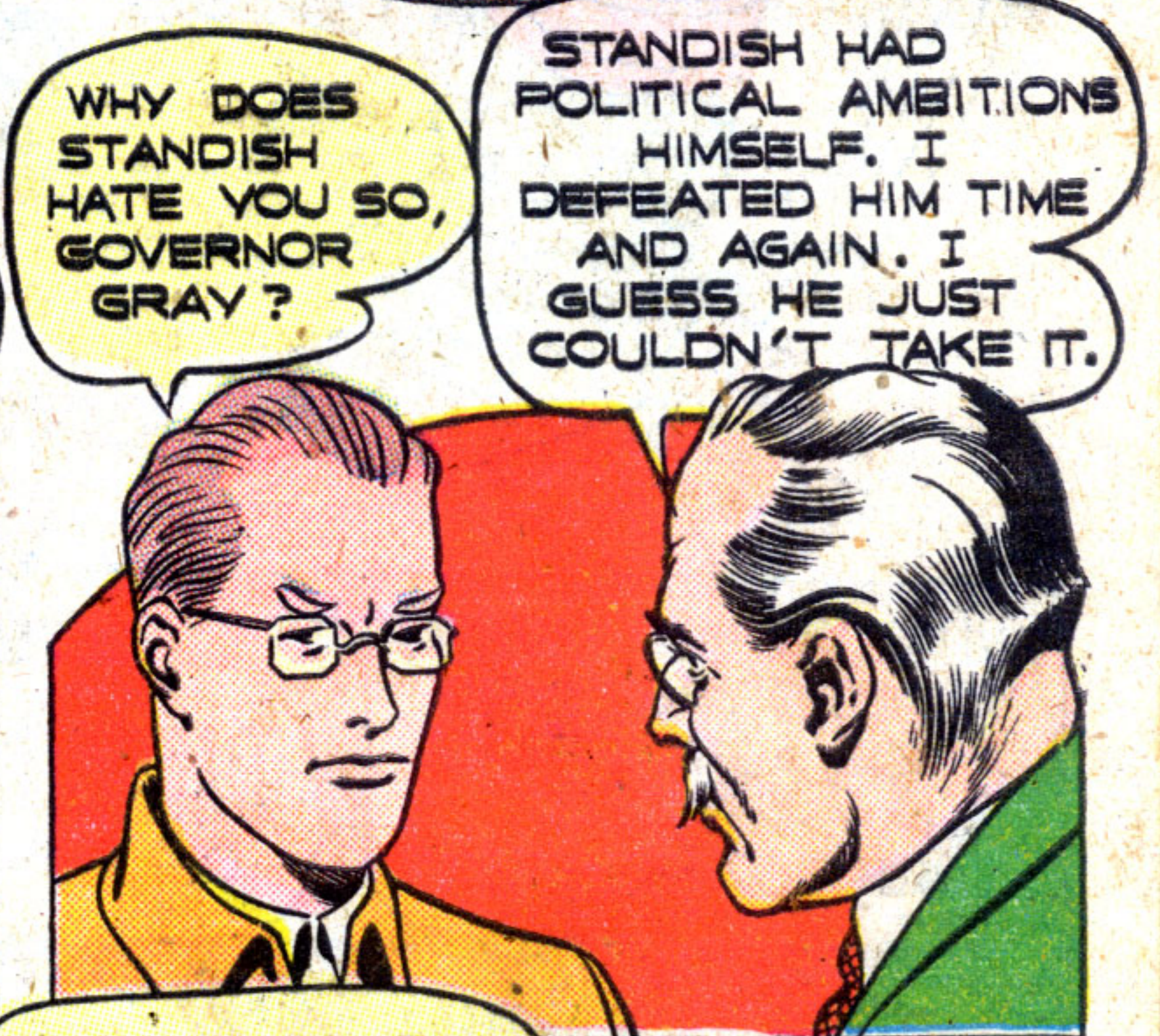
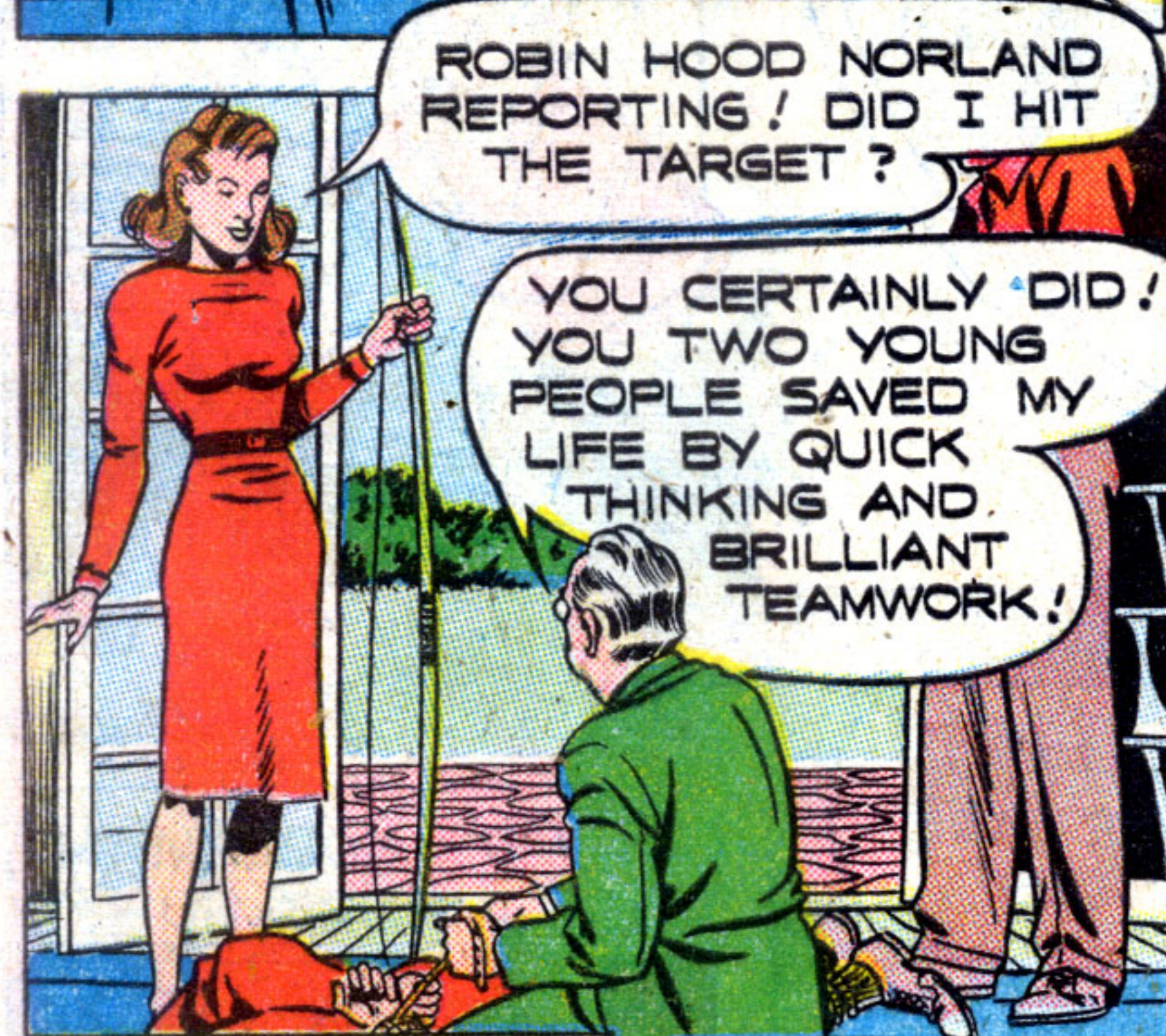
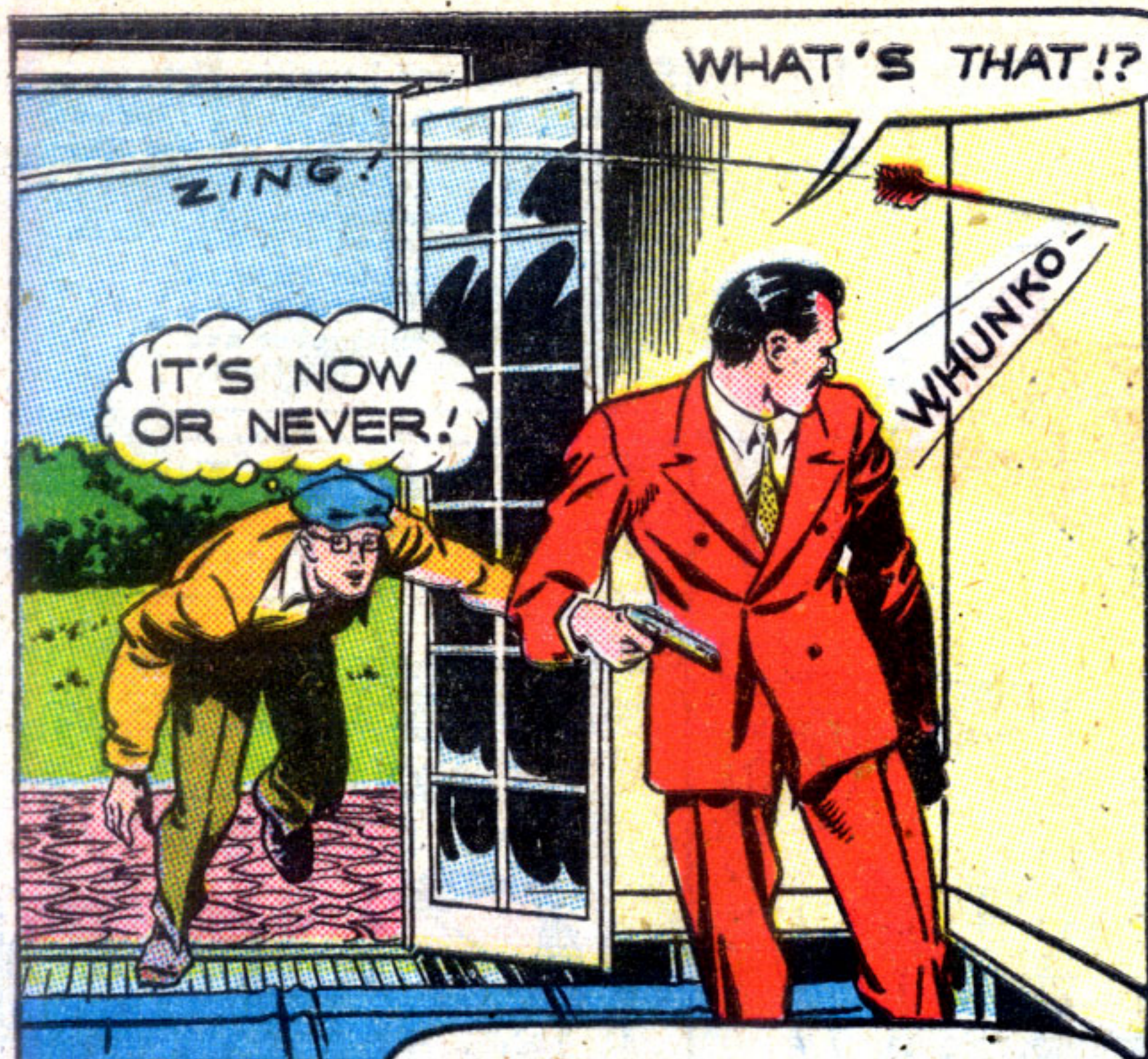


IRIS RUSHES TO THE ARCHERY SET ON THE LAWN.



IRIS TAKES CAREFUL AIM. THE BOWSTRING TWANGS.



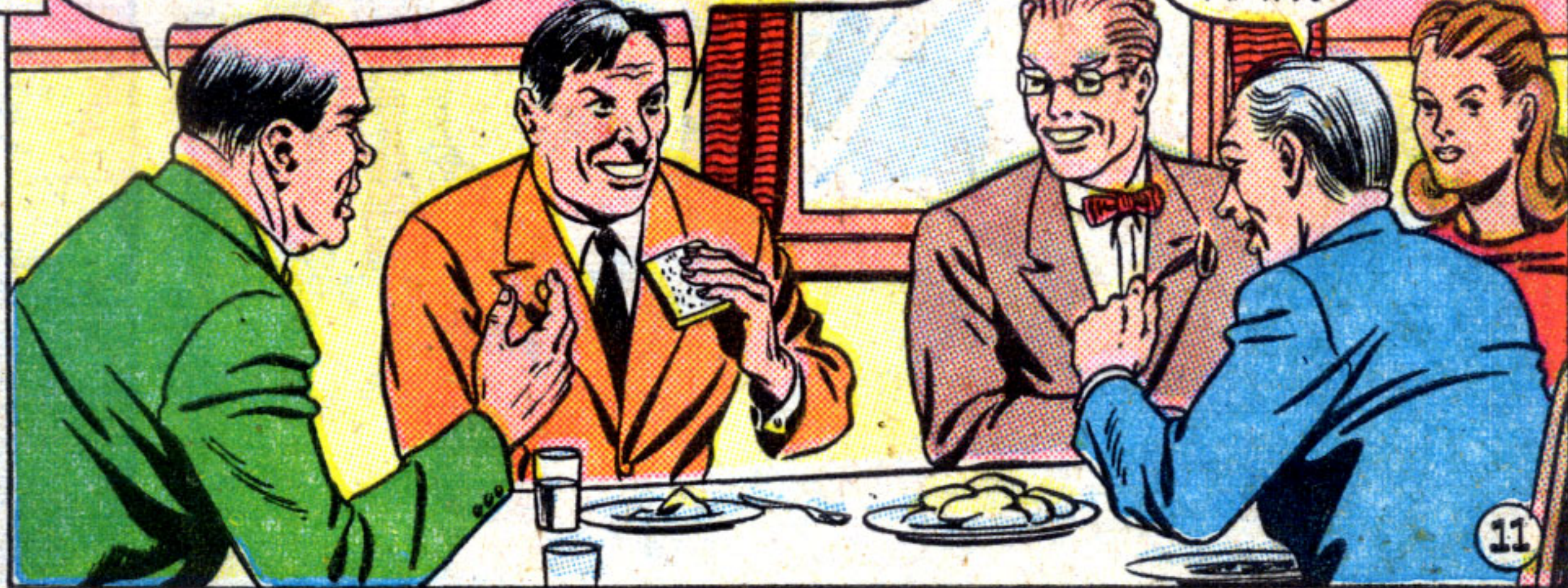
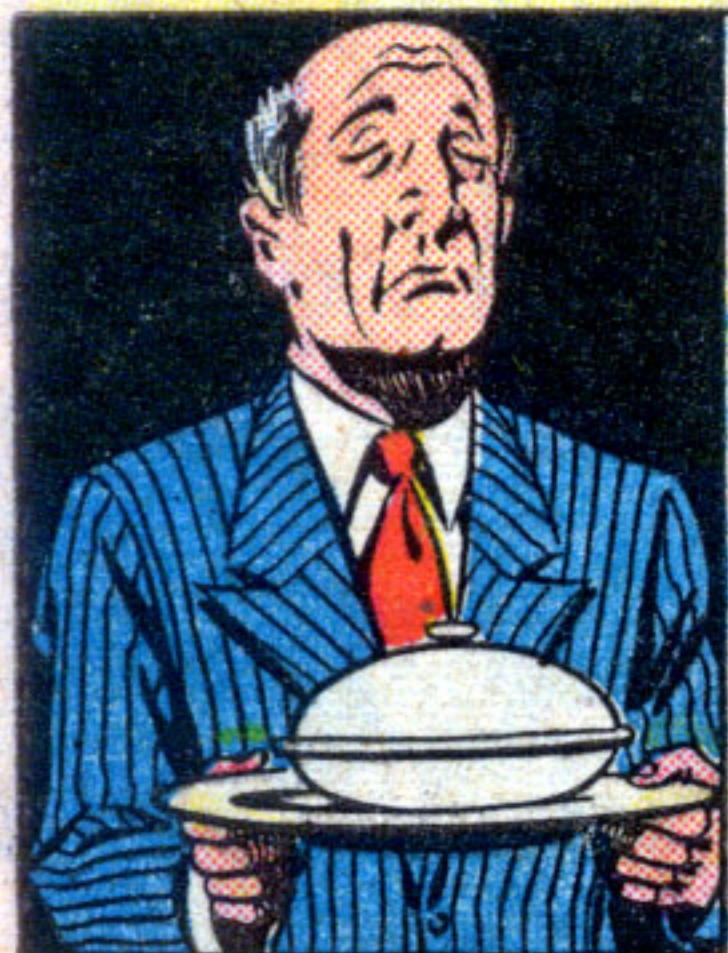


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HOURS, ROCKY BEMIS AND HIS WAITERS GIVE A TESTIMONIAL DINNER AT BEMIS'S RESTAURANT.

SINCE THE REST OF THE...ER... FORMER CONS ARE NOW WORKIN' FER ME AS WAITERS...

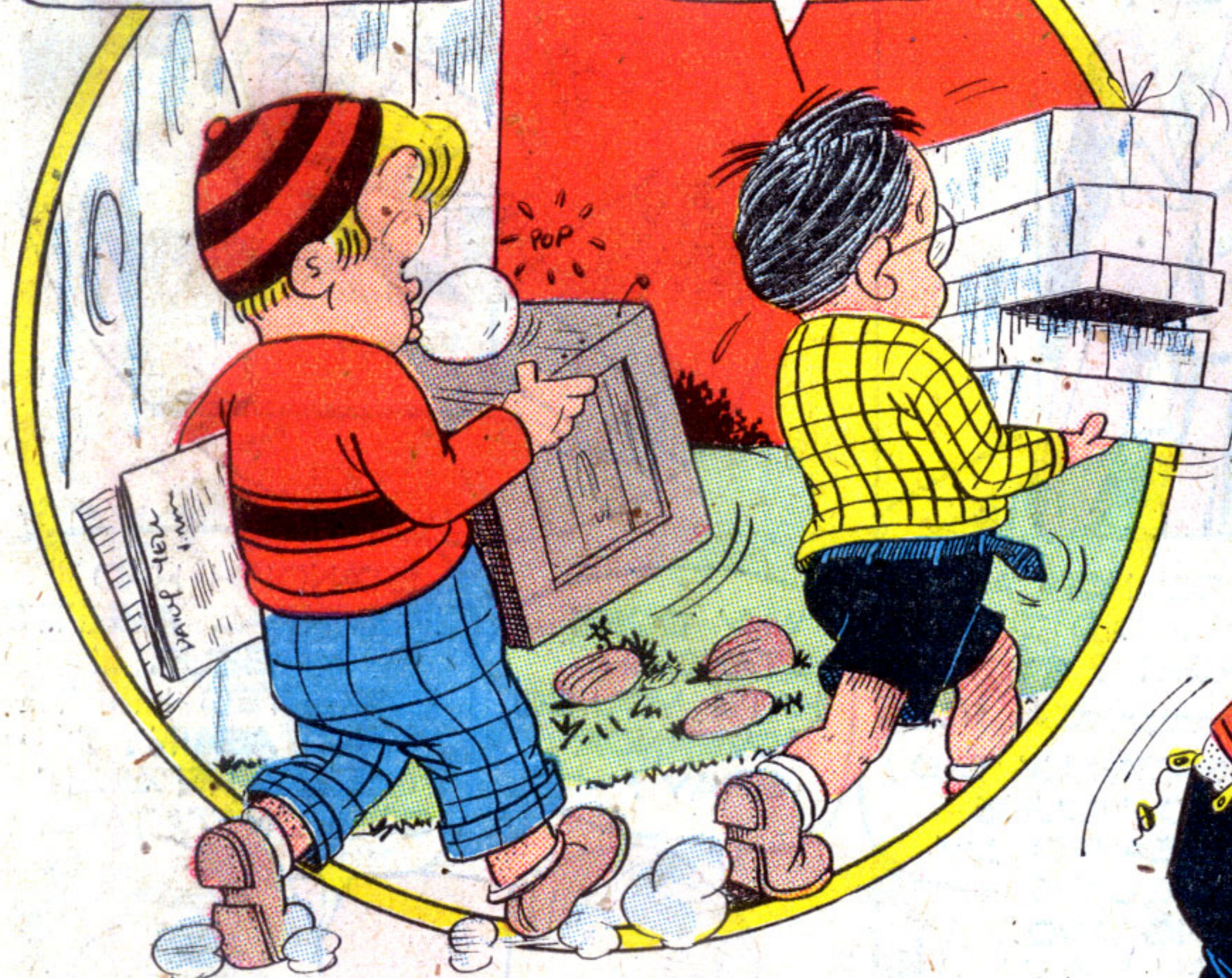
..WE CAN ALL SAY IT'S THANKS TO MR. COLE WE'RE SERVING MEALS NOW INSTEAD OF SERVING TIME! HAW, HAW!

THANK YOU, BOYS! HAW, HAW, HAW! HA, HA, HAW!



HOW COME YOUR
SISTER PUT AN
EGG BEATER IN
HER HOPE CHEST?

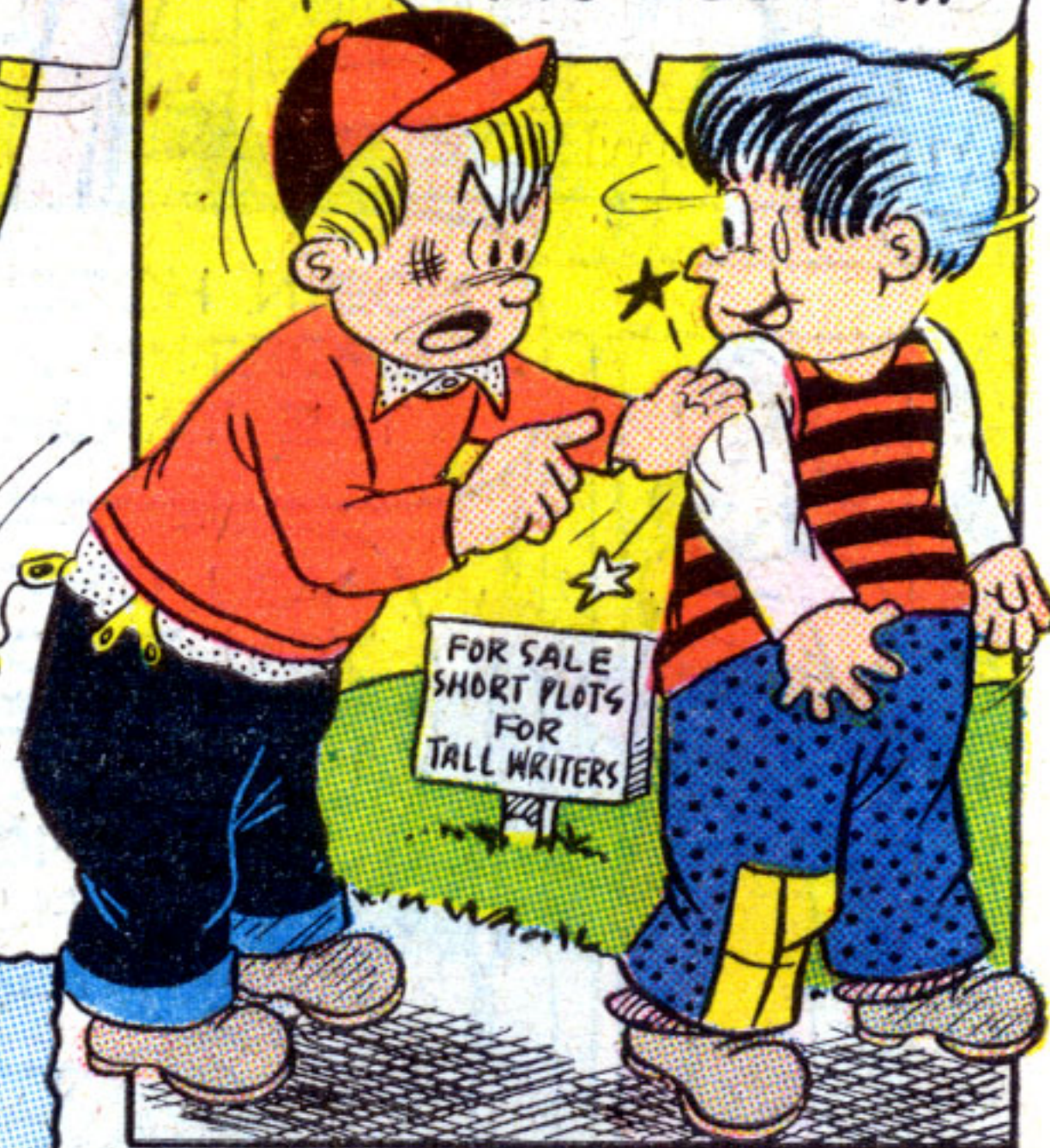
BECAUSE SHE SAYS
THAT A WIFE MUST
BE A GOOD
MIXER!!



54 Cowboys and Cowgirls Pictures 30c
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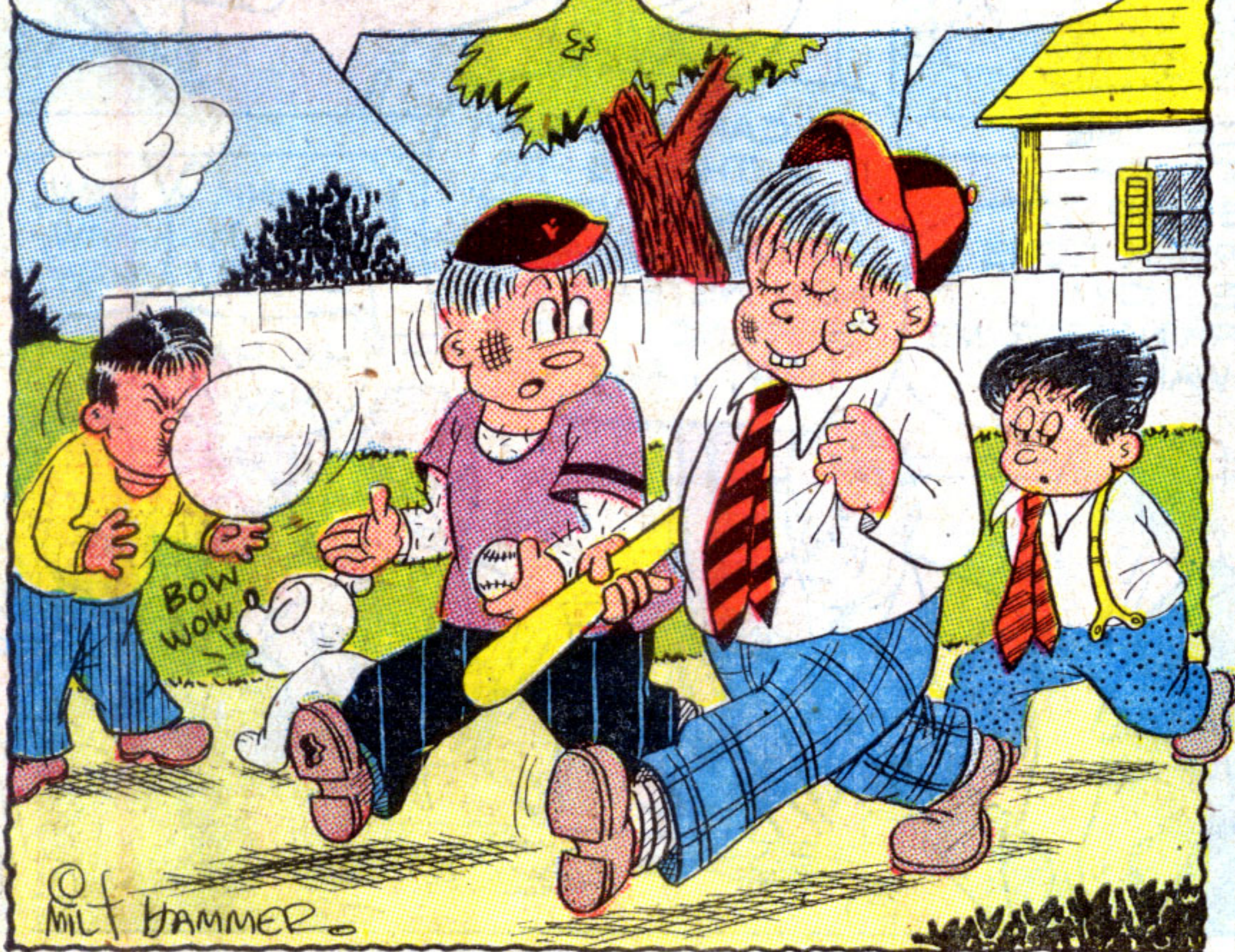
WHY D'YA SAY THAT I
REMINDE YOU OF A
CLIFF??

OUCH! OH, 'CAUSE
YOU'RE JUST A
BIG BLUFF!!!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
YOU'RE GOING TO GET
A JOB AS BASEBALL
MASCOT IN A
HAUNTED HOUSE??

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M
GONNA TAKE CARE
OF THE BATS!!



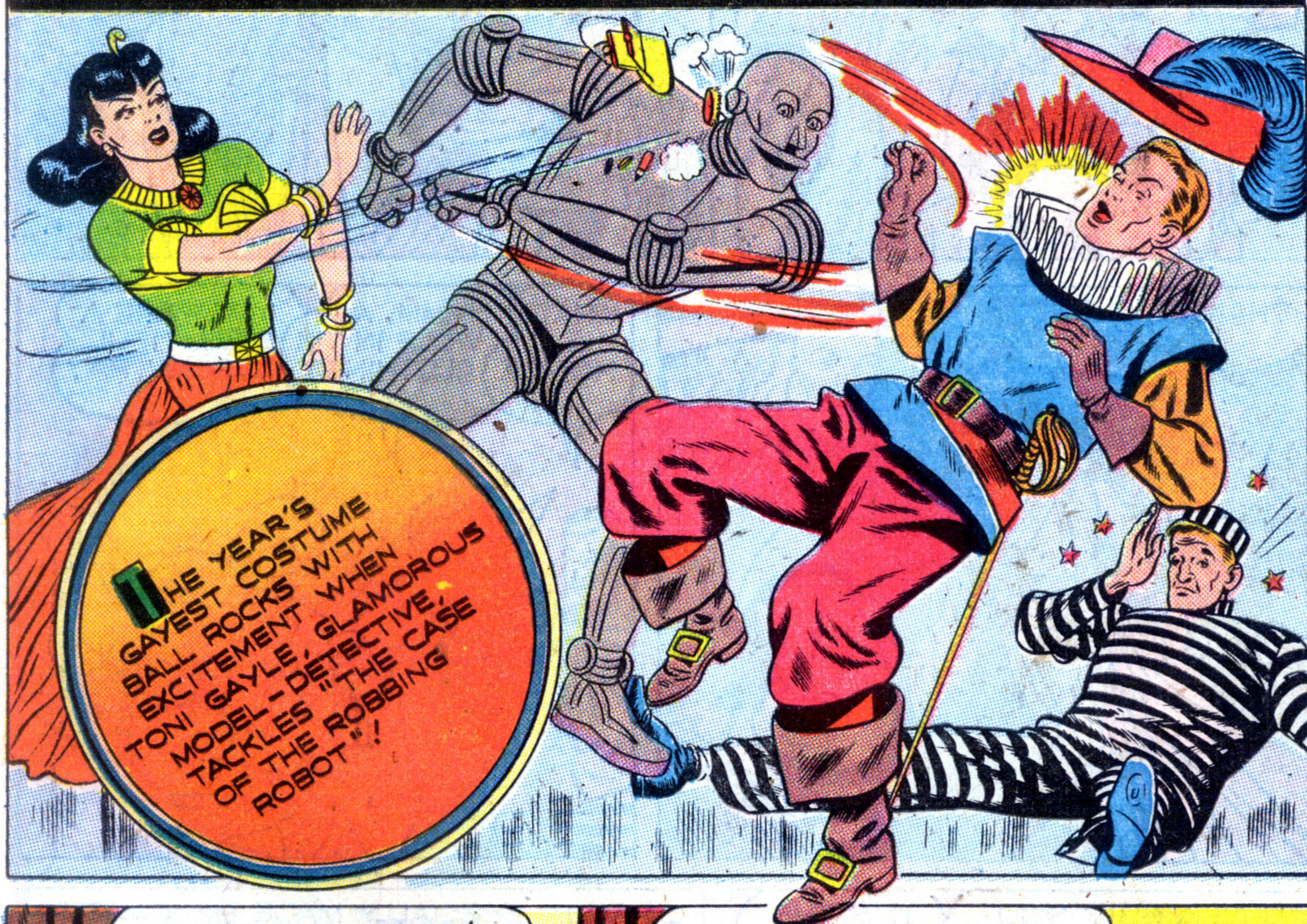
WHY IS A NOBLEMAN
LIKE A BOOK, HUH?

ER-'CAUSE THEY
BOTH HAVE
TITLES!!



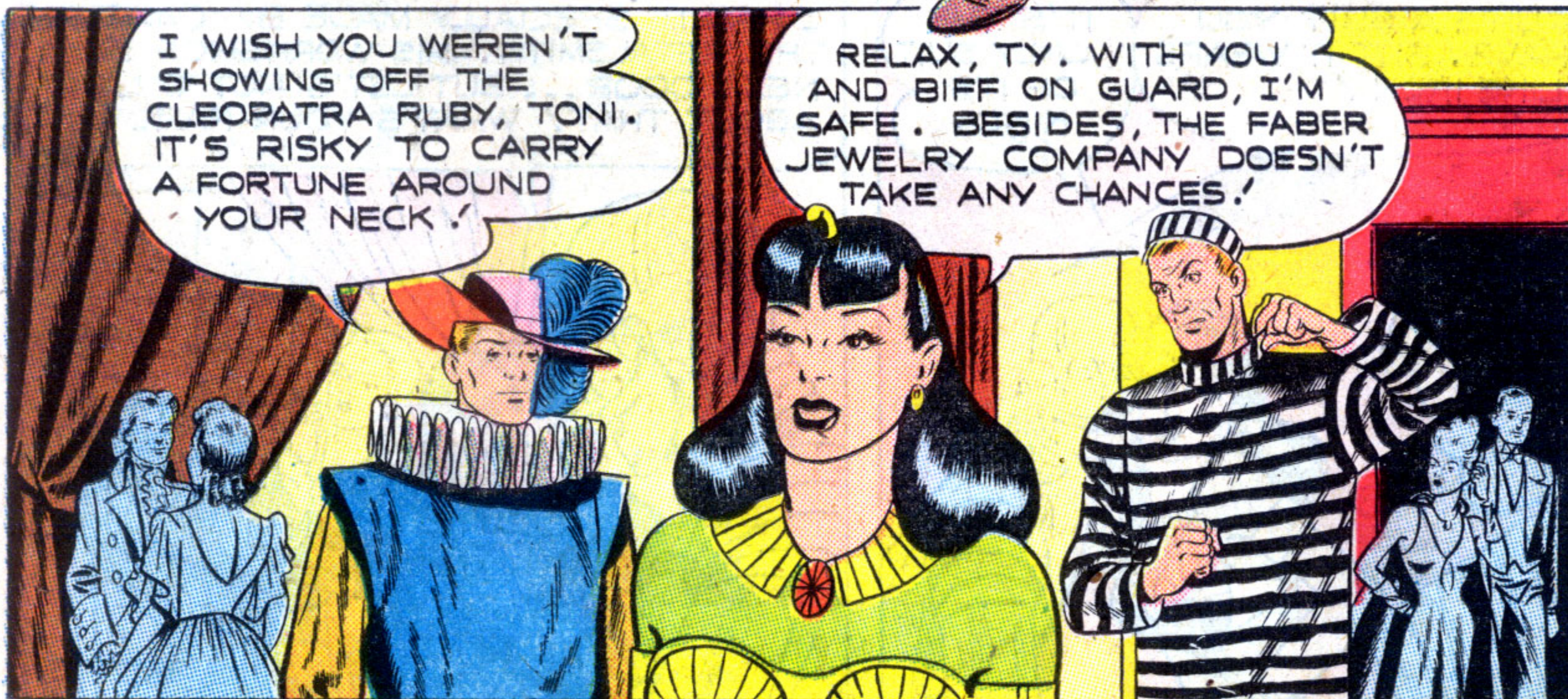
YOUNG KING COLE

TONI GAYLE

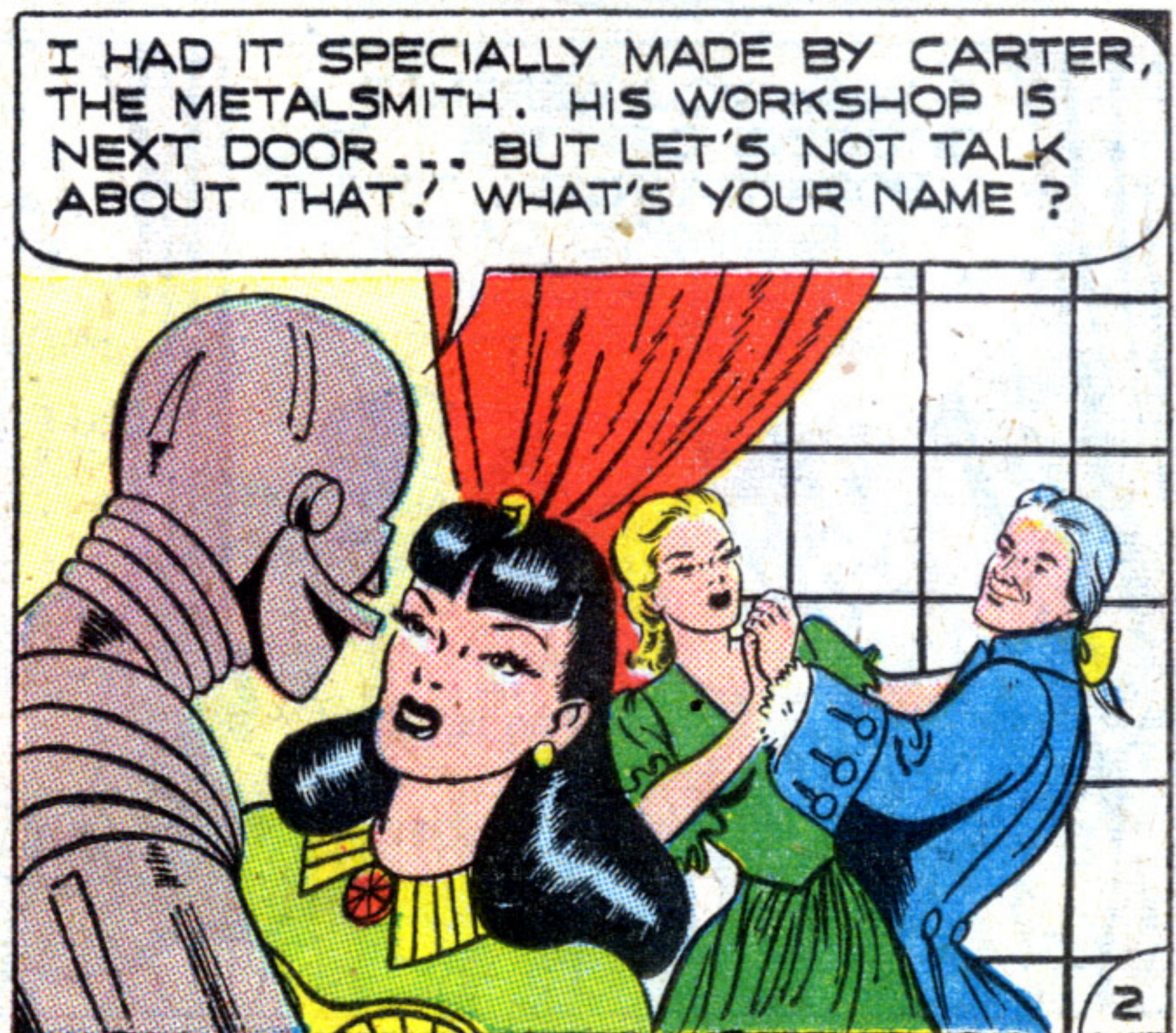
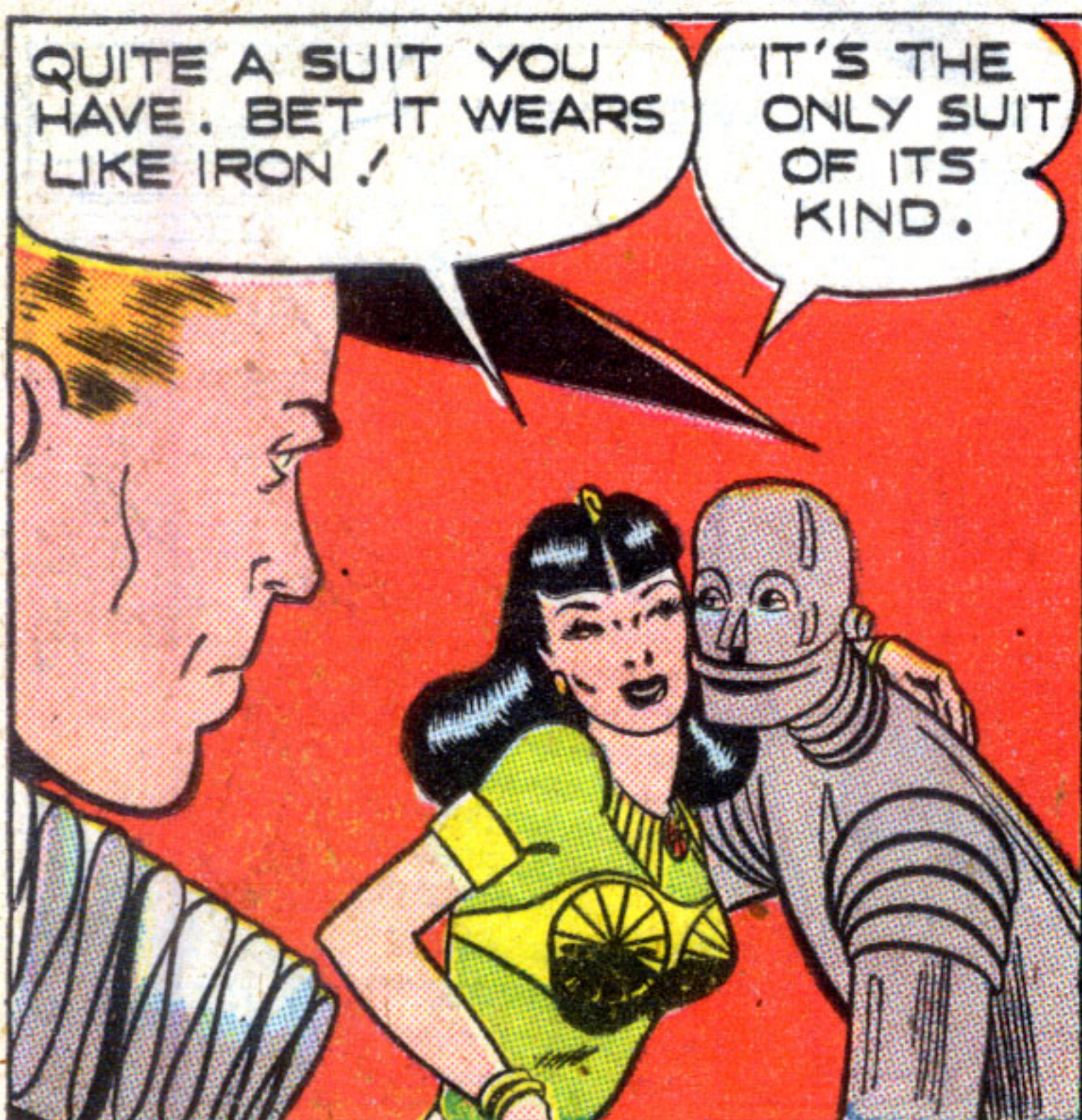
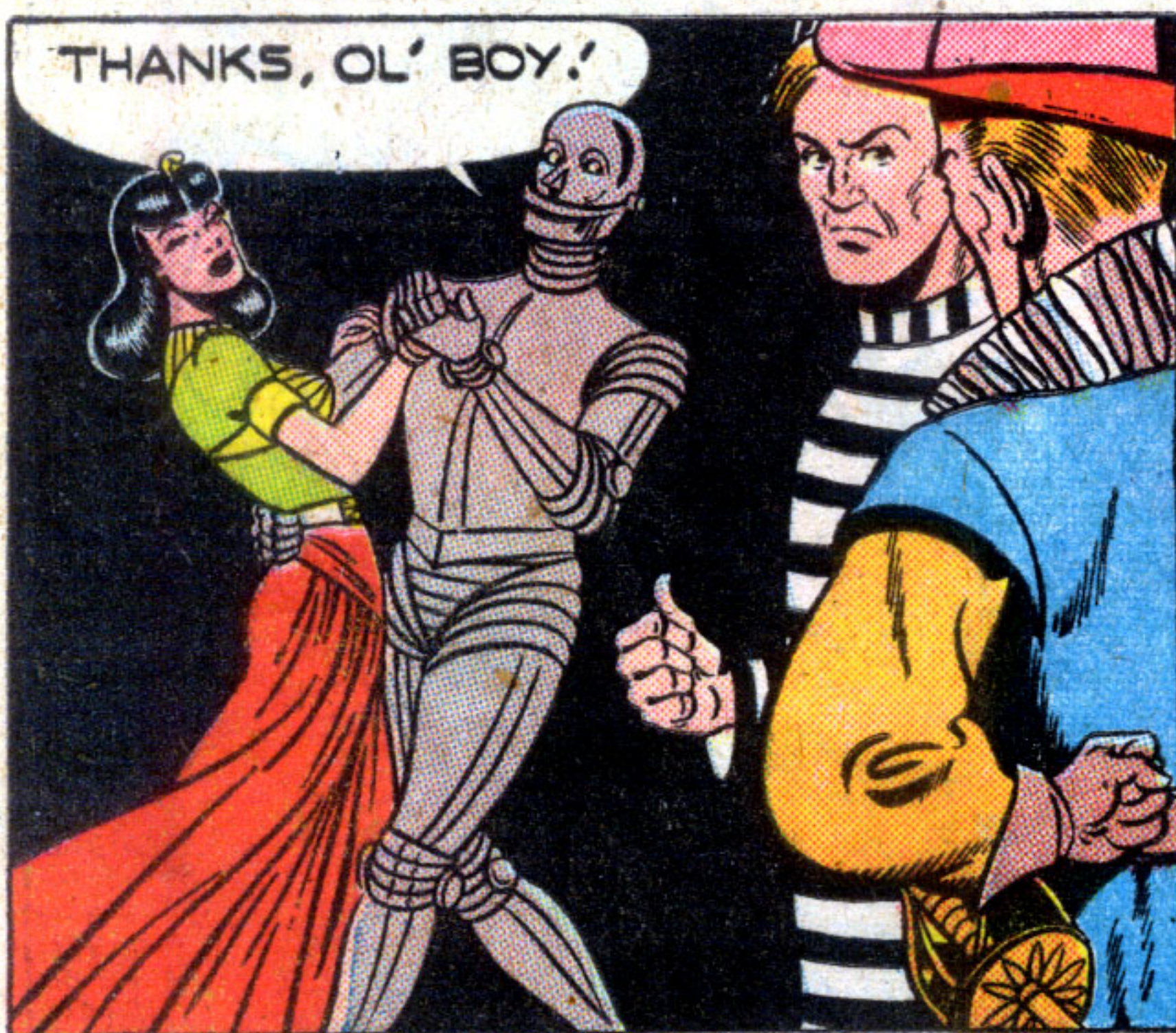
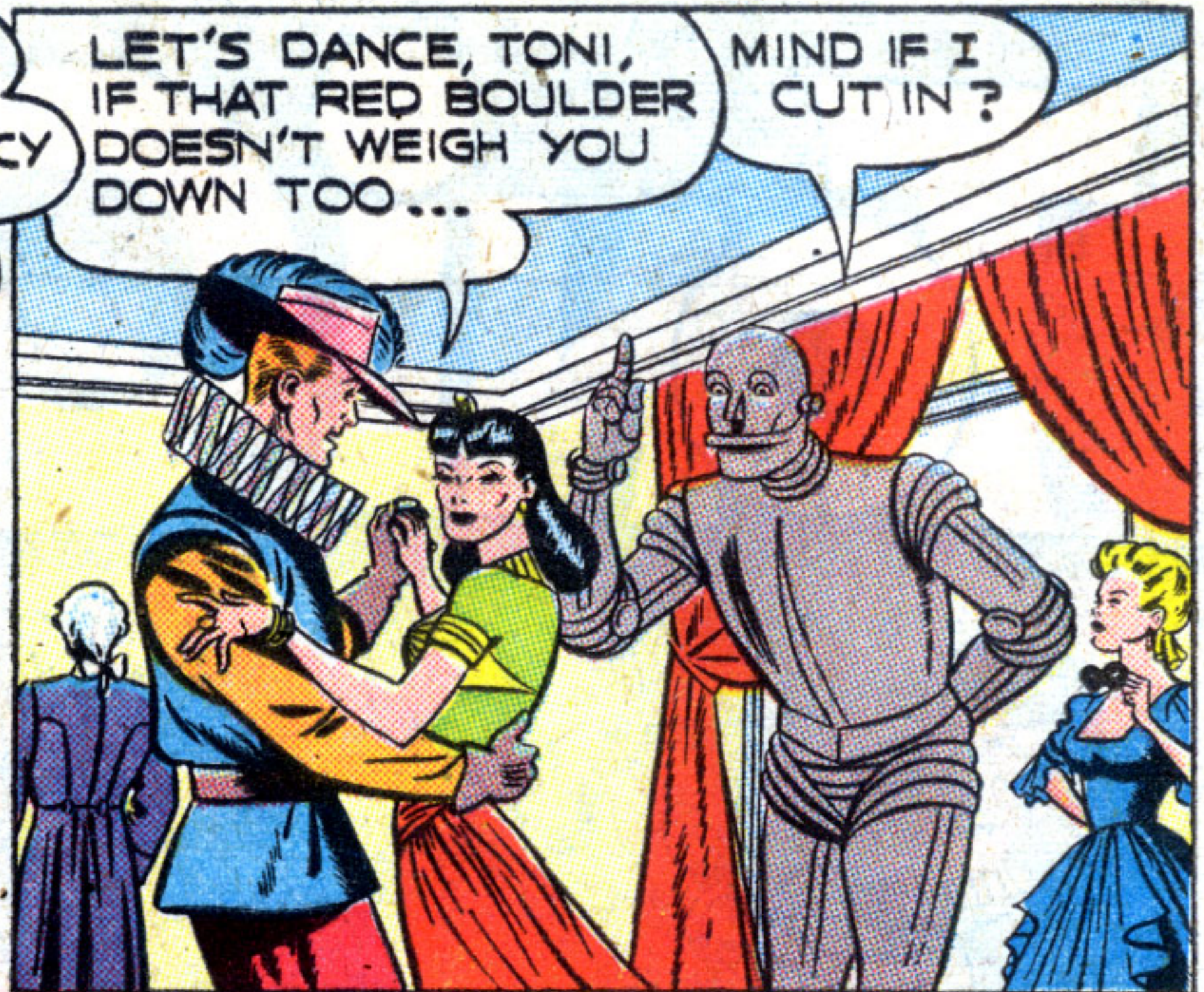


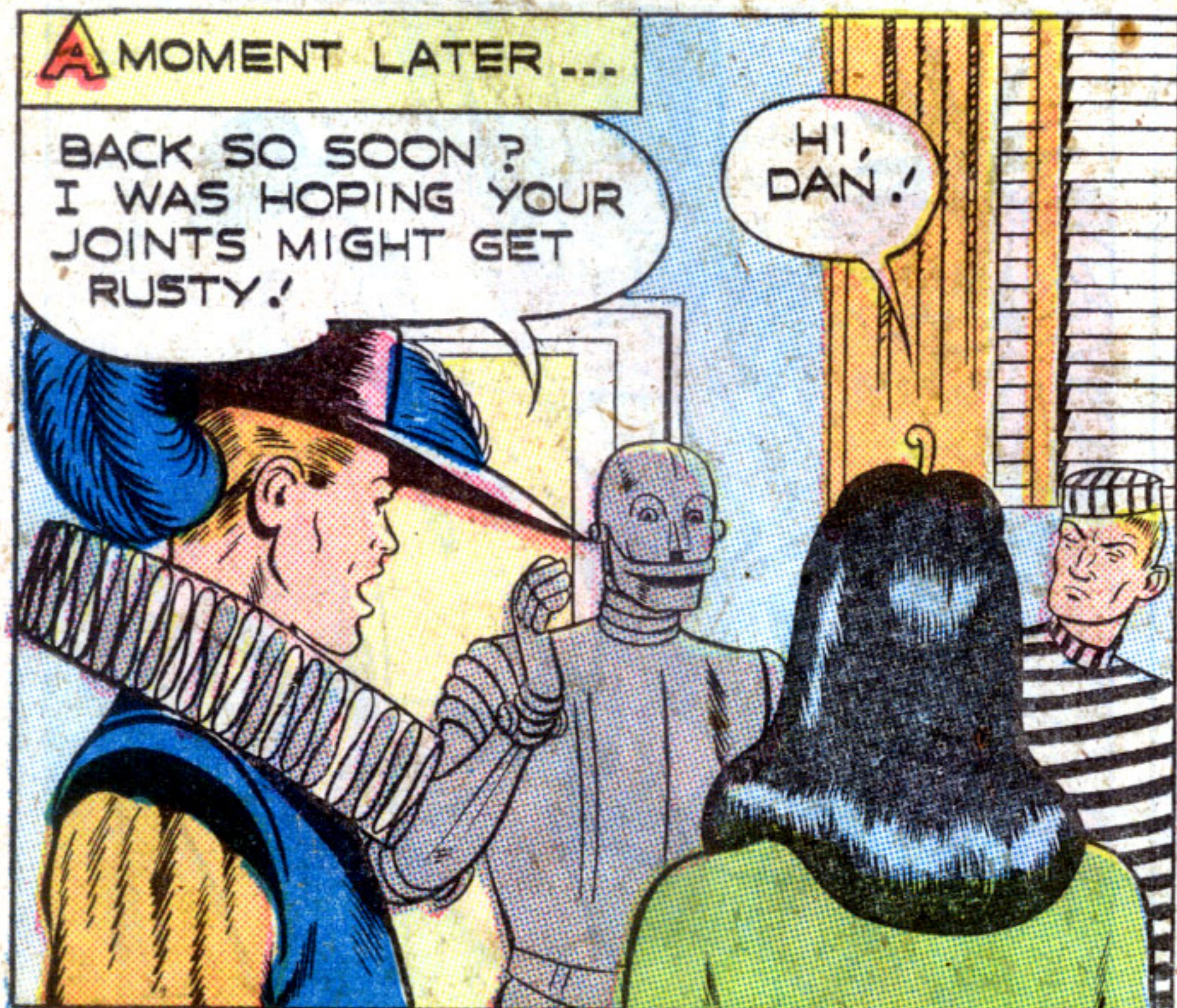
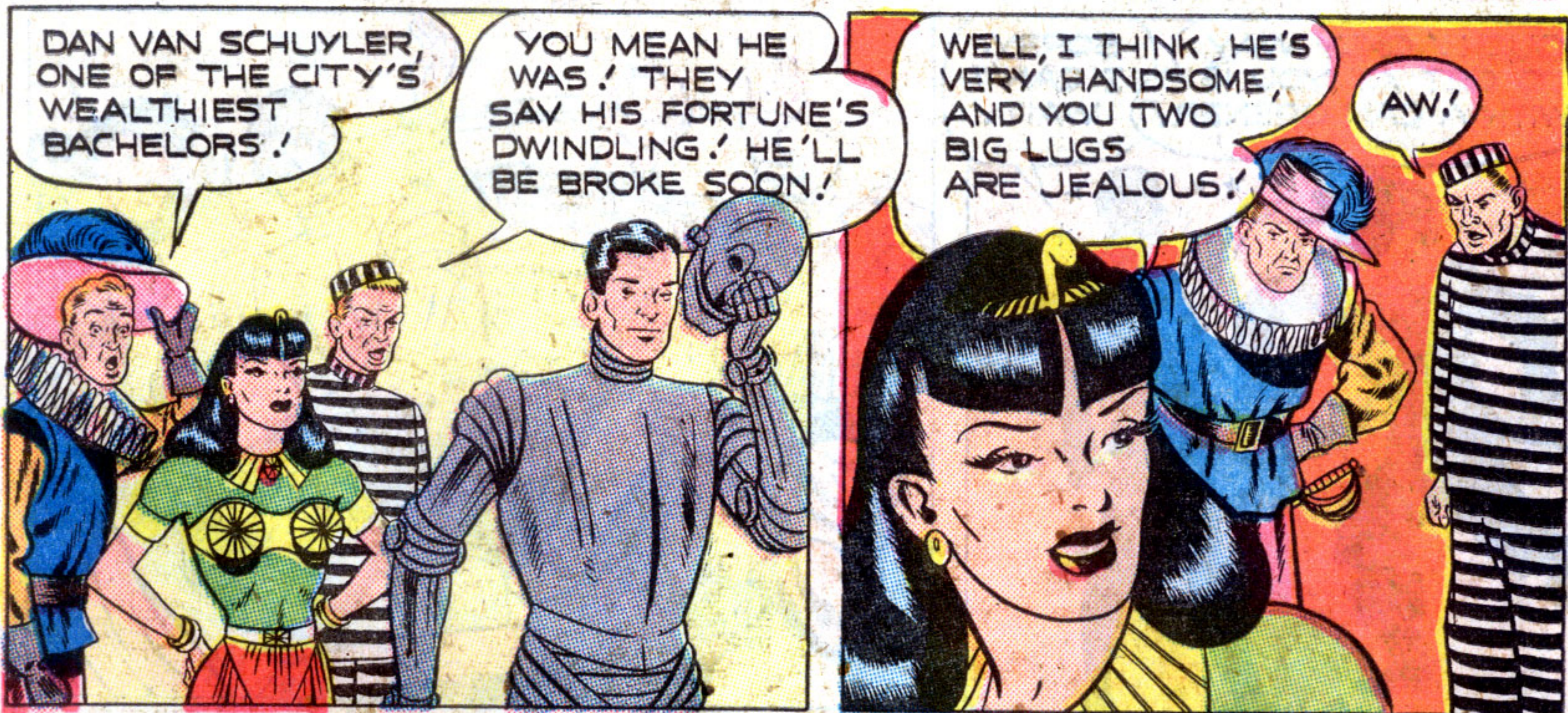
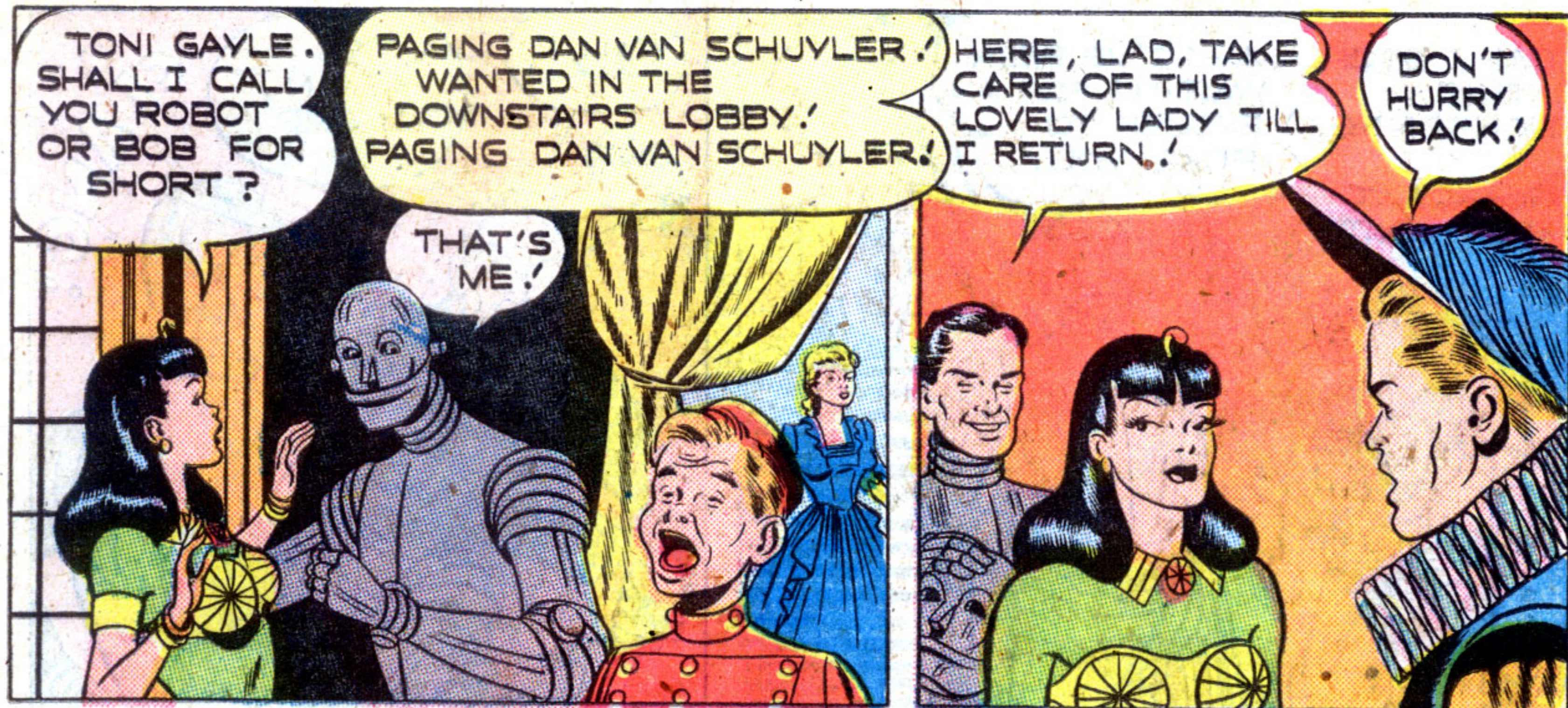
I WISH YOU WEREN'T SHOWING OFF THE CLEOPATRA RUBY, TONI. IT'S RISKY TO CARRY A FORTUNE AROUND YOUR NECK!

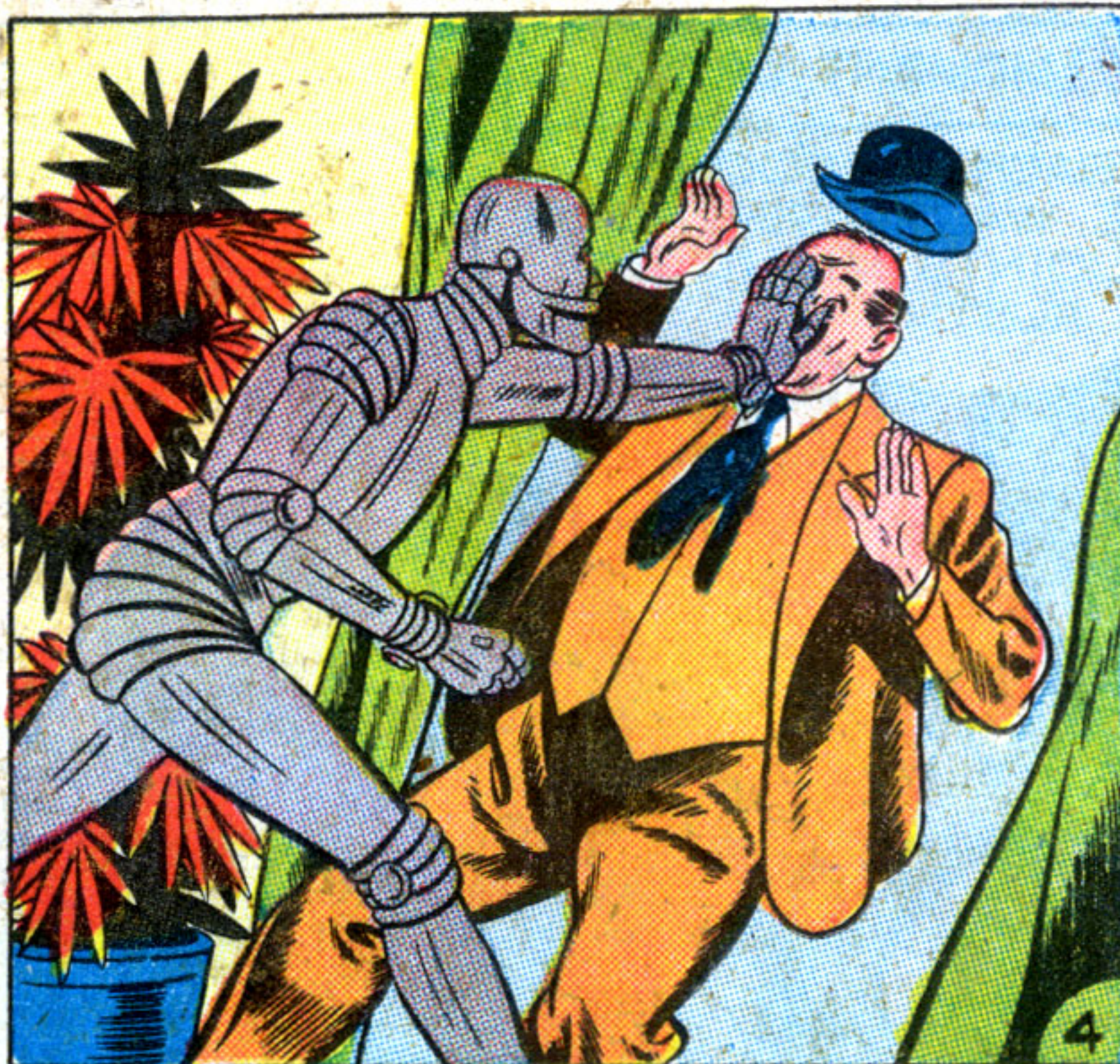
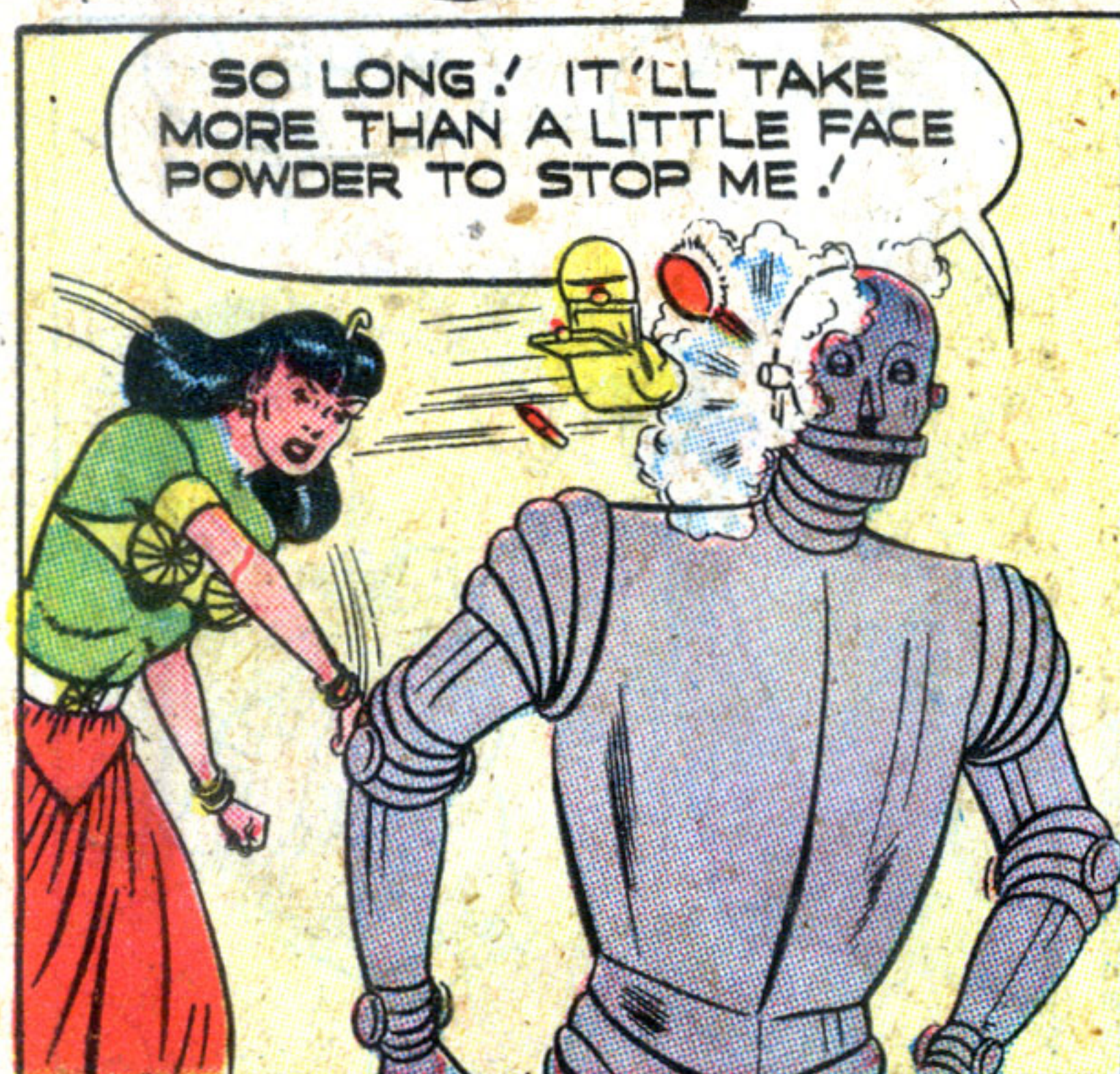
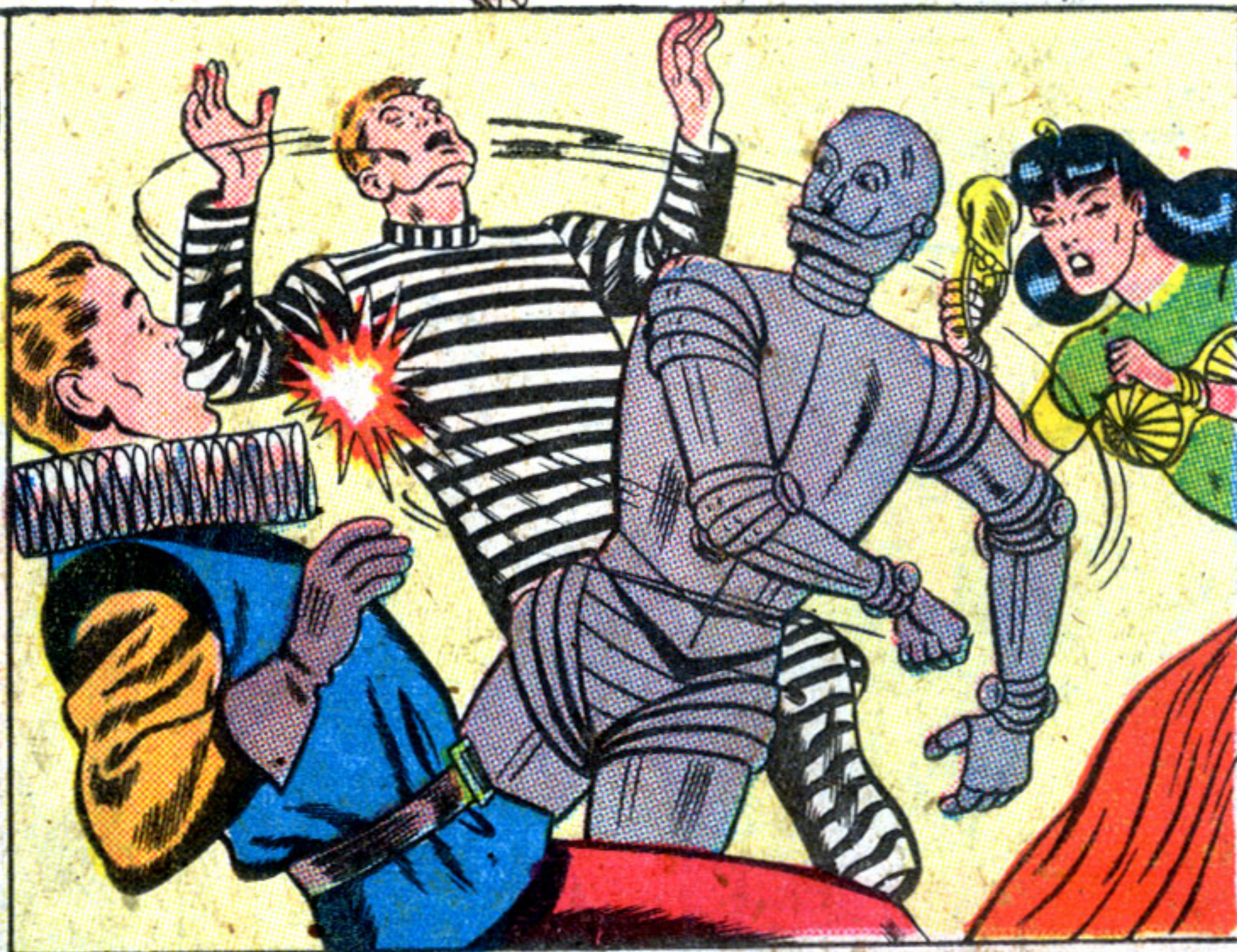
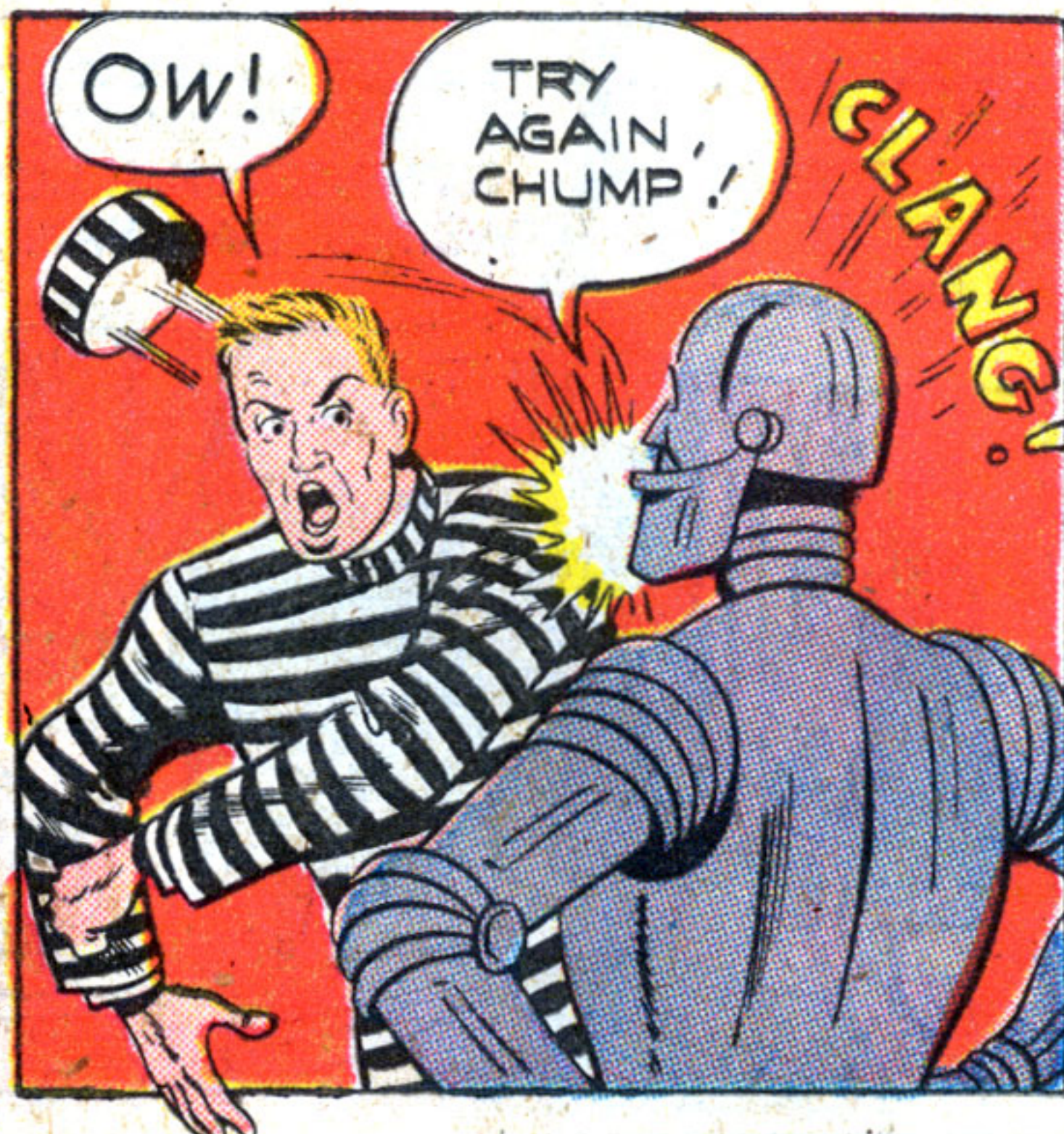
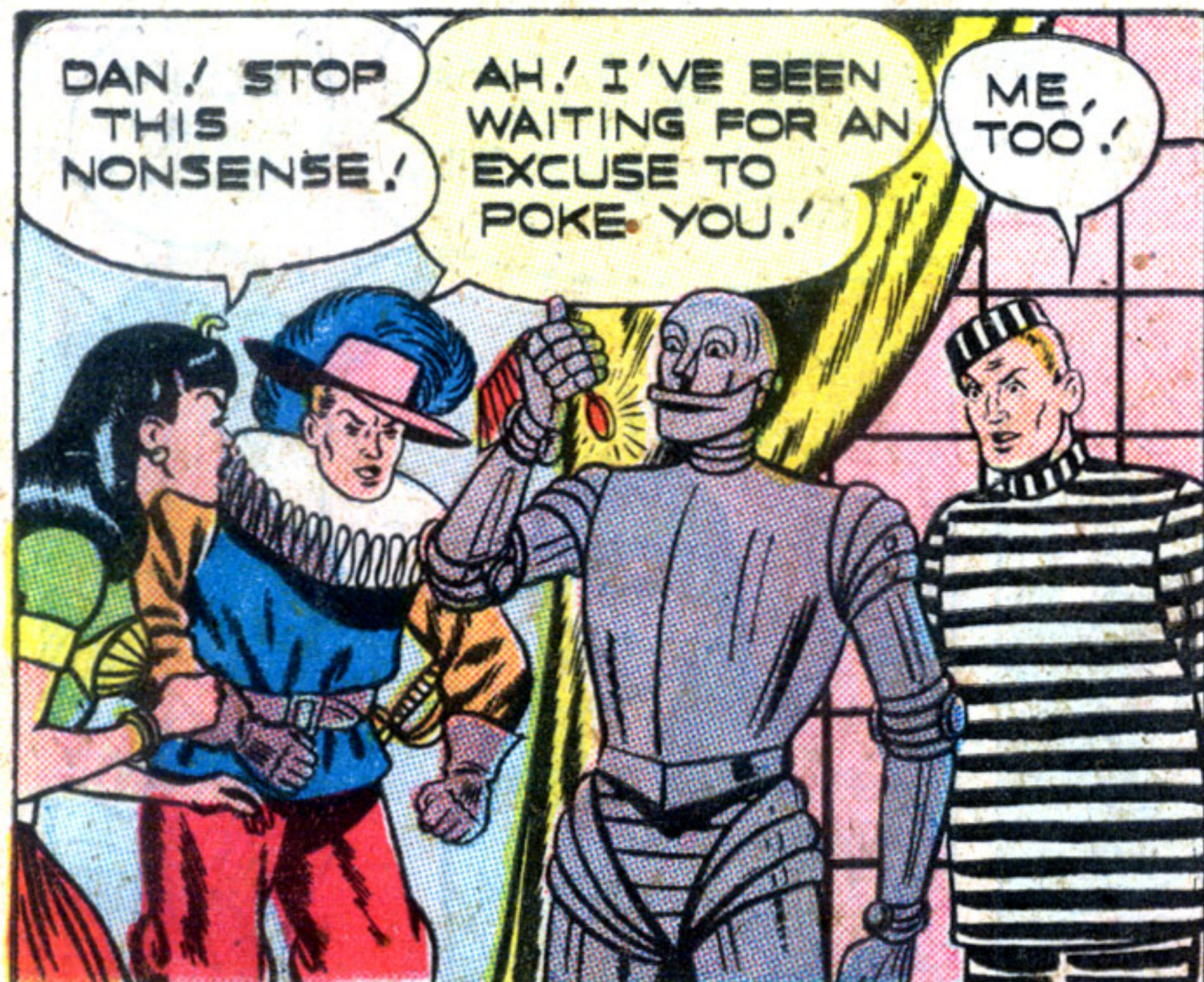
RELAX, TY. WITH YOU AND BIFF ON GUARD, I'M SAFE. BESIDES, THE FABER JEWELRY COMPANY DOESN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



YOUNG KING COLE





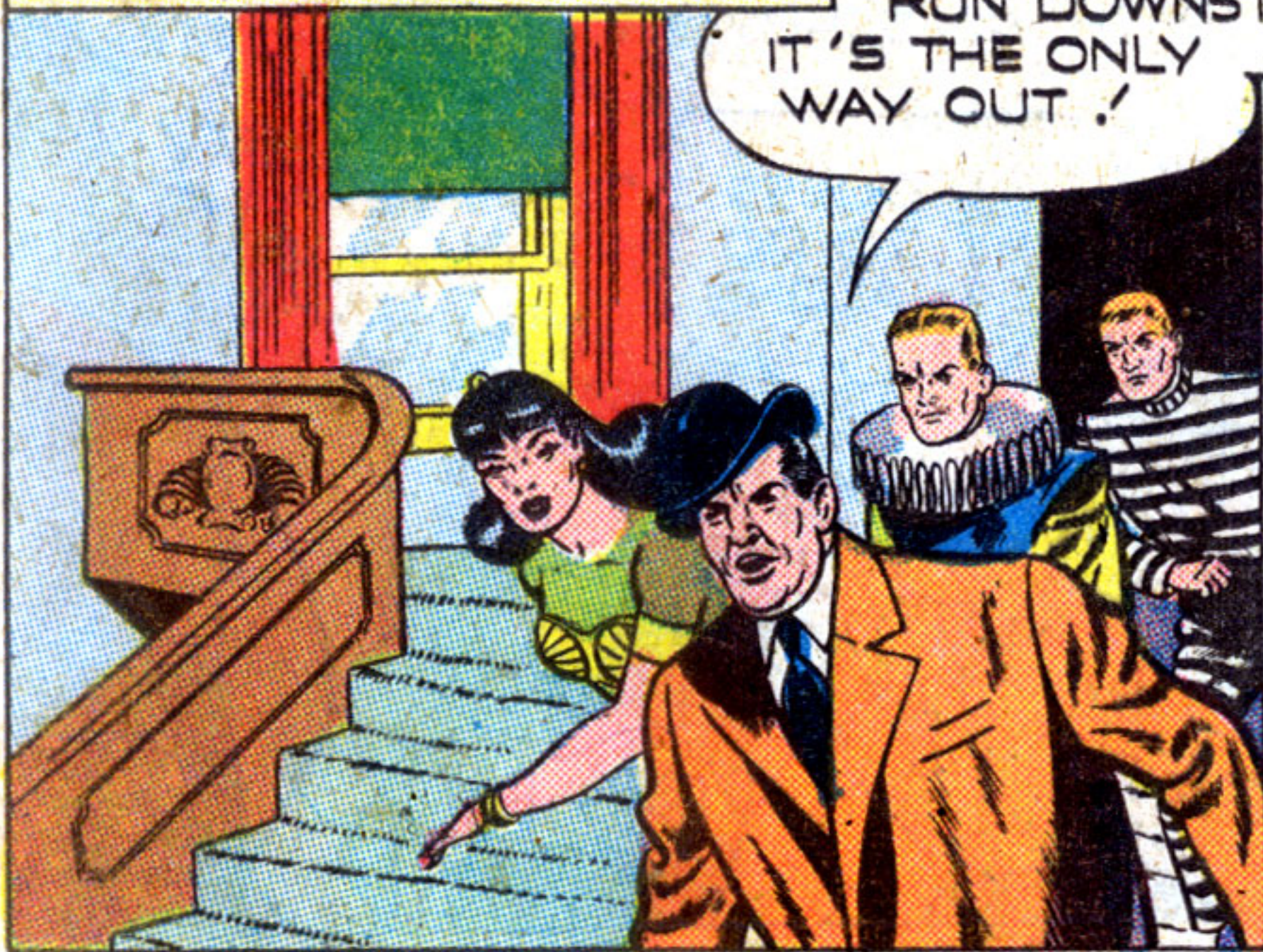


QUESTION No. 7. Is this from the Bible or from Shakespeare? "The price of wisdom is above rubies."

A FEW SECONDS LATER --

HE MUSTA
RUN DOWNSTAIRS.

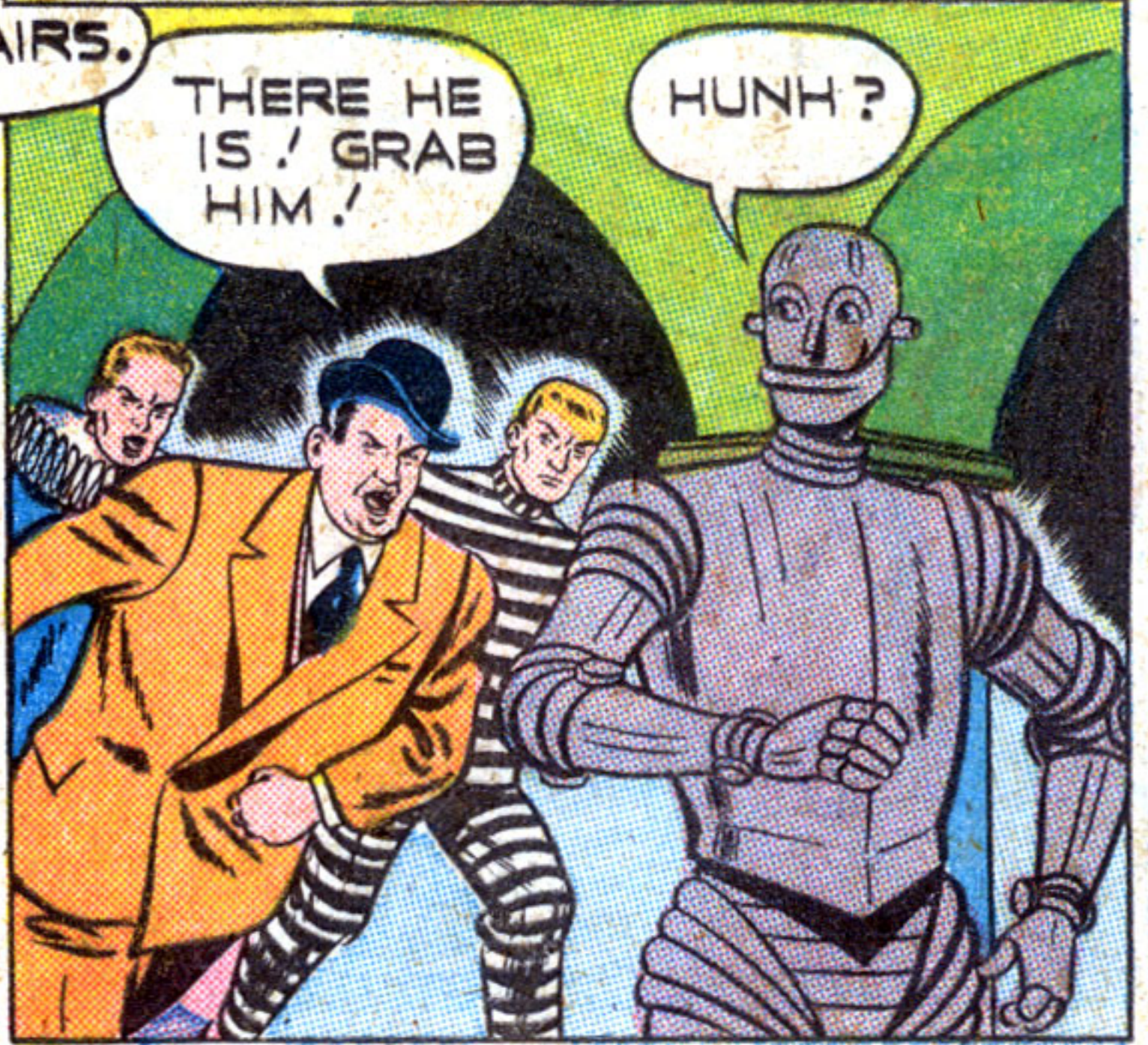
IT'S THE ONLY
WAY OUT !



DOWNSTAIRS , IN THE LOBBY --

THERE HE
IS ! GRAB
HIM !

HUNKH ?

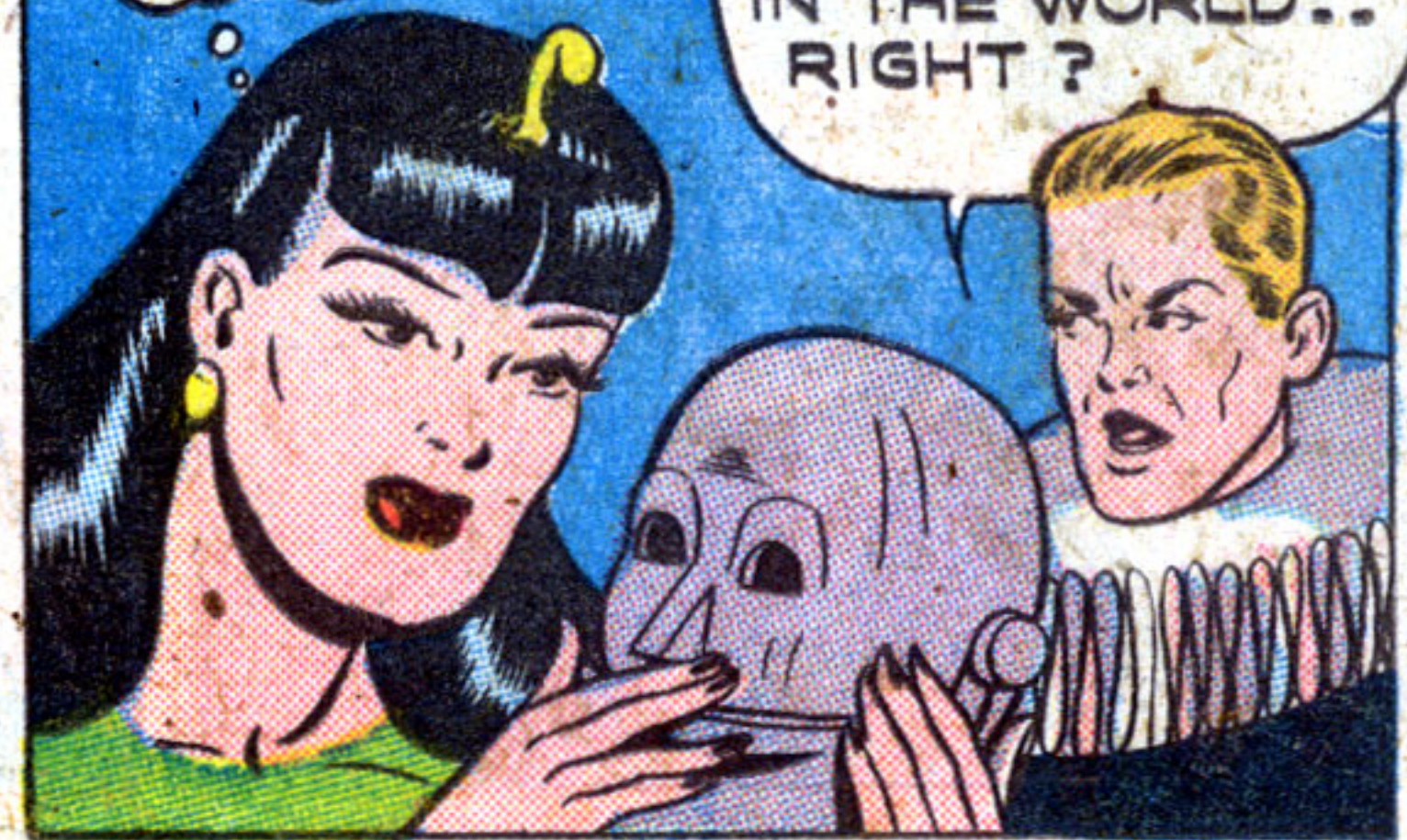
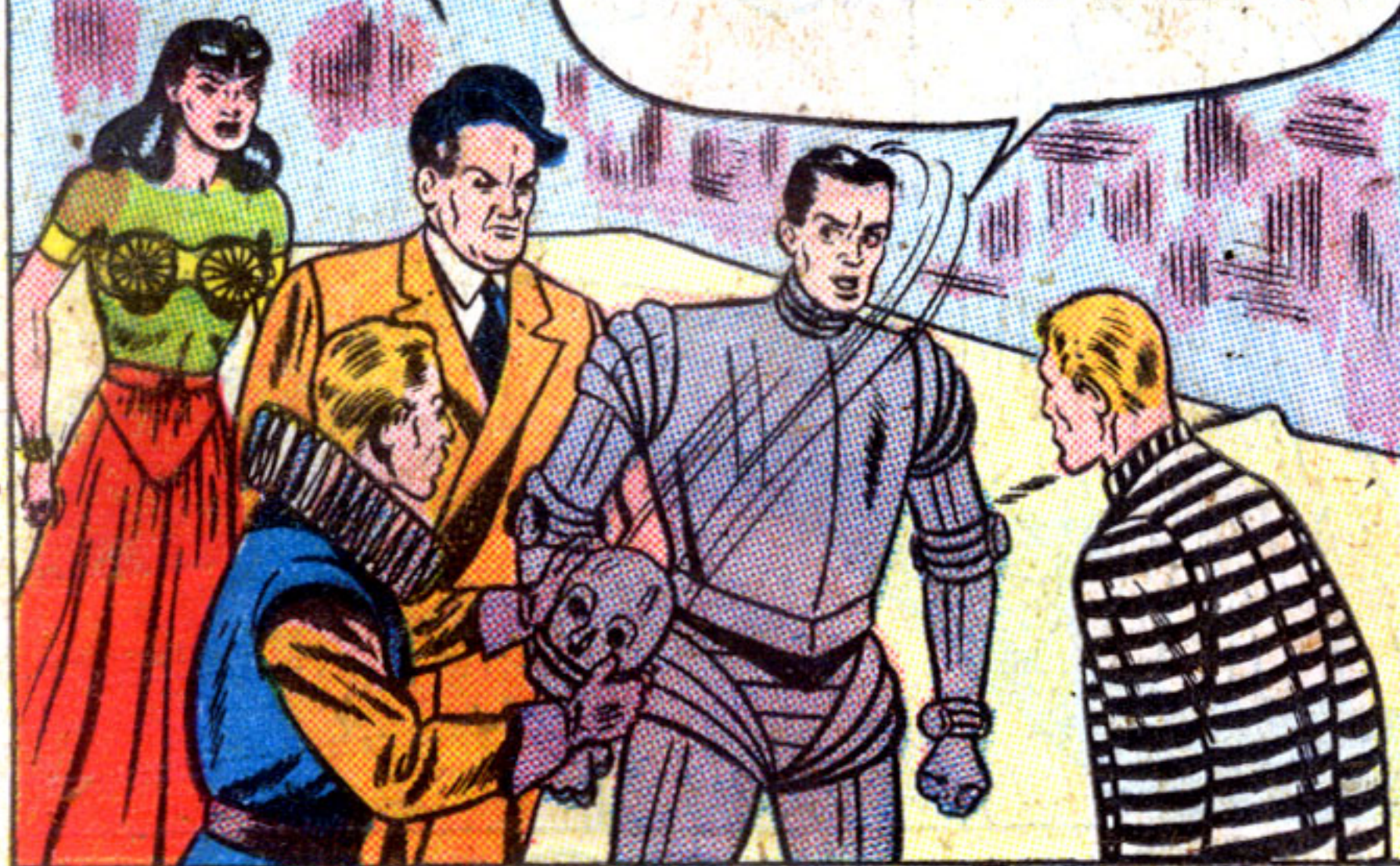


HAND OVER
THE RUBY, VAN
SCHUYLER !

I HAVE NO RUBY ! WHAT'S
THE GAG ? SOMEBODY
GOT ME OUT OF THE
BALLROOM WITH A
PHONY PAGE CALL .

HMM...NONE
OF MY FACE
POWDER HERE .
AT LEAST A FEW
GRAINS WOULD
HAVE STUCK !

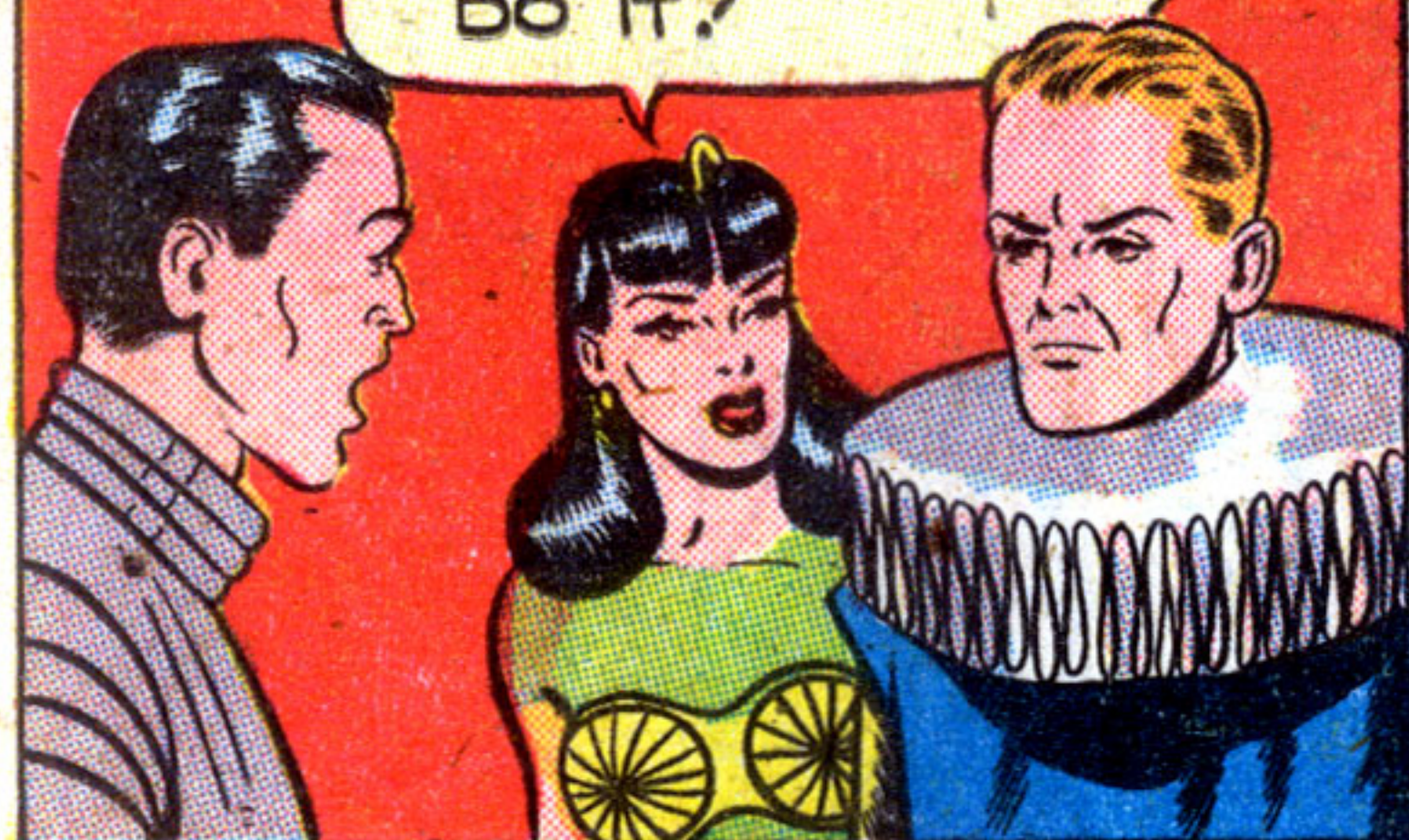
YOU CAN'T
TALK YOURSELF
OUT OF IT,
VAN SCHUYLER.
THERE'S ONLY
ONE ROBOT
SUIT LIKE THIS
IN THE WORLD..
RIGHT ?



RIGHT .

WELL, HUNDREDS OF
PEOPLE JUST SAW
SOMEBODY IN A ROBOT
SUIT SNATCH THE RUBY.
IT HAS TO BE YOU !

NO, TY ! HE DIDN'T
DO IT !

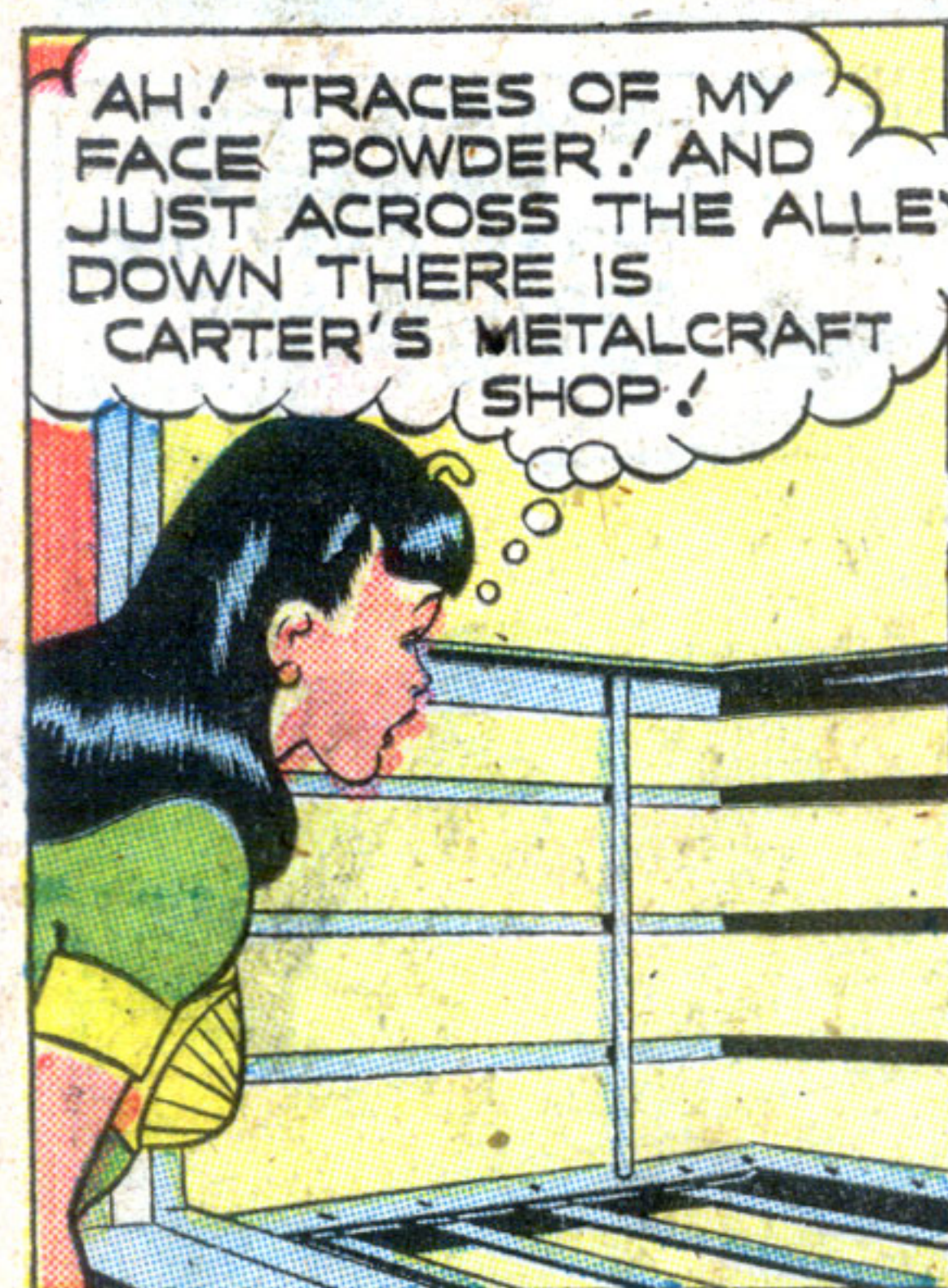
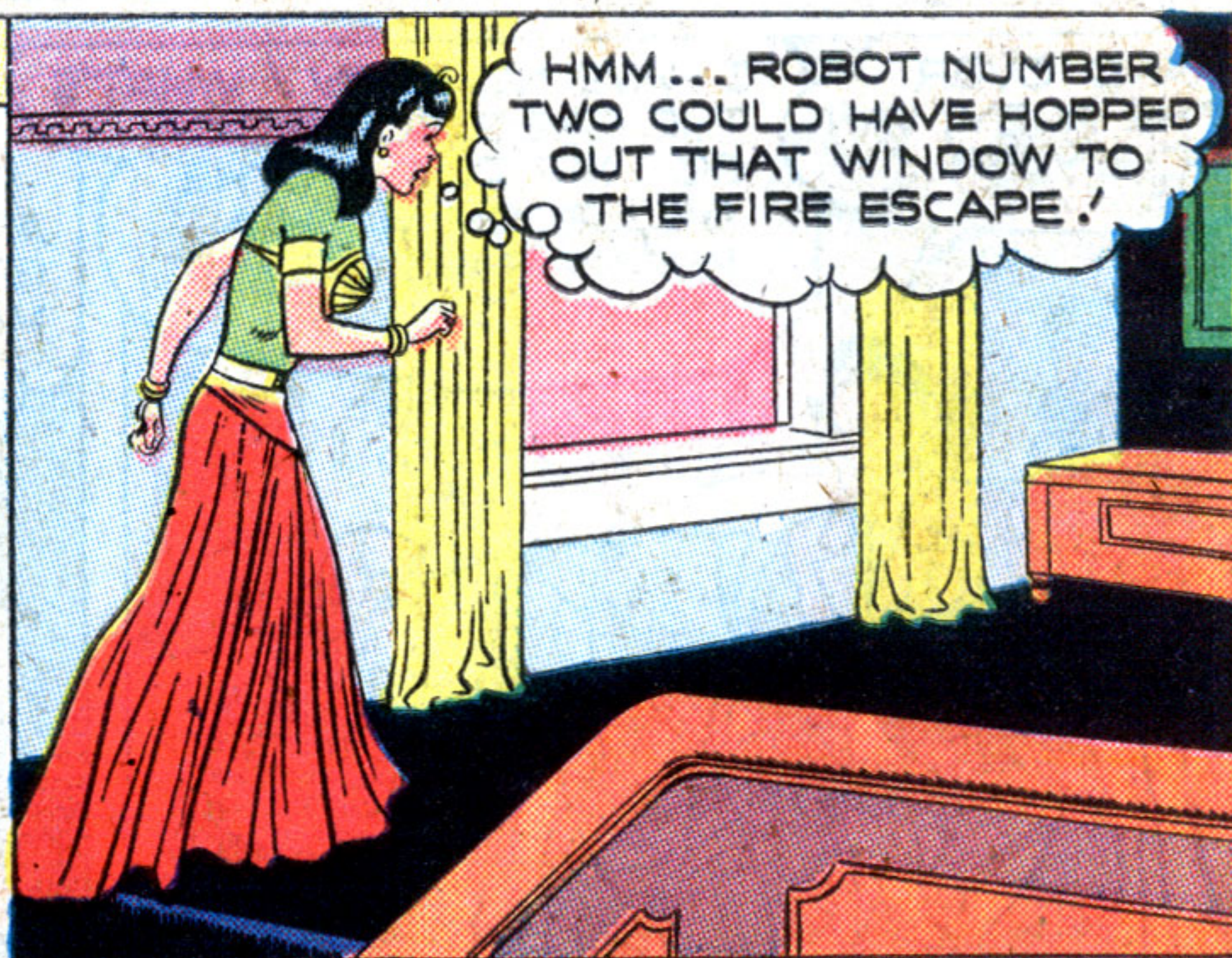
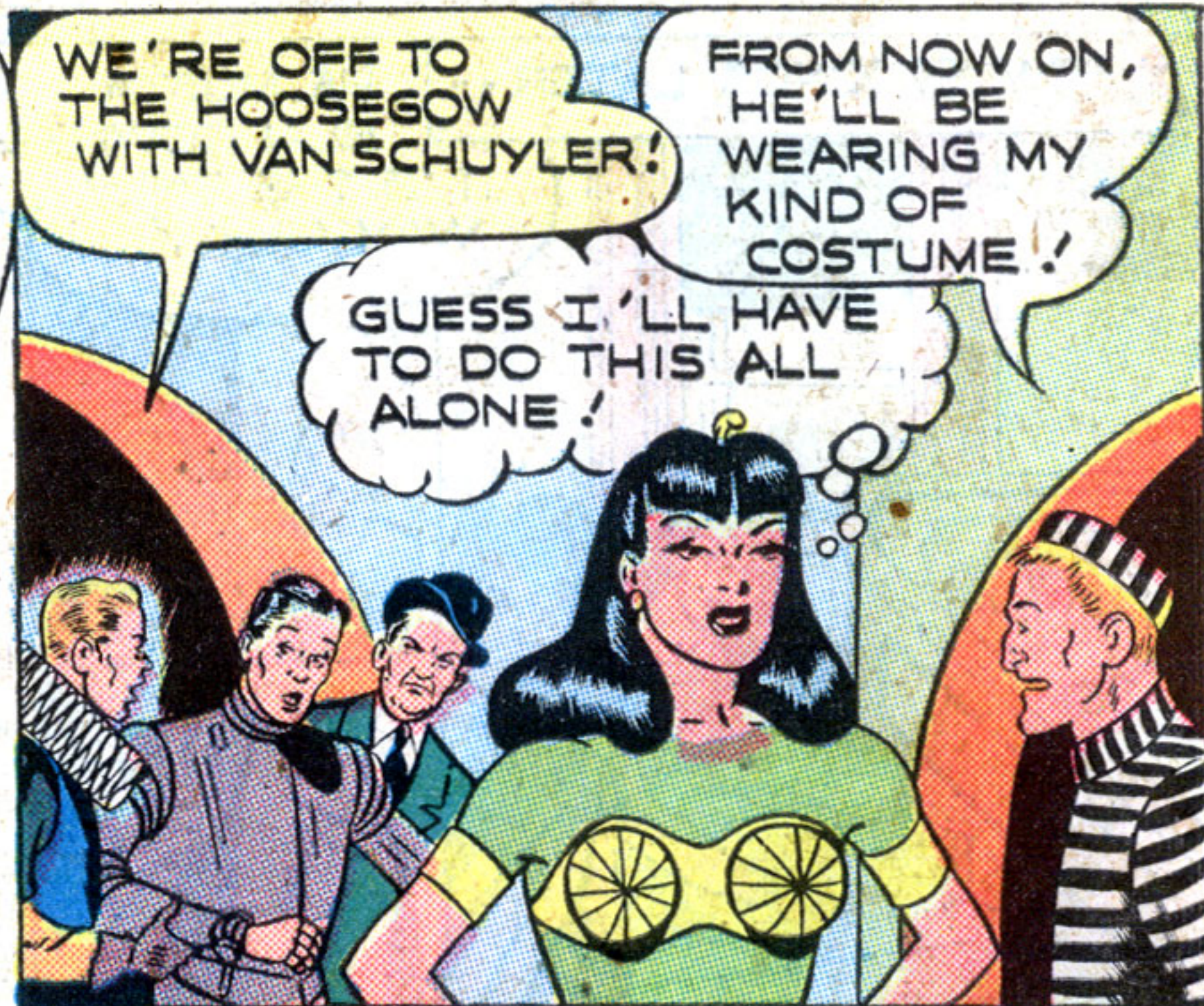


DON'T BE A BLIND
LITTLE IDIOT, TONI,
JUST BECAUSE HE
LOOKS LIKE A
MOVIE STAR !

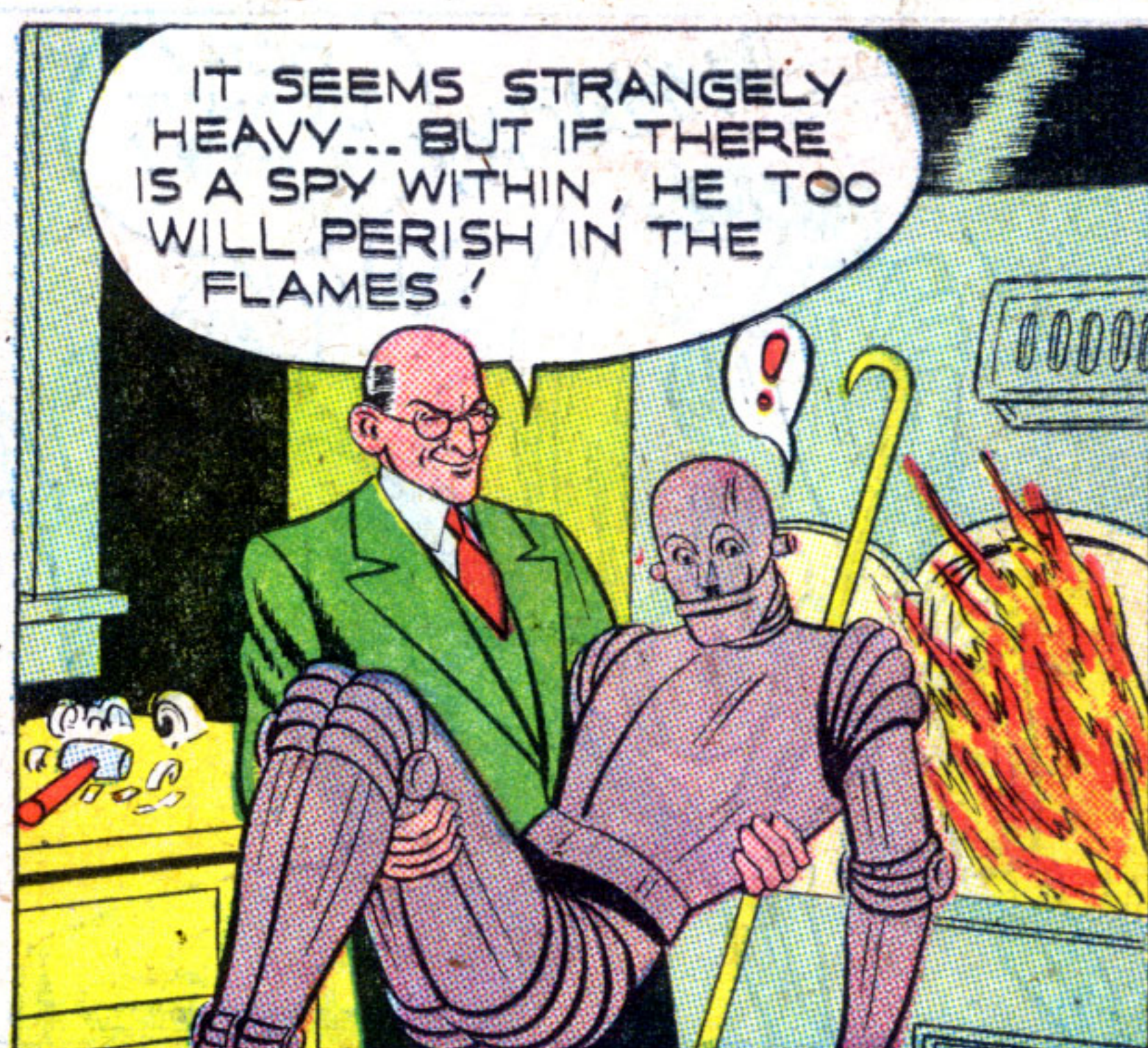
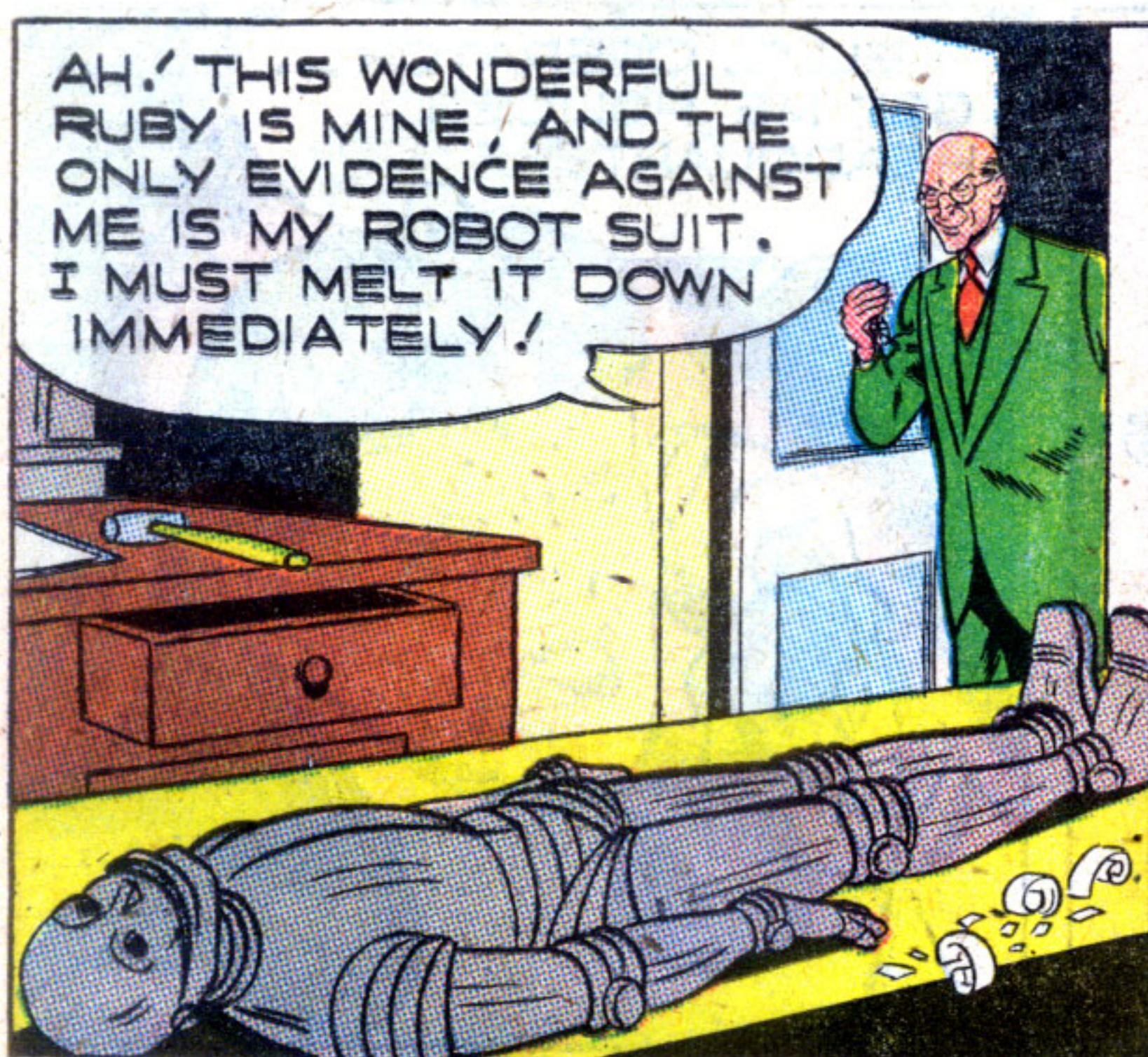
HE MUSTA DONE
IT ! PROBABLY
THREW AWAY HIS
FORTUNE AND
NEEDS CASH !

BUT, LISTEN...



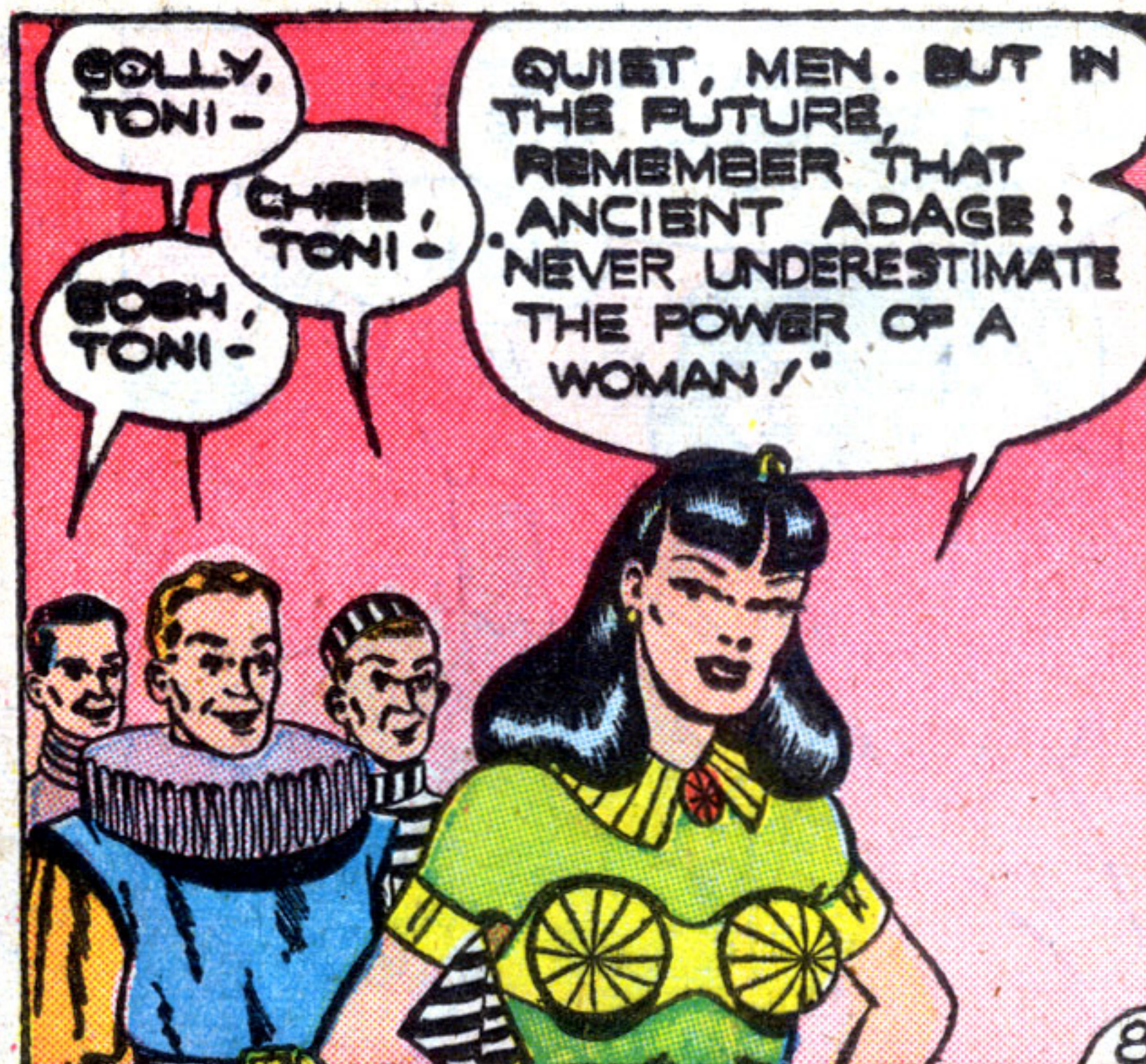
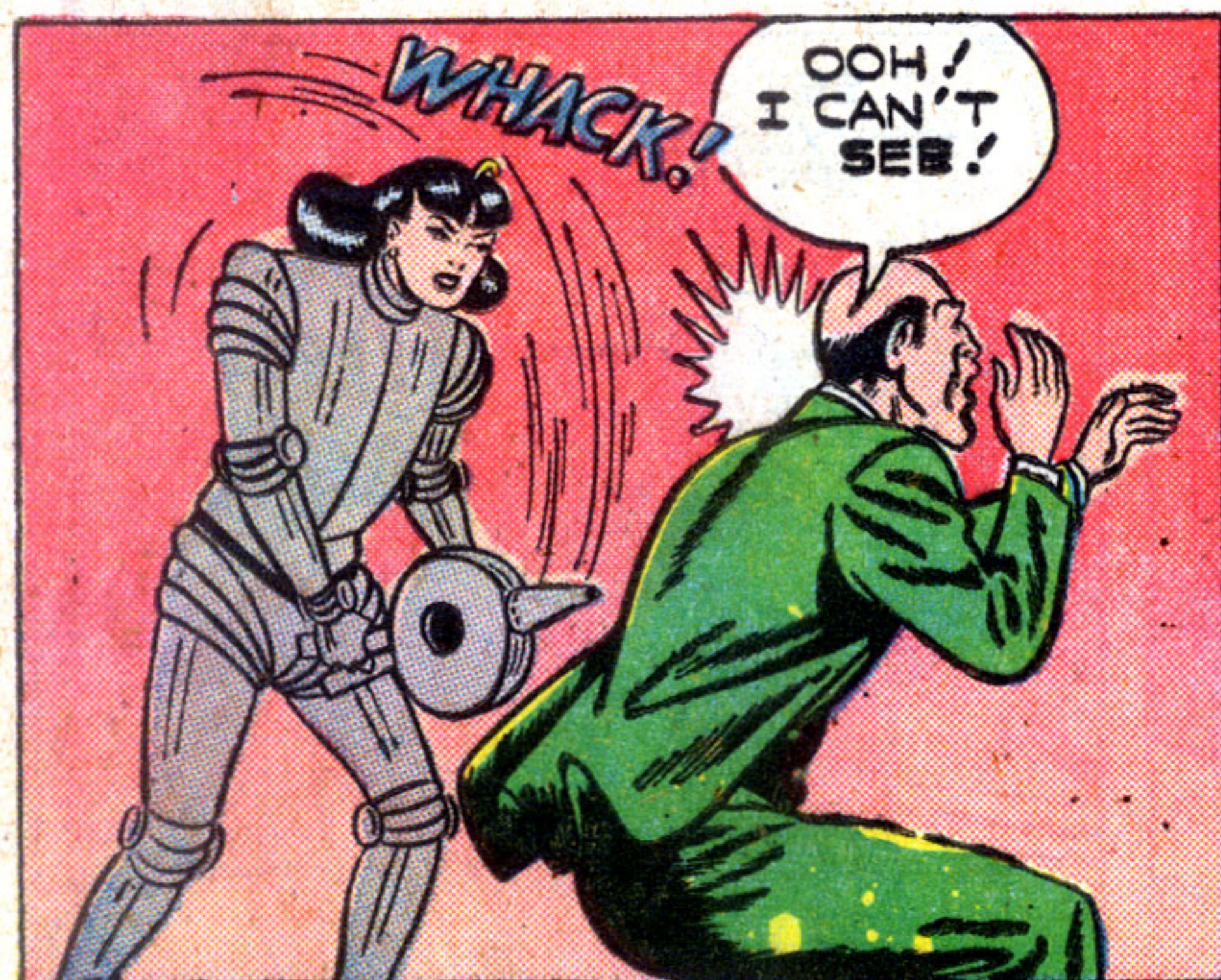


QUESTION No. 8. Name two kinds of powder which wouldn't make very good cosmetics.

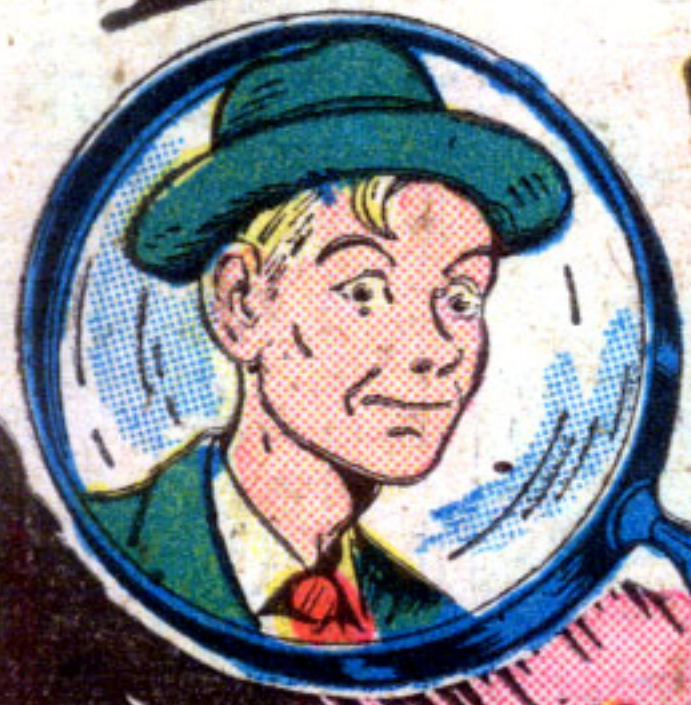




TONI BLOWS METAL SHAVINGS INTO CARTER'S EYES.



Homer K. BEAGLE

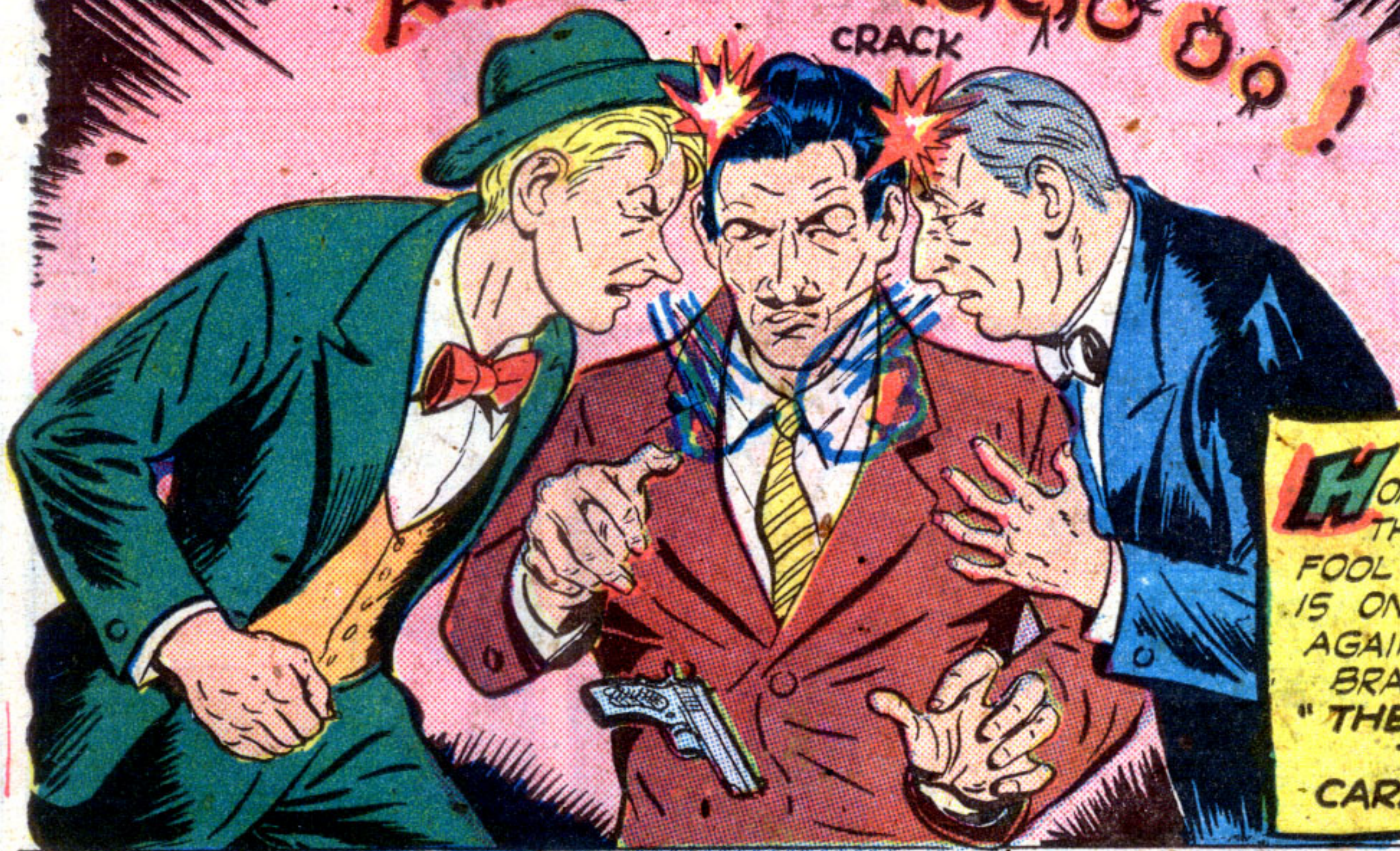


The
DEMON DETECTIVE

ART BY - Harvey Fuller

AH-A-CHOOO

CRACK



HOMER K. BEAGLE,
THE FEARLESS
FOOL OF DETECTION,
IS ON THE TRAIL
AGAIN, BLUNDERING
BRAVELY THROUGH
"THE CASE OF
THE
CARELESS COUSIN!"

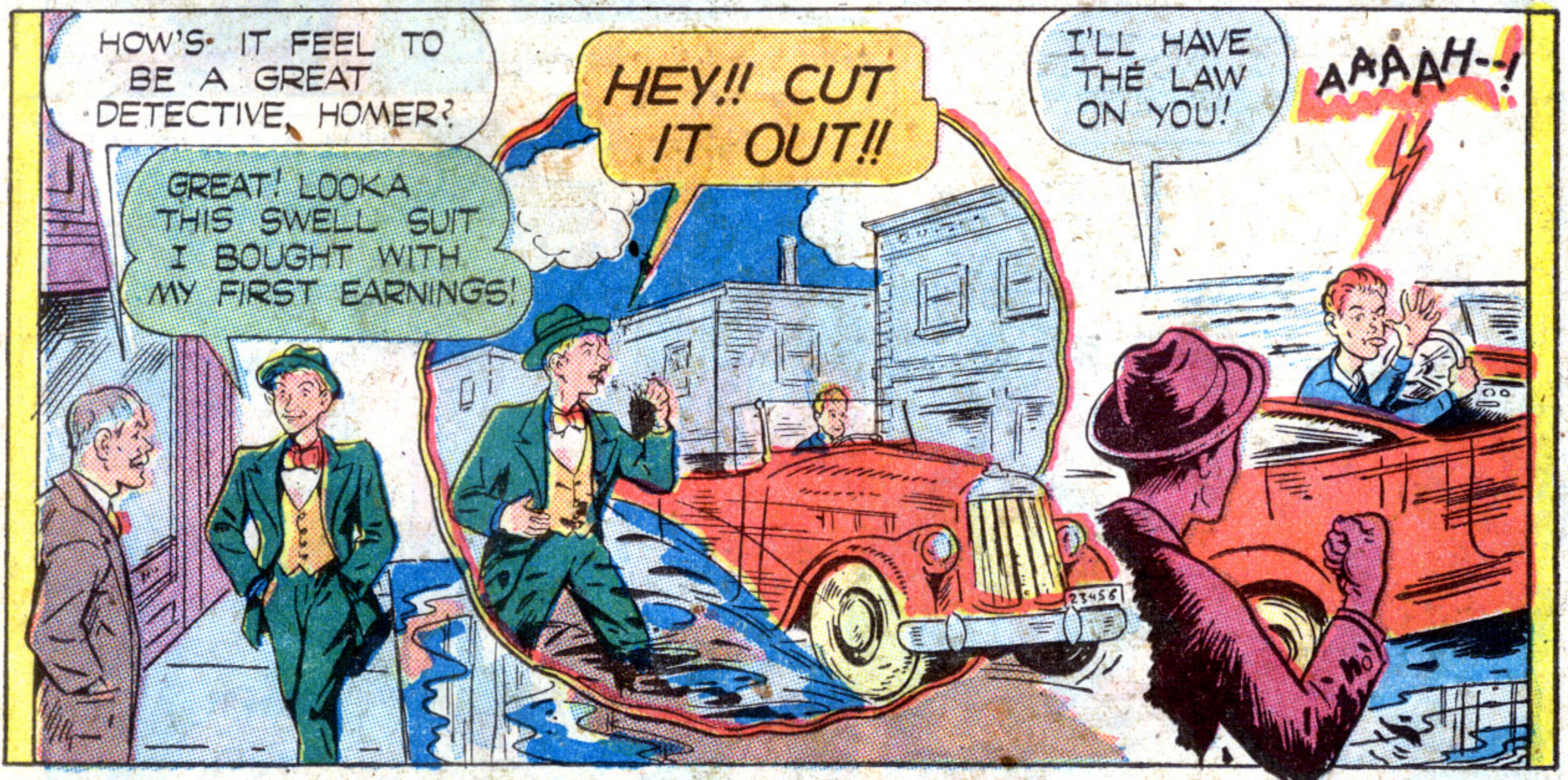
HOW'S IT FEEL TO
BE A GREAT
DETECTIVE, HOMER?

GREAT! LOOKA
THIS SWELL SUIT
I BOUGHT WITH
MY FIRST EARNINGS!

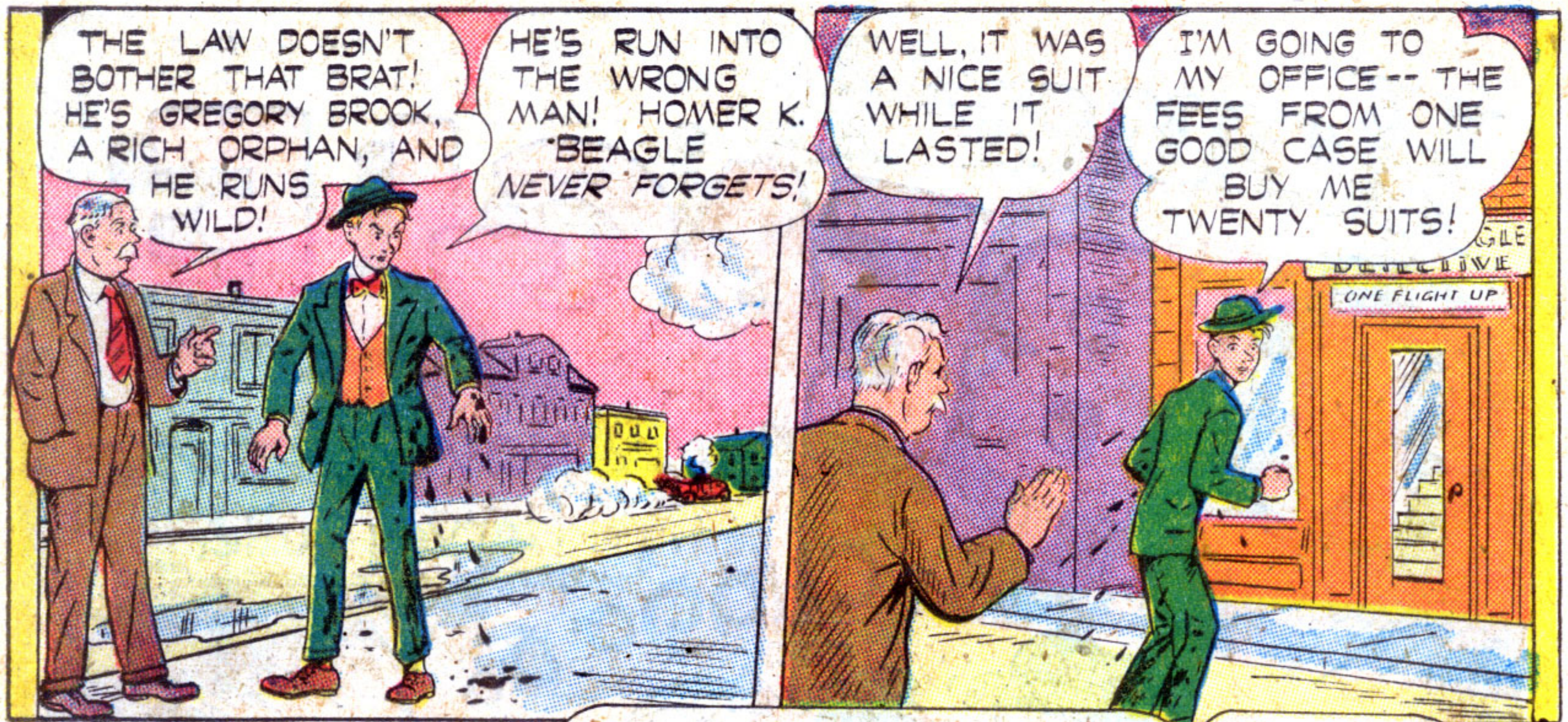
HEY!! CUT
IT OUT!!

I'LL HAVE
THE LAW
ON YOU!

AAAAH-!



YOUNG KING COLE

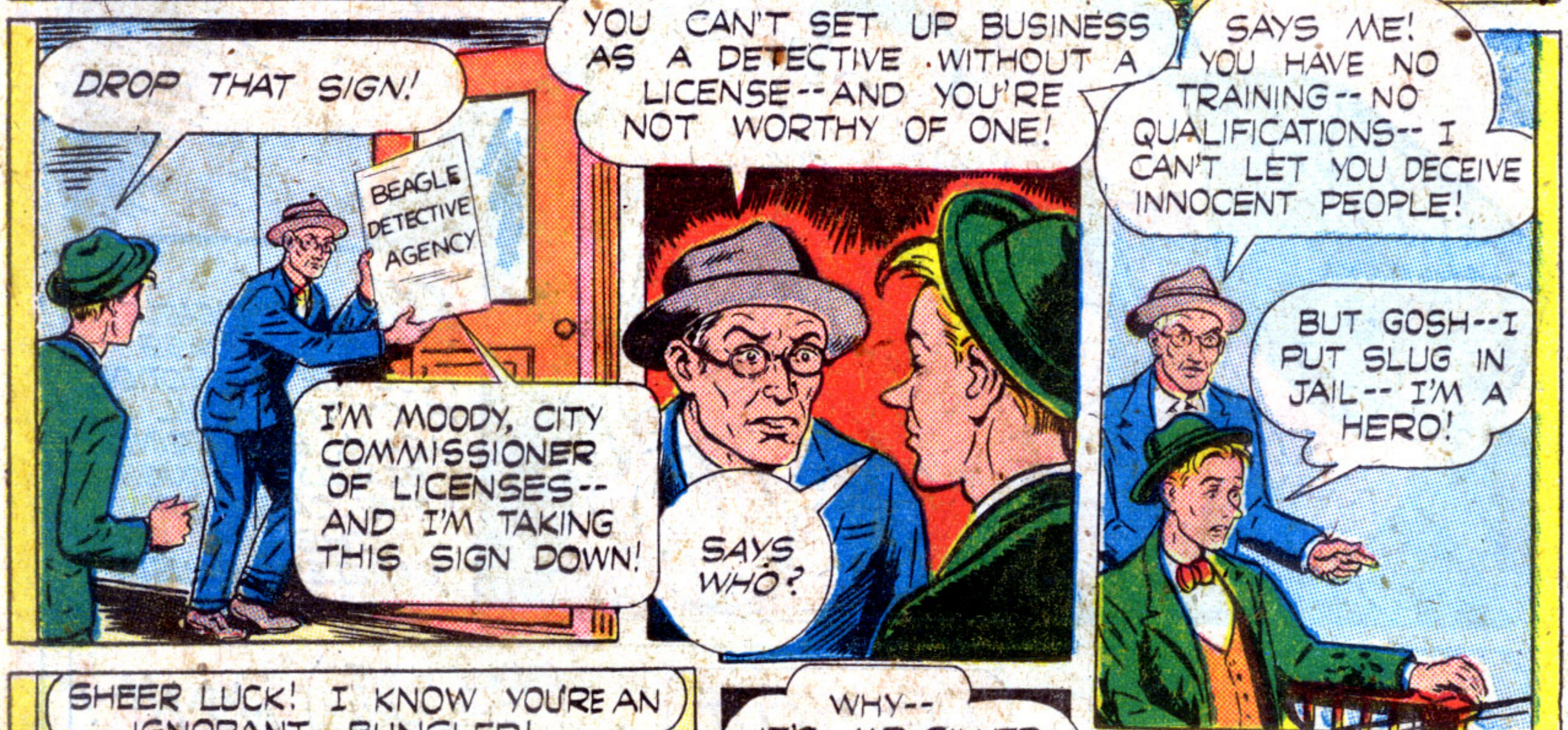


THE LAW DOESN'T BOTHER THAT BRAT! HE'S GREGORY BROOK, A RICH ORPHAN, AND HE RUNS WILD!

HE'S RUN INTO THE WRONG MAN! HOMER K. 'BEAGLE NEVER FORGETS!

WELL, IT WAS A NICE SUIT WHILE IT LASTED!

I'M GOING TO MY OFFICE-- THE FEES FROM ONE GOOD CASE WILL BUY ME TWENTY SUITS!



DROP THAT SIGN!

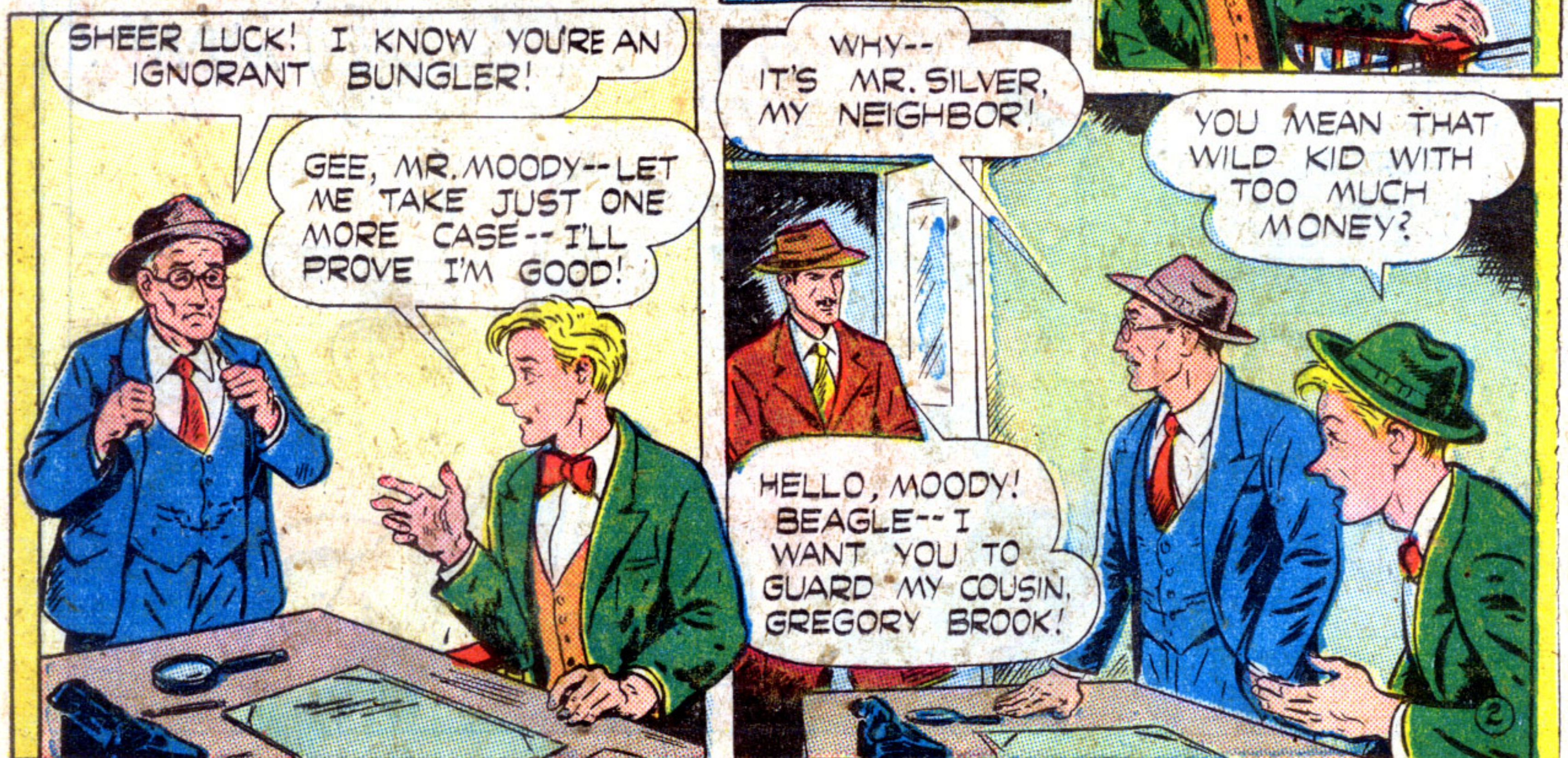
YOU CAN'T SET UP BUSINESS AS A DETECTIVE WITHOUT A LICENSE--AND YOU'RE NOT WORTHY OF ONE!

SAYS ME! YOU HAVE NO TRAINING-- NO QUALIFICATIONS-- I CAN'T LET YOU DECEIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE!

I'M MOODY, CITY COMMISSIONER OF LICENSES-- AND I'M TAKING THIS SIGN DOWN!

SAYS WHO?

BUT GOSH--I PUT SLUG IN JAIL-- I'M A HERO!



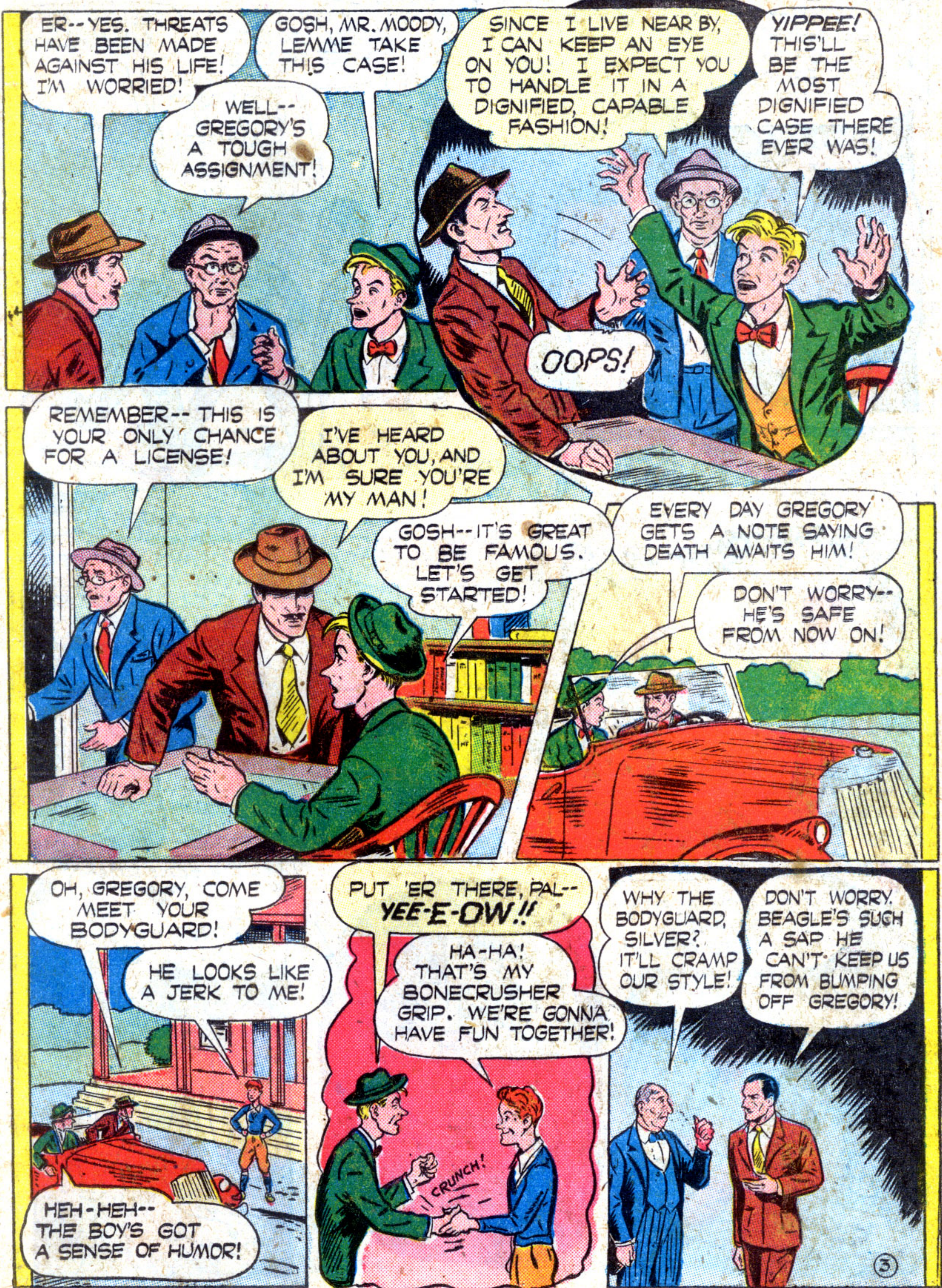
SHEER LUCK! I KNOW YOU'RE AN IGNORANT BUNGLER!

GEE, MR. MOODY-- LET ME TAKE JUST ONE MORE CASE-- I'LL PROVE I'M GOOD!

WHY-- IT'S MR. SILVER, MY NEIGHBOR!

YOU MEAN THAT WILD KID WITH TOO MUCH MONEY?

HELLO, MOODY! BEAGLE-- I WANT YOU TO GUARD MY COUSIN, GREGORY BROOK!



ER-- YES. THREATS
HAVE BEEN MADE
AGAINST HIS LIFE!
I'M WORRIED!

GOSH, MR. MOODY,
LEMME TAKE
THIS CASE!

SINCE I LIVE NEAR BY,
I CAN KEEP AN EYE
ON YOU! I EXPECT YOU
TO HANDLE IT IN A
DIGNIFIED, CAPABLE
FASHION!

YIPPEE!
THIS'LL
BE THE
MOST
DIGNIFIED
CASE THERE
EVER WAS!

WELL--
GREGORY'S
A TOUGH
ASSIGNMENT!

OOPS!

REMEMBER-- THIS IS
YOUR ONLY CHANCE
FOR A LICENSE!

I'VE HEARD
ABOUT YOU, AND
I'M SURE YOU'RE
MY MAN!

GOSH--IT'S GREAT
TO BE FAMOUS.
LET'S GET
STARTED!

EVERY DAY GREGORY
GETS A NOTE SAYING
DEATH AWAITS HIM!

DON'T WORRY--
HE'S SAFE
FROM NOW ON!

OH, GREGORY, COME
MEET YOUR
BODYGUARD!

HE LOOKS LIKE
A JERK TO ME!

HEH-HEH--
THE BOY'S GOT
A SENSE OF HUMOR!

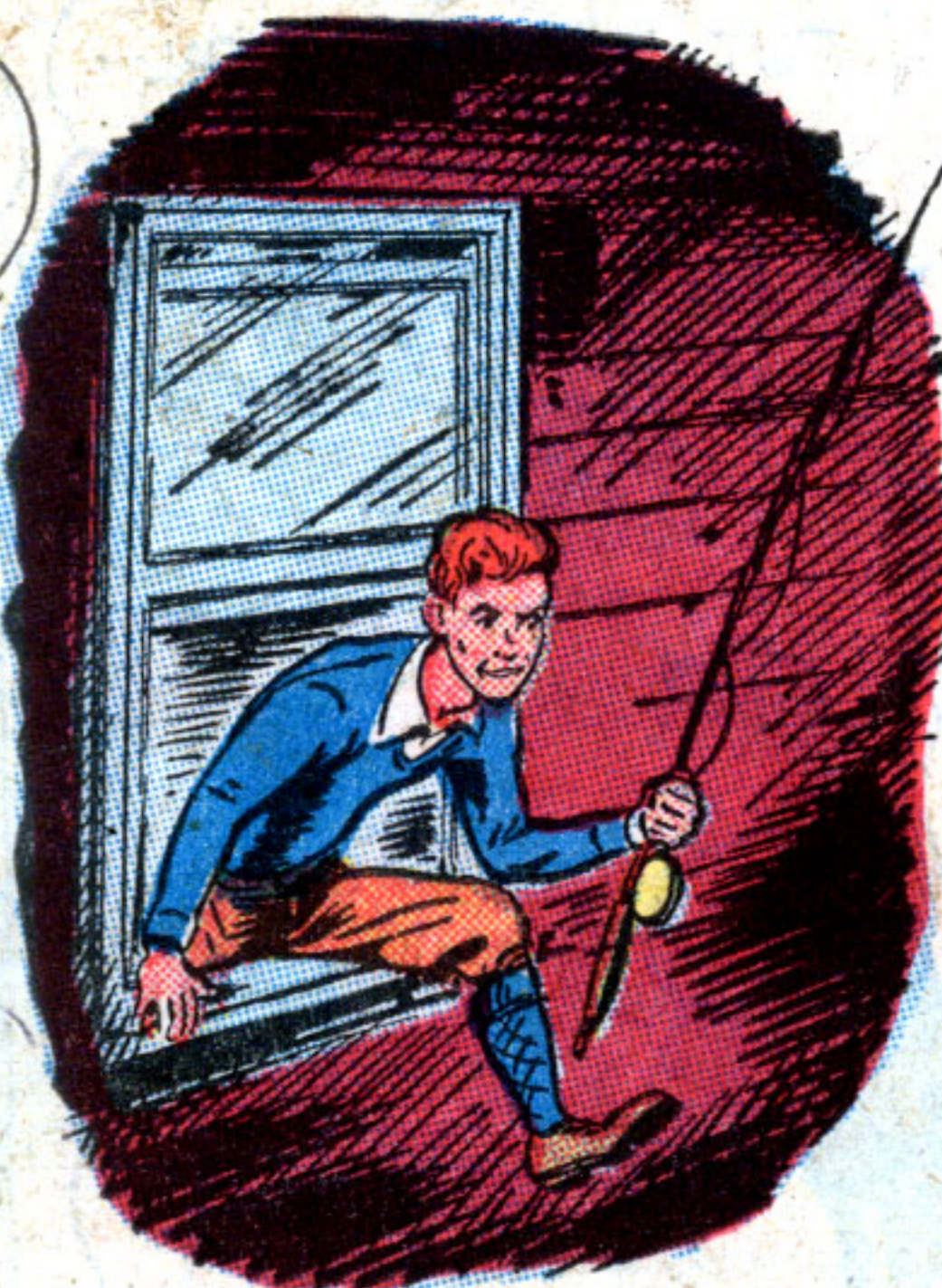
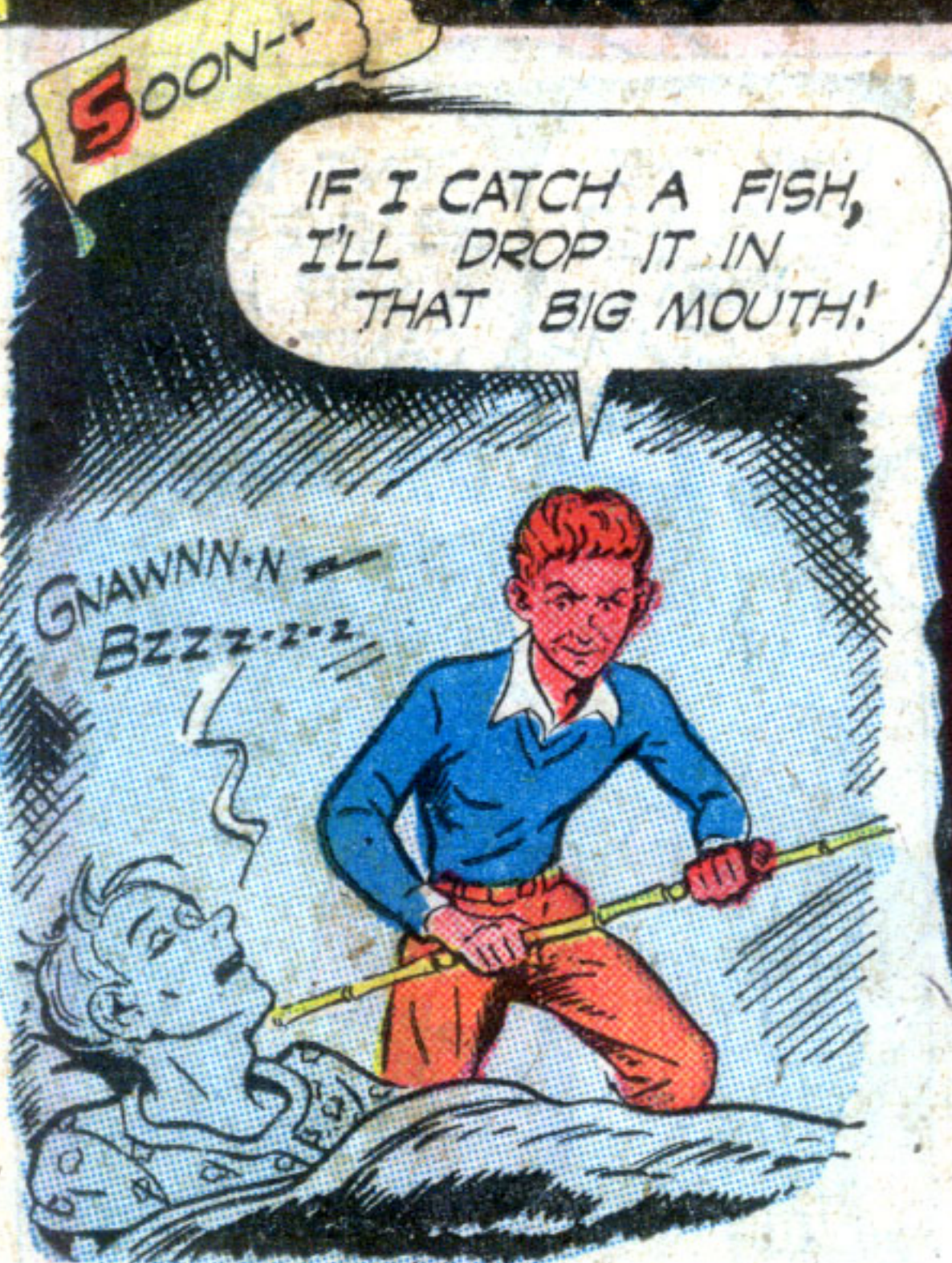
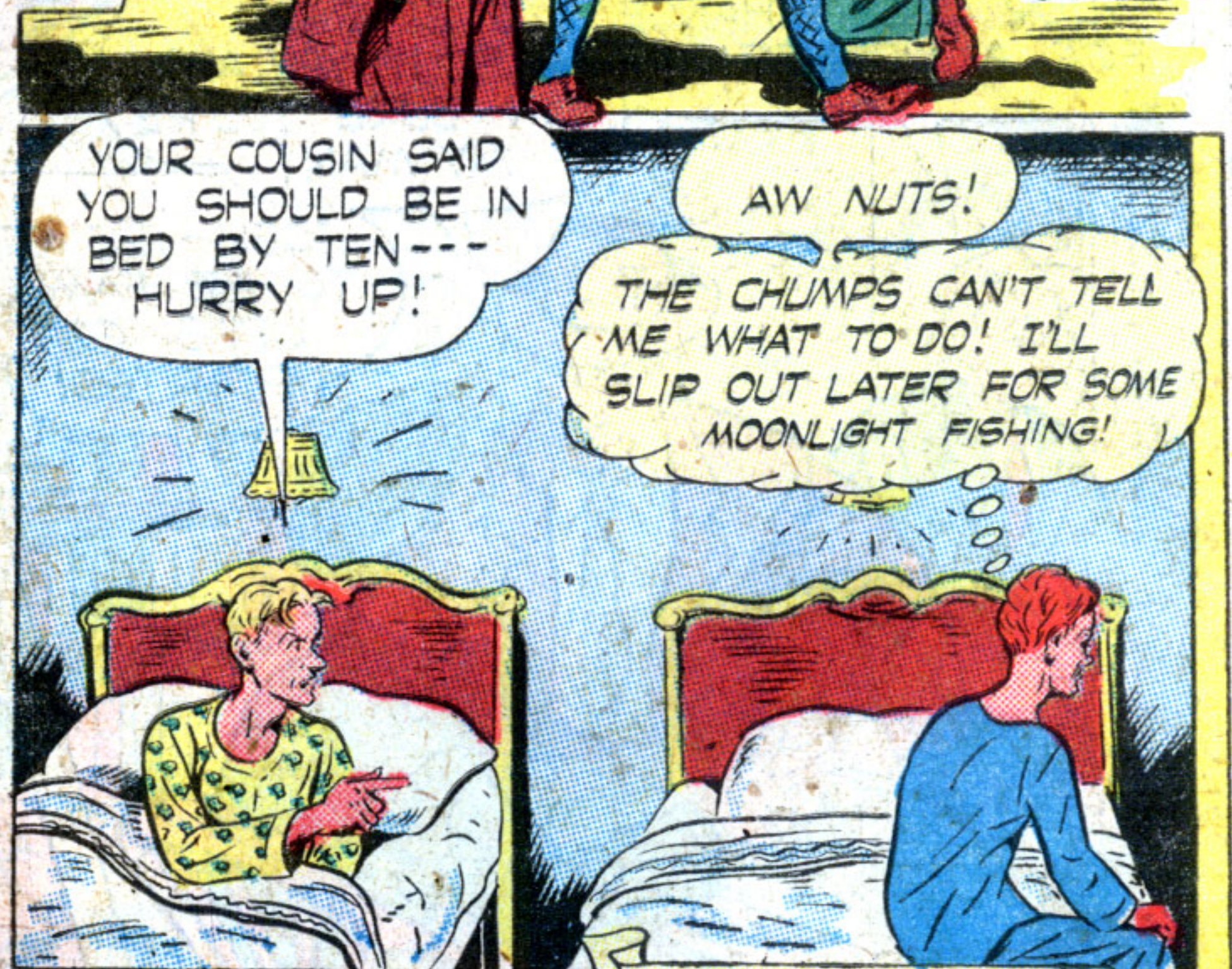
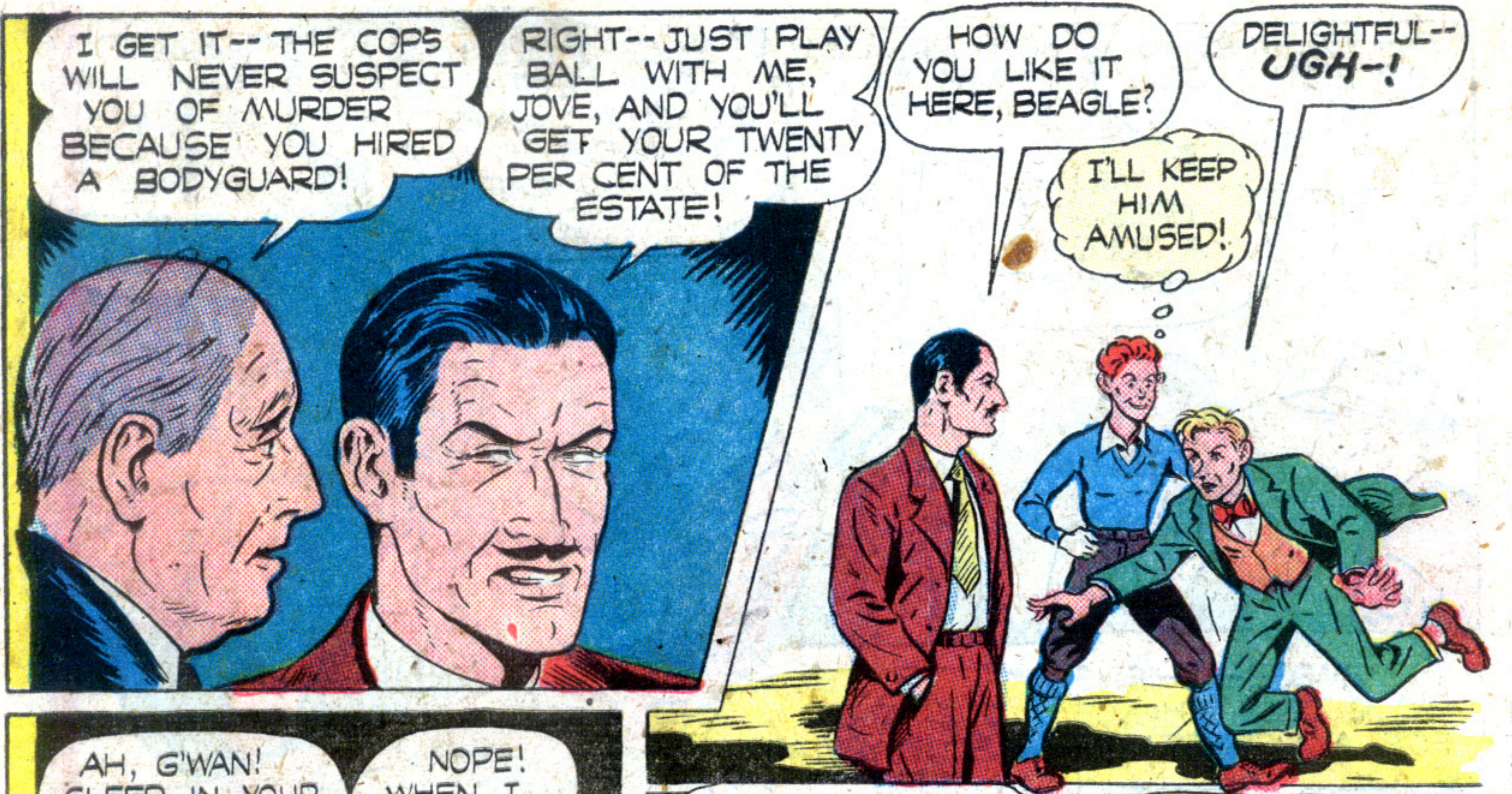
PUT 'ER THERE, PAL--
YEE-E-OW!!

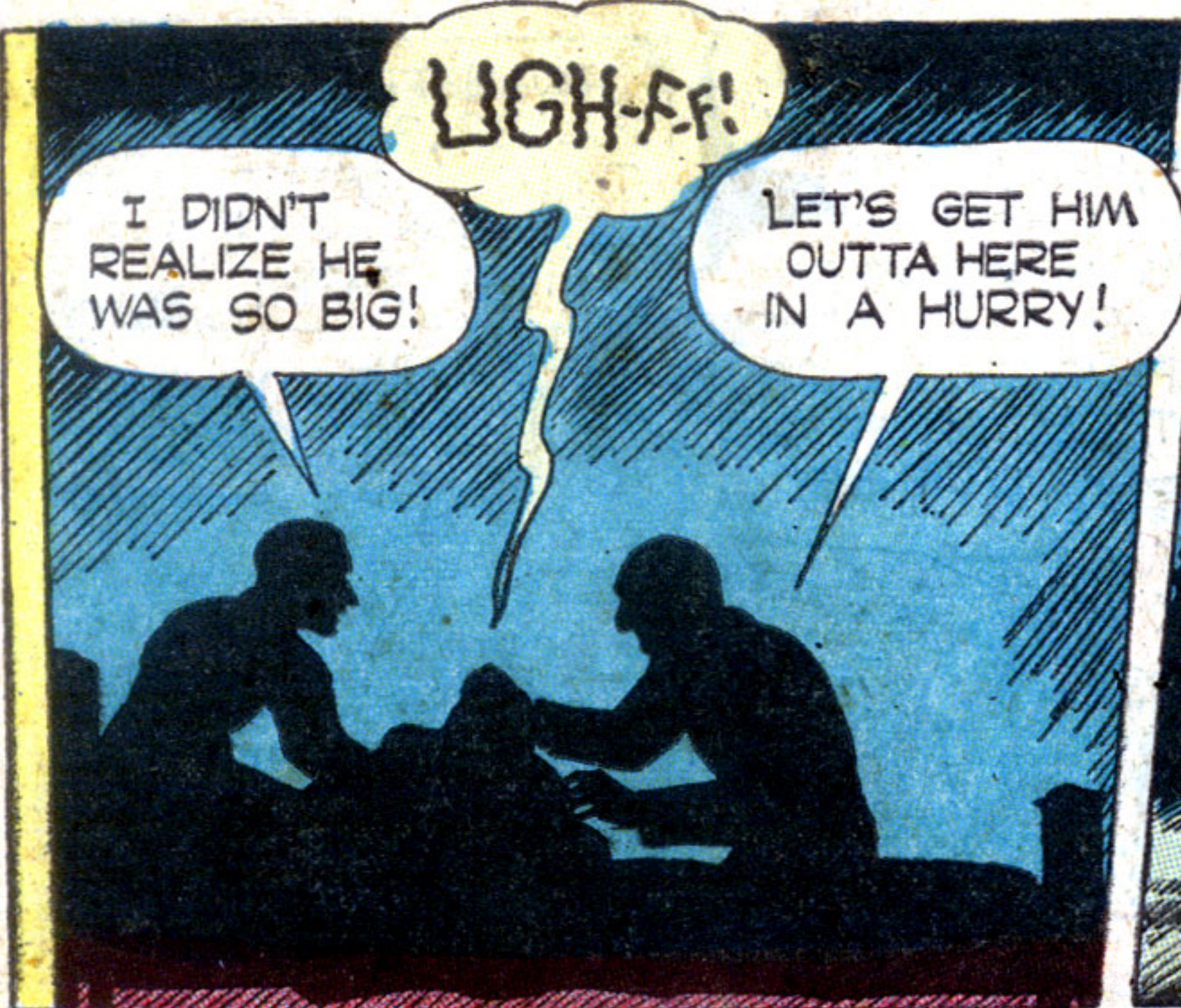
HA-HA!
THAT'S MY
BONECRUSHER
GRIP. WE'RE GONNA
HAVE FUN TOGETHER!

CRUNCH!

WHY THE
BODYGUARD,
SILVER?
IT'LL CRAMP
OUR STYLE!

DON'T WORRY.
BEAGLE'S SUCH
A SAP HE
CAN'T KEEP US
FROM BUMPING
OFF GREGORY!

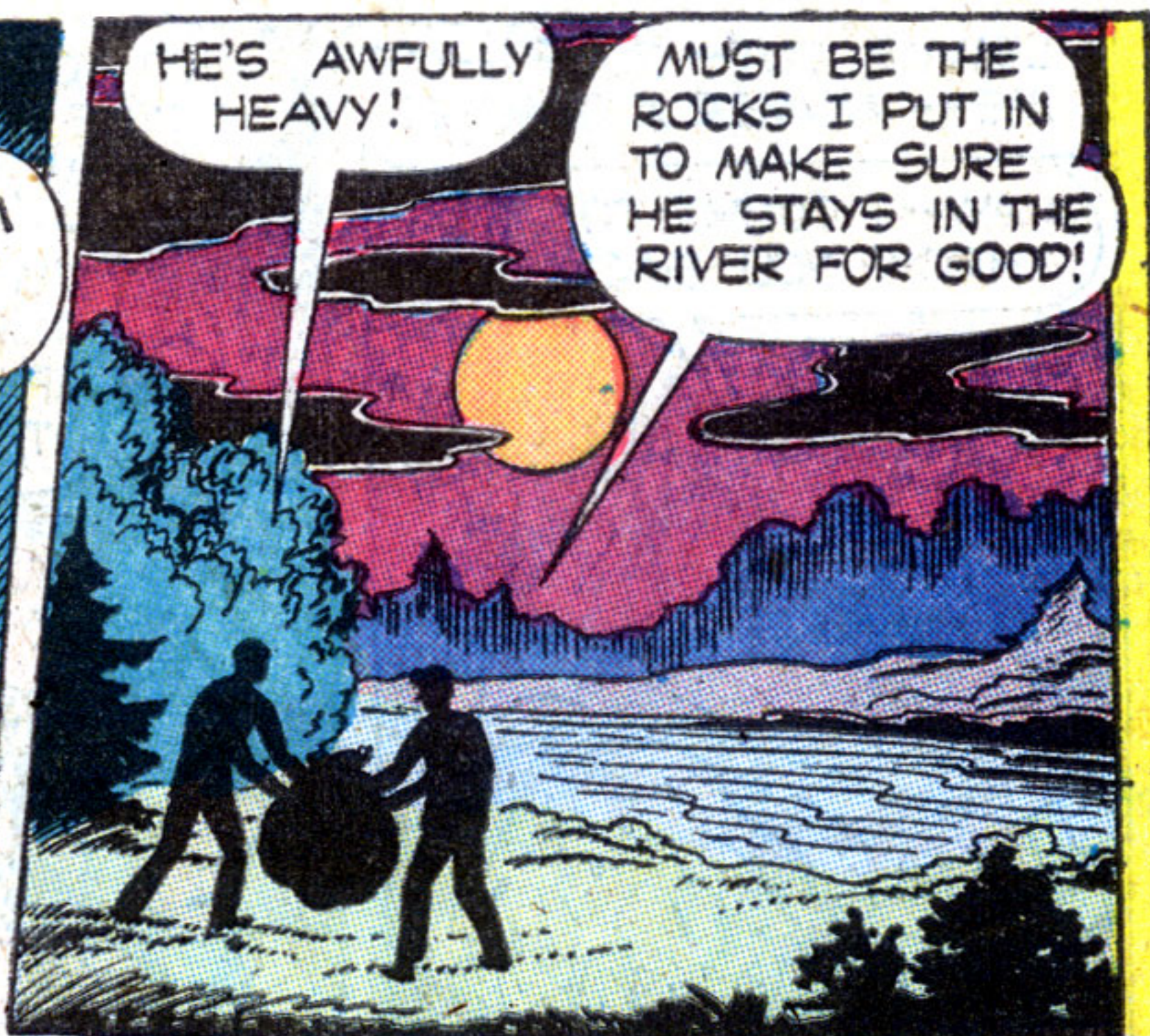




I DIDN'T
REALIZE HE
WAS SO BIG!

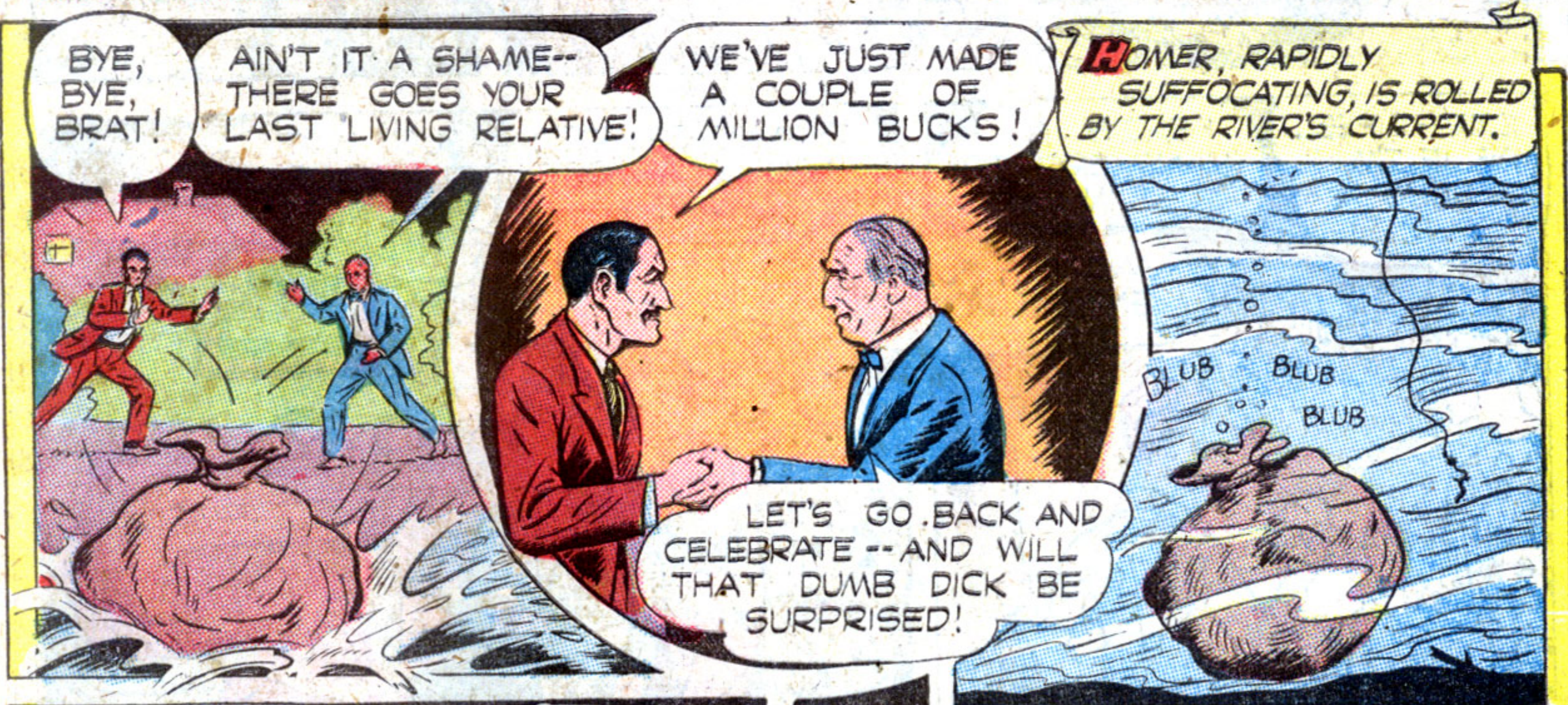
UGH-F!

LET'S GET HIM
OUTTA HERE
IN A HURRY!



HE'S AWFULLY
HEAVY!

MUST BE THE
ROCKS I PUT IN
TO MAKE SURE
HE STAYS IN THE
RIVER FOR GOOD!



BYE,
BYE,
BRAT!

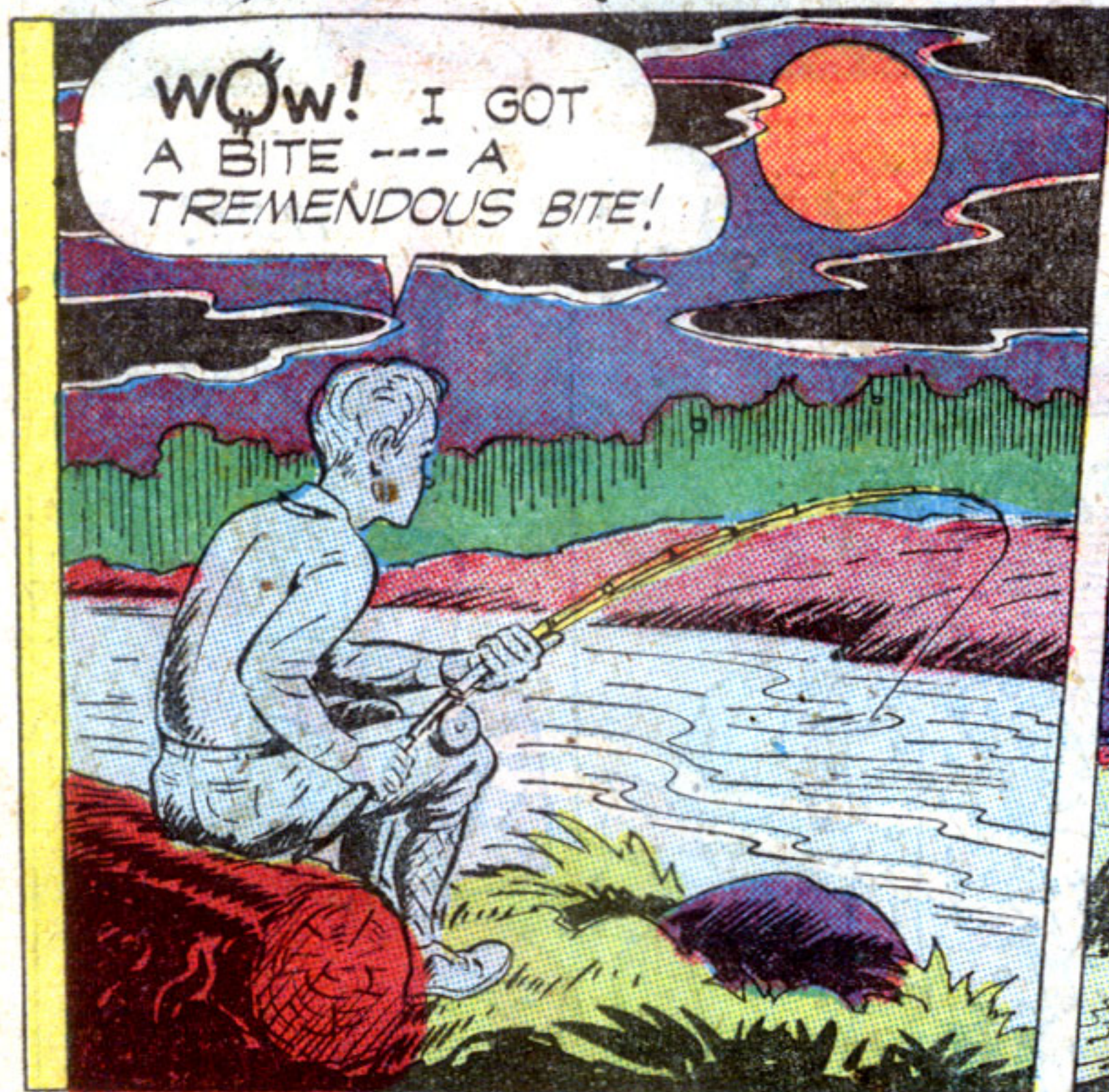
AIN'T IT A SHAME--
THERE GOES YOUR
LAST LIVING RELATIVE!

WE'VE JUST MADE
A COUPLE OF
MILLION BUCKS!

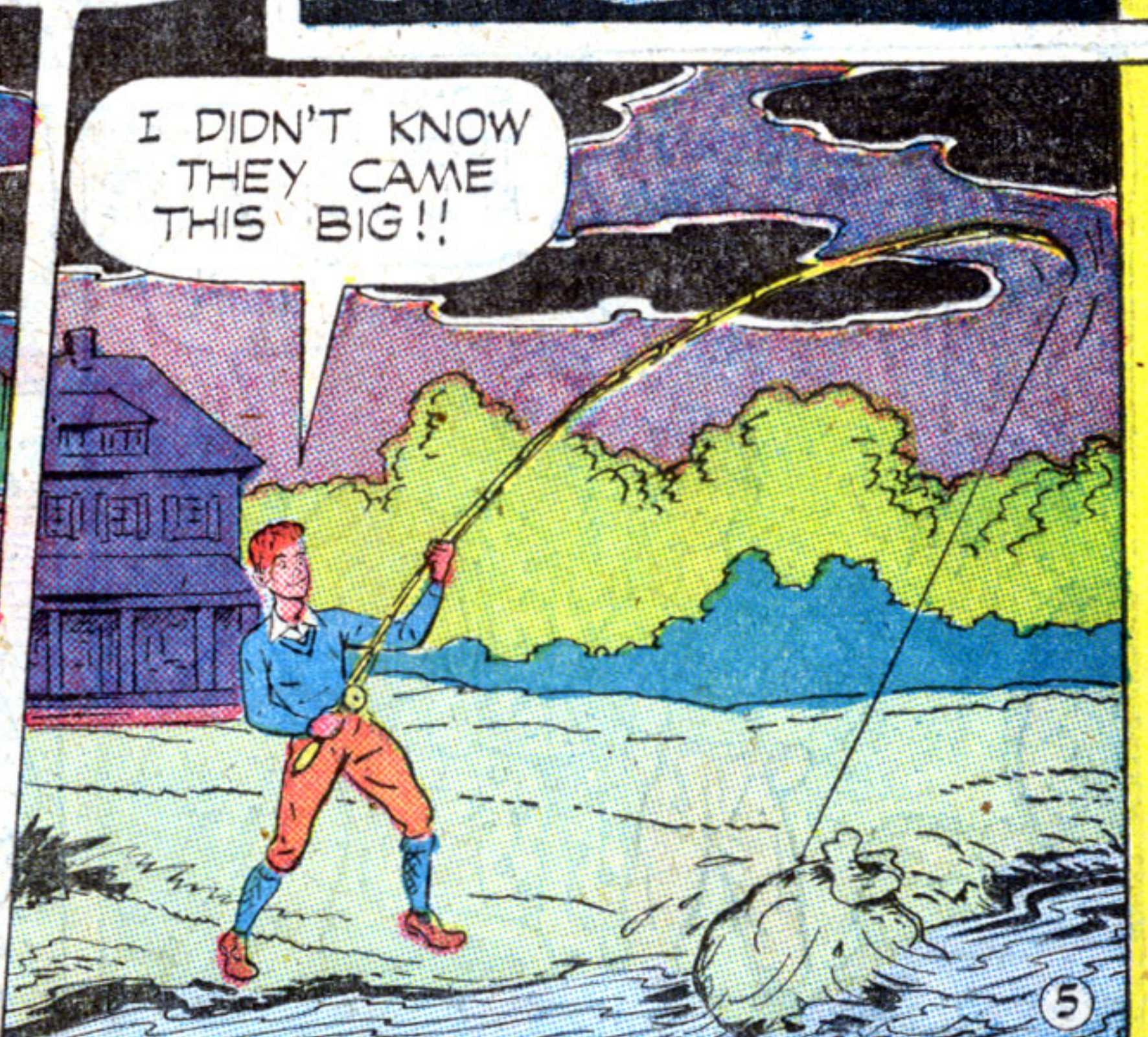
HOMER, RAPIDLY
SUFFOCATING, IS ROLLED
BY THE RIVER'S CURRENT.

LET'S GO BACK AND
CELEBRATE -- AND WILL
THAT DUMB DICK BE
SURPRISED!

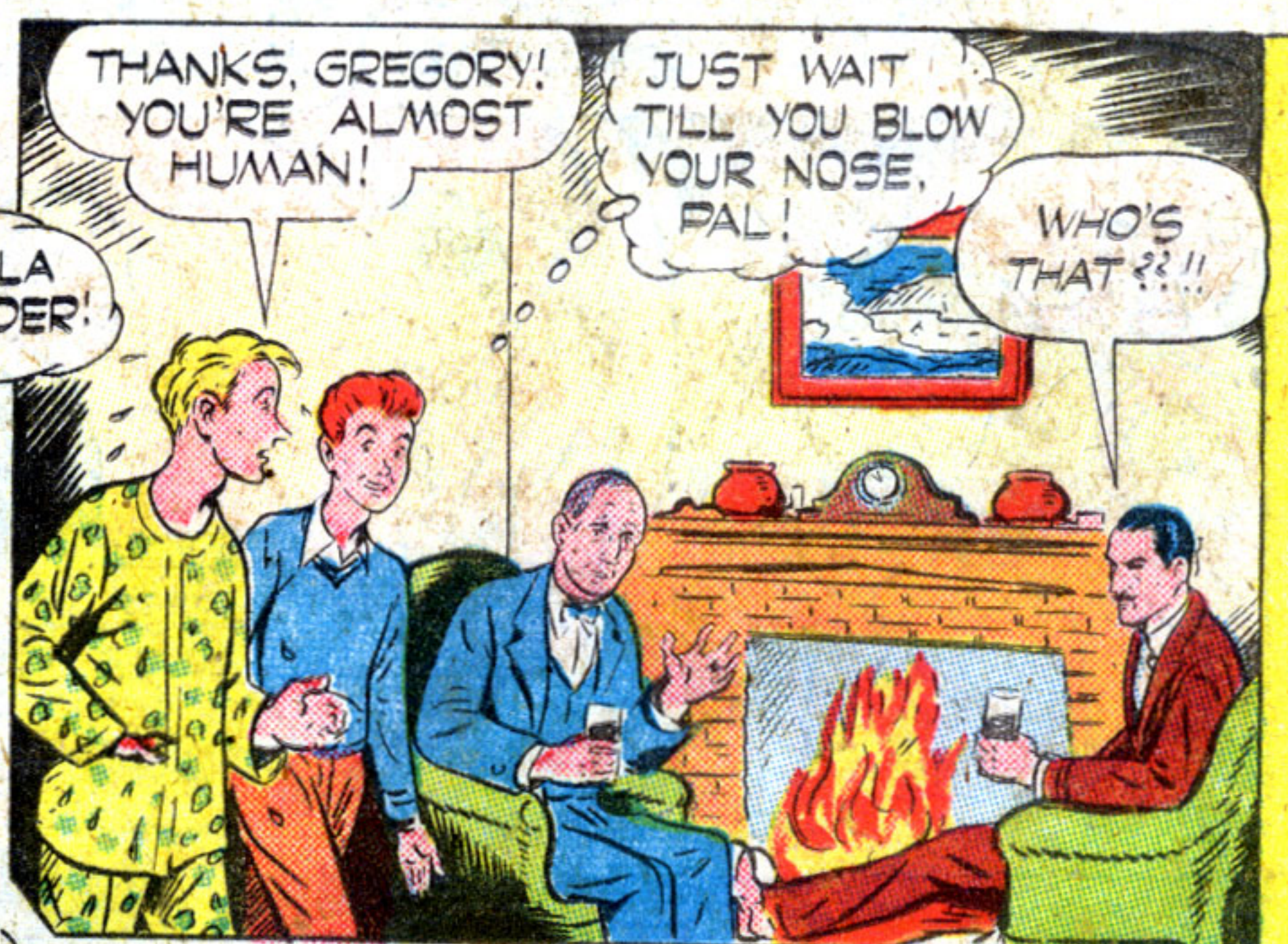
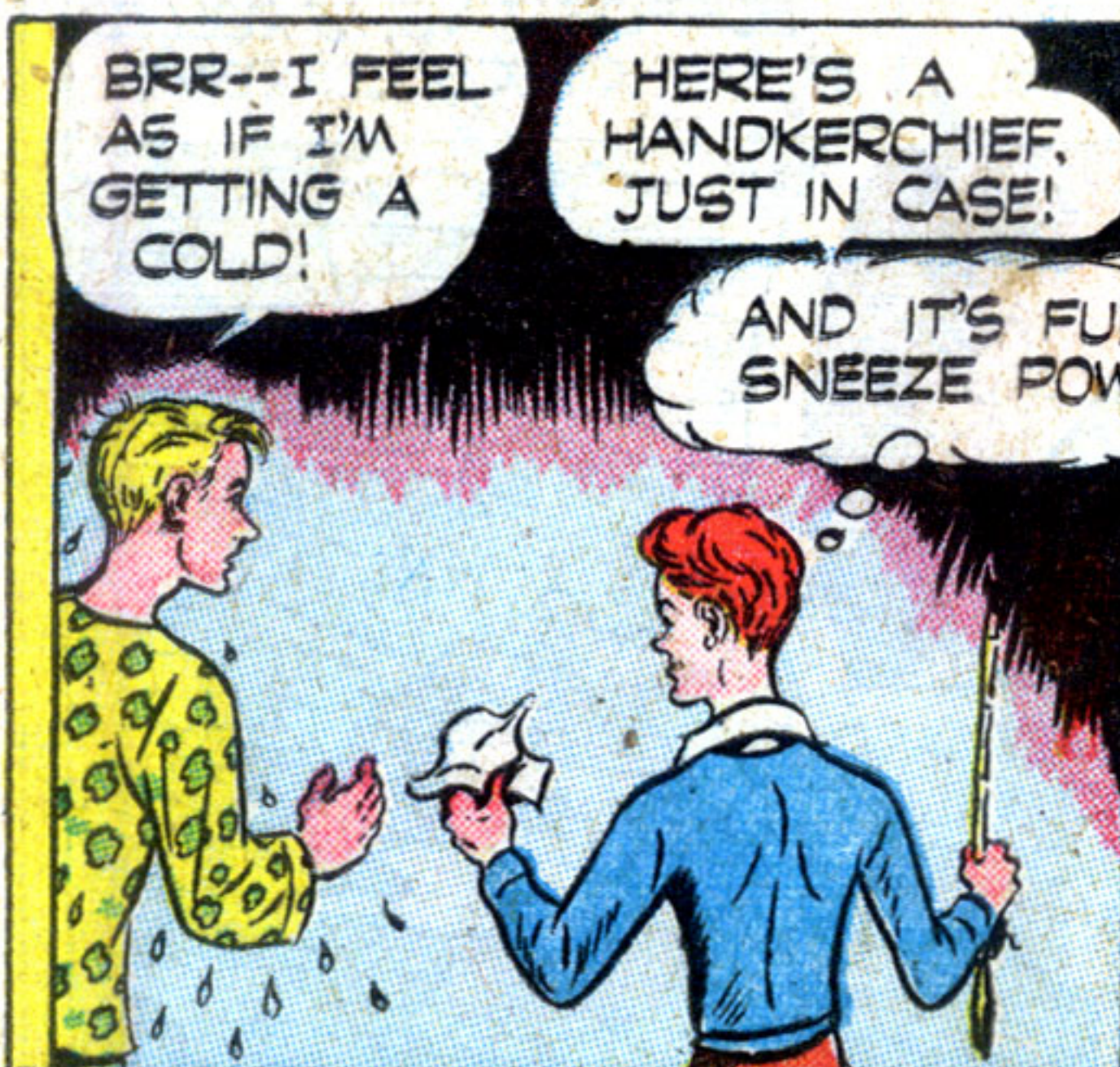
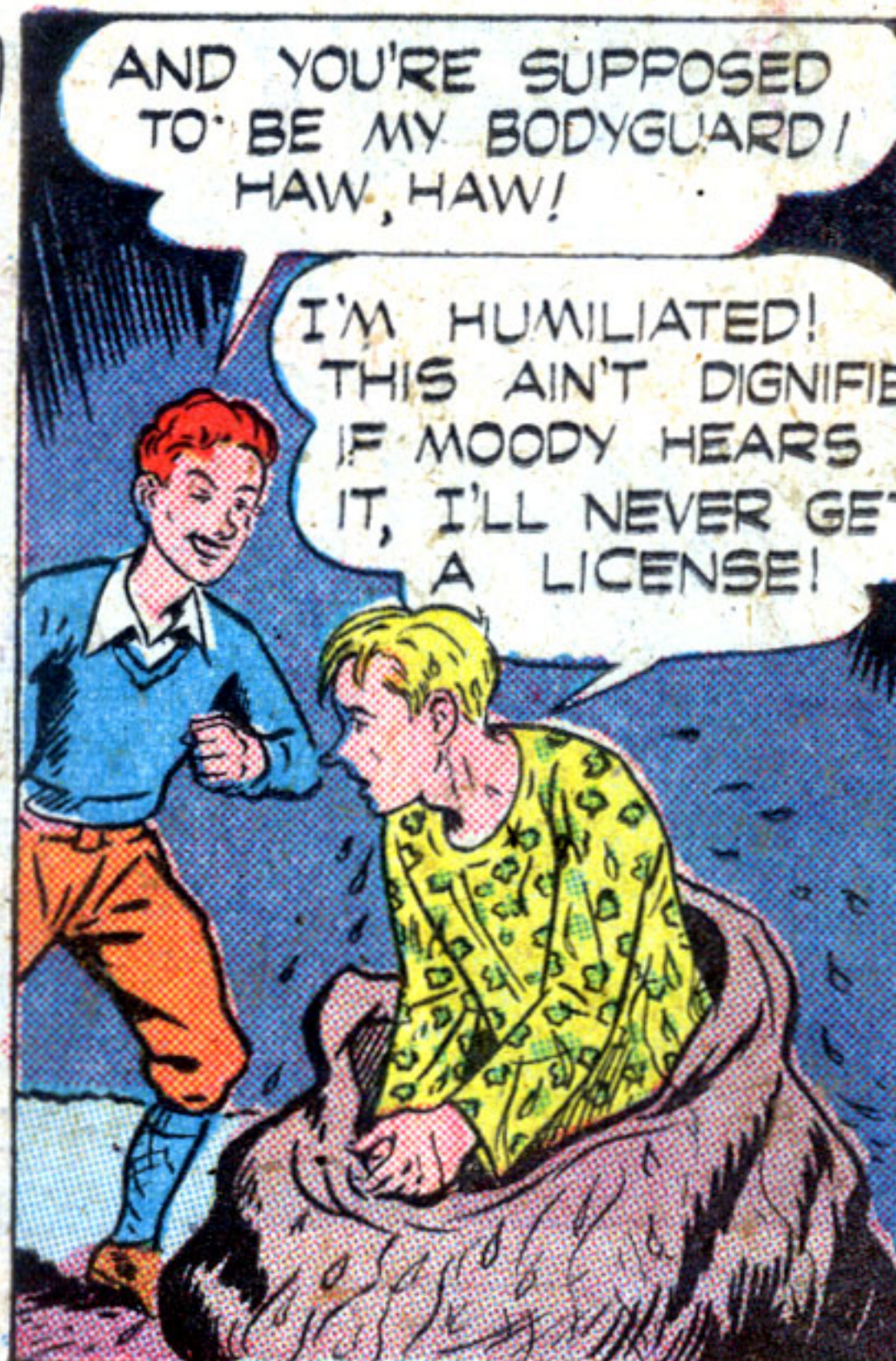
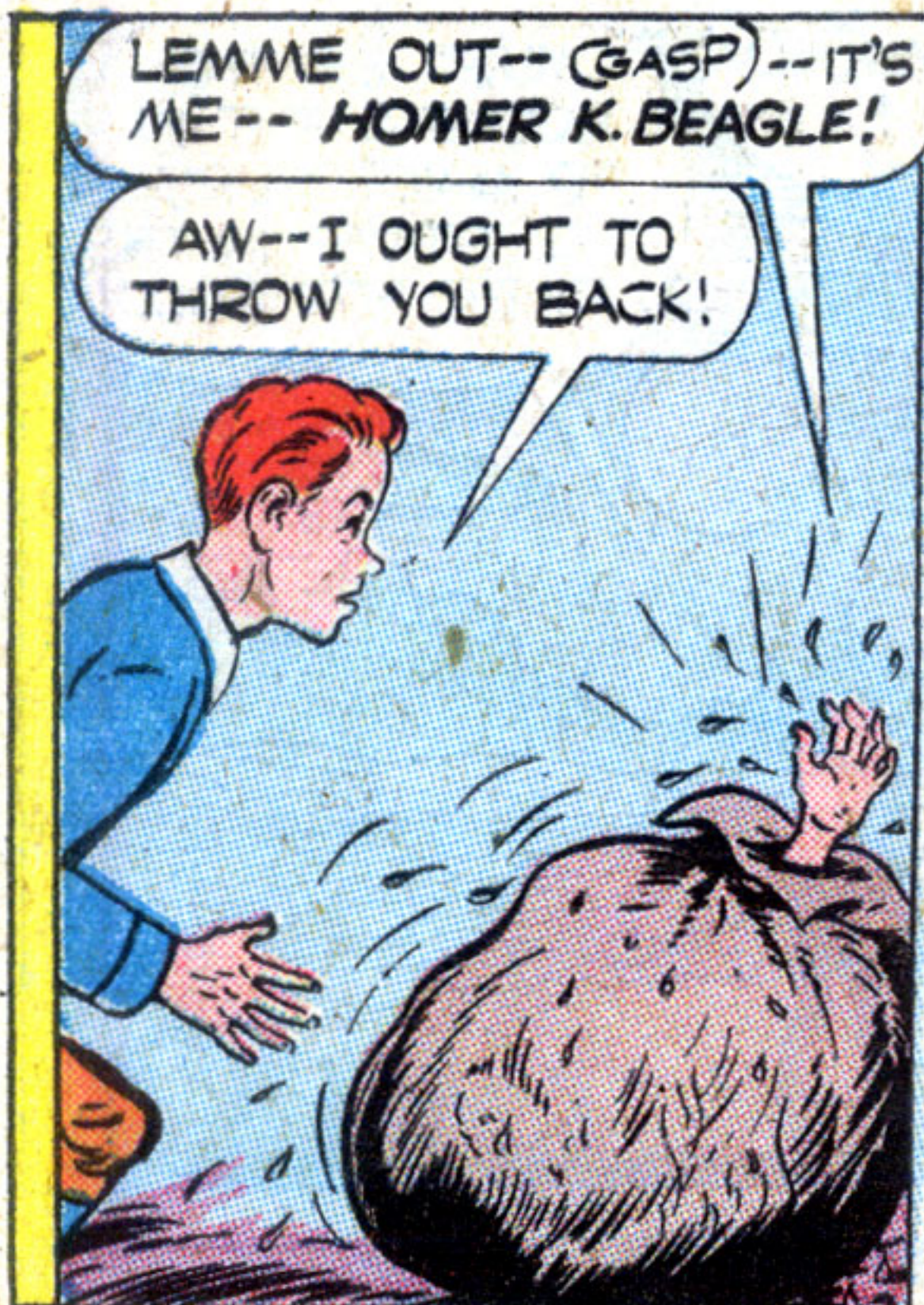
BLUB
BLUB
BLUB



WOW! I GOT
A BITE --- A
TREMENDOUS BITE!



I DIDN'T KNOW
THEY CAME
THIS BIG!!



THAT CLUCK IS MORE CAPABLE THAN I THOUGHT!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, AND THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE OF THE BRAT!

BRR-RR-- WISH I HAD A HOT DRINK!

ALLOW ME TO SERVE YOU SOMETHING, SIR!

CONK

SO YOU'RE AFTER MY MONEY! DON'T FORGET I GOT A BODYGUARD!

WE DIDN'T!

GEE-- ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME?

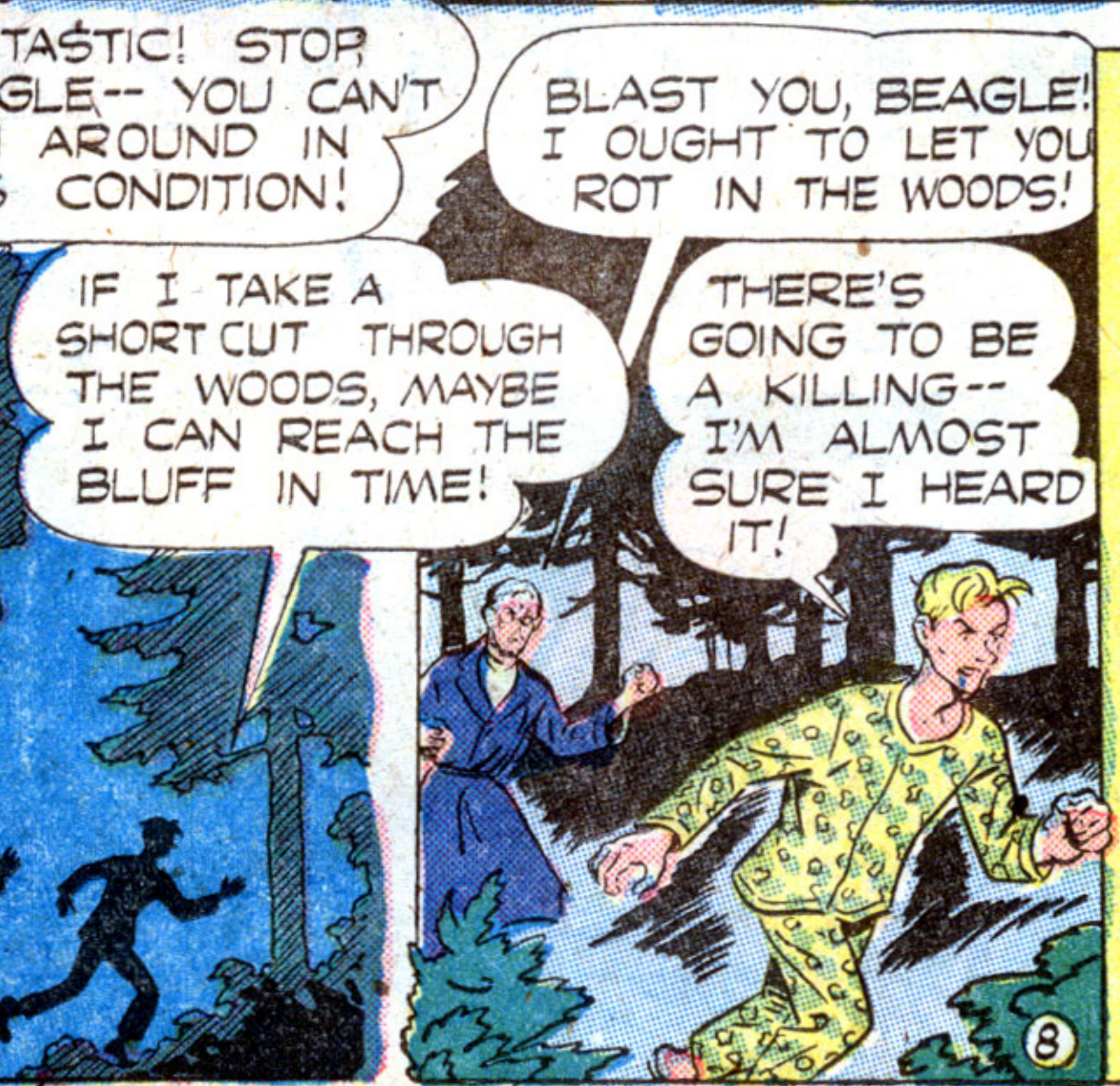
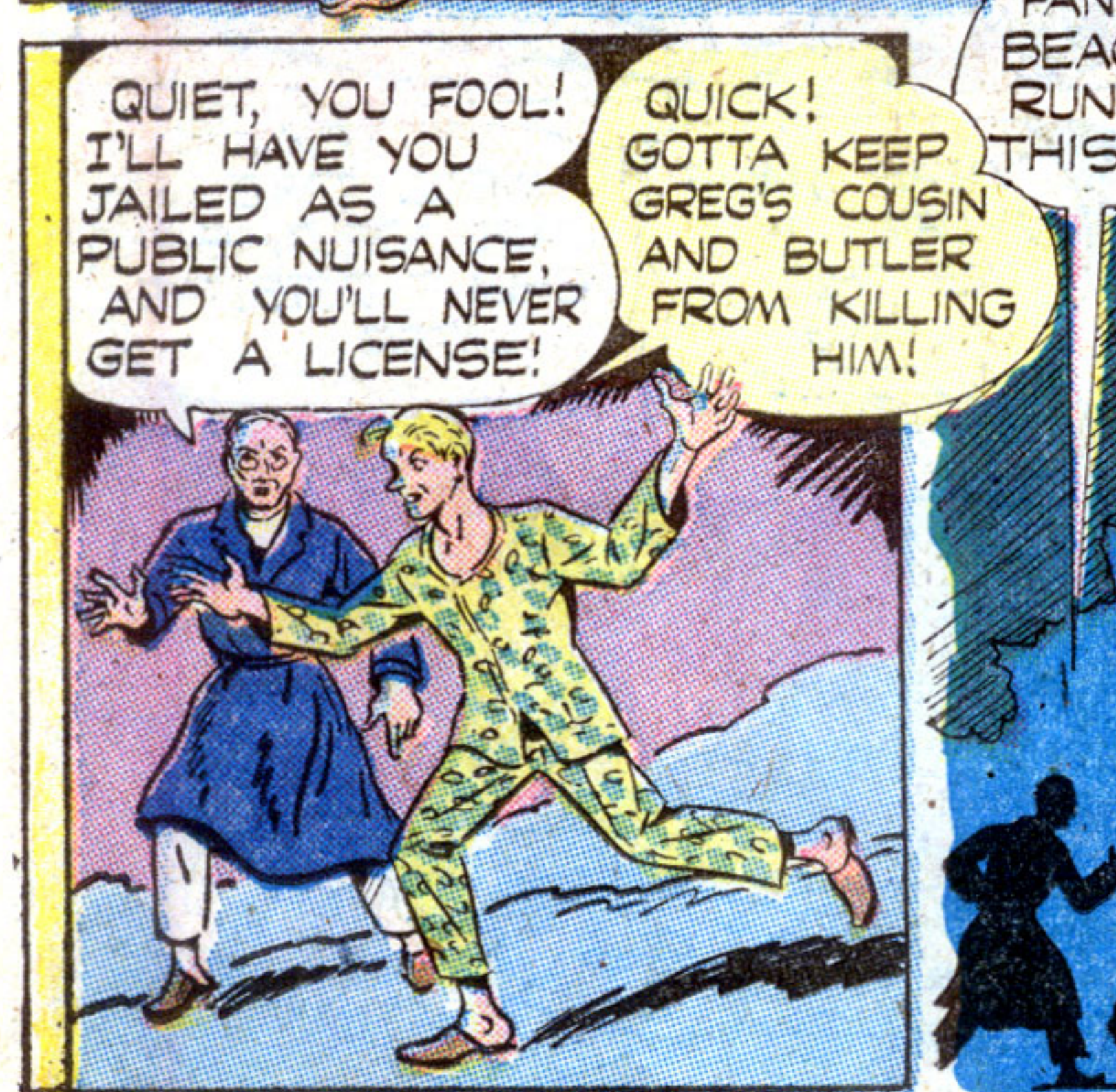
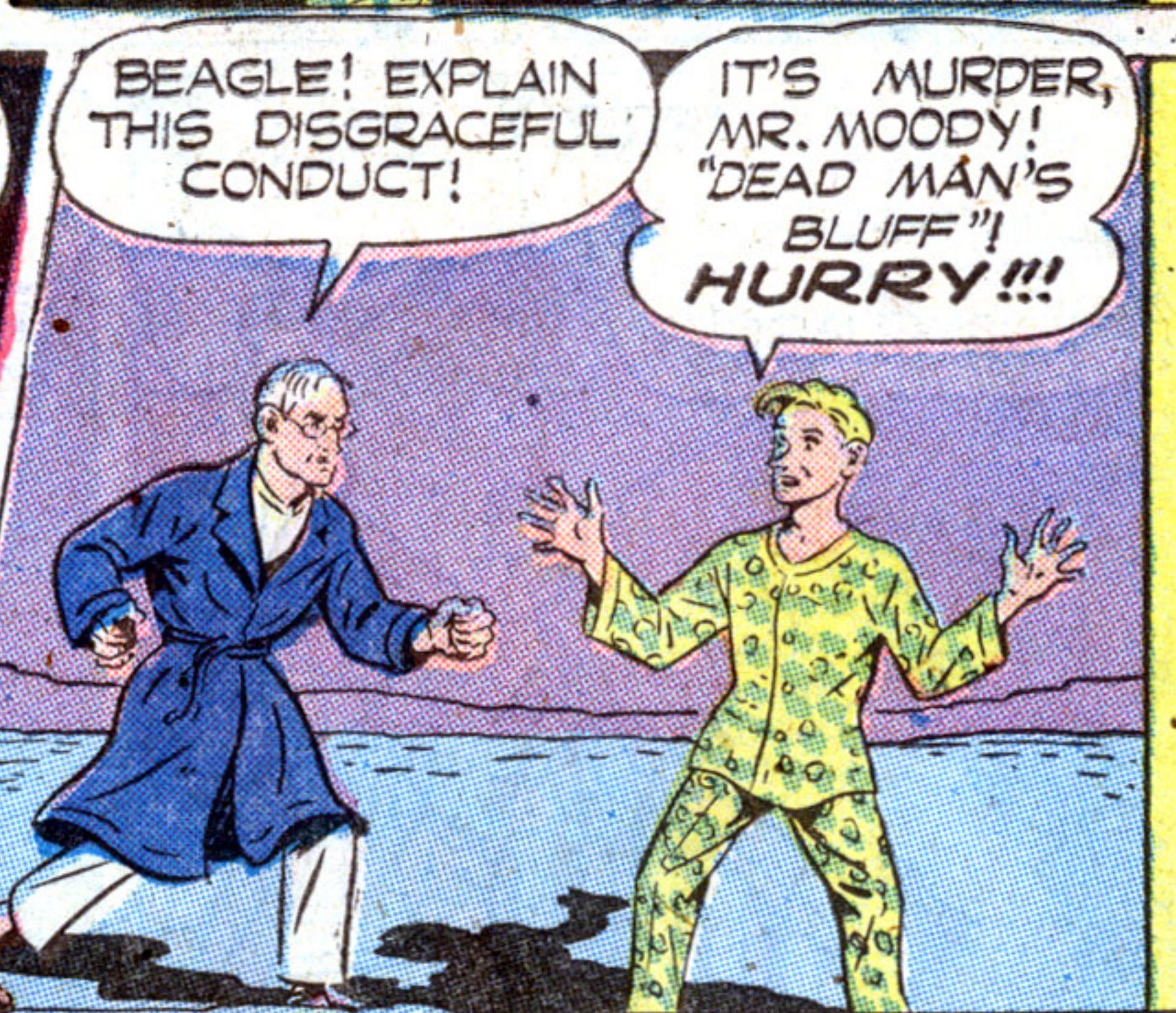
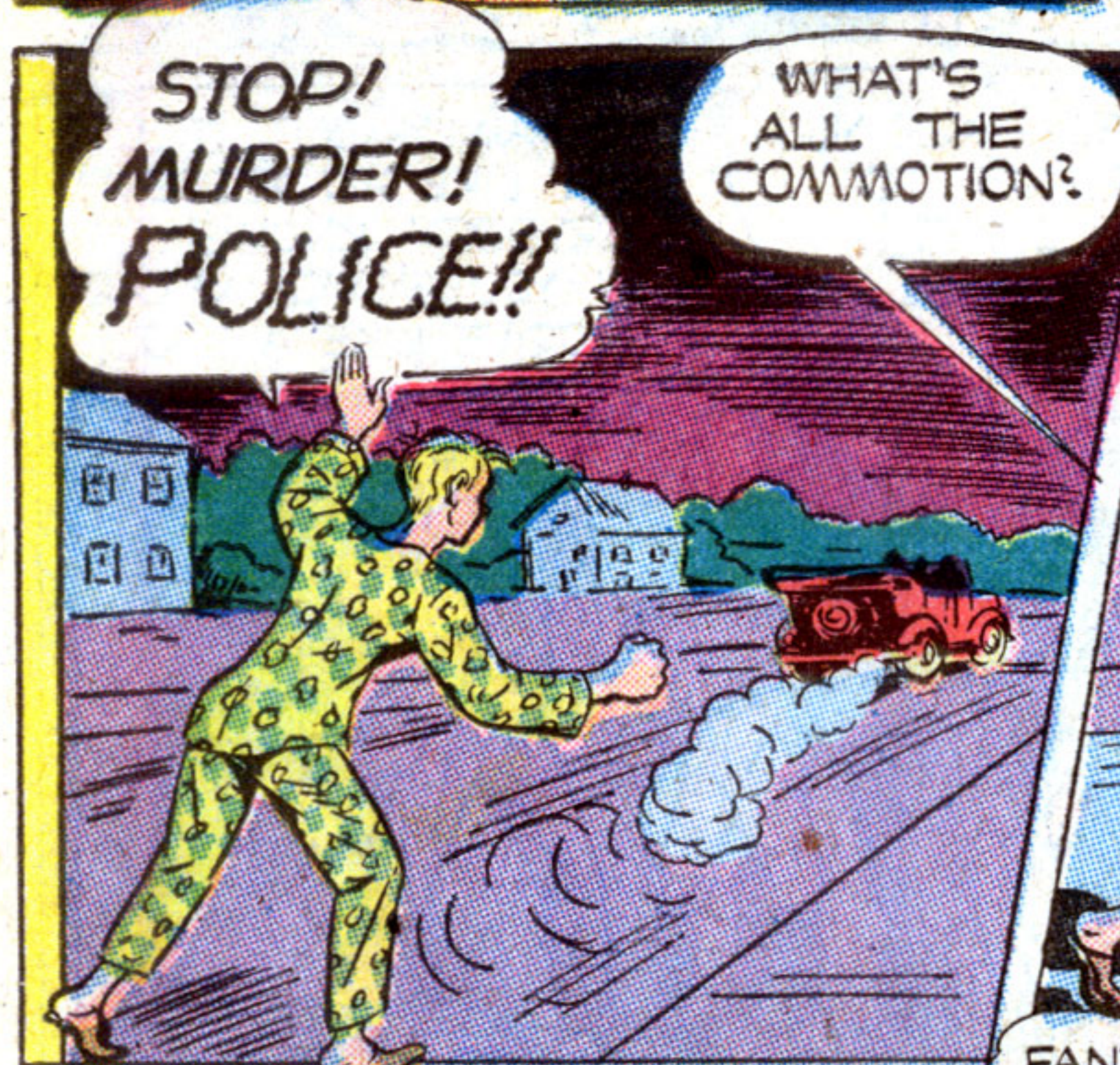
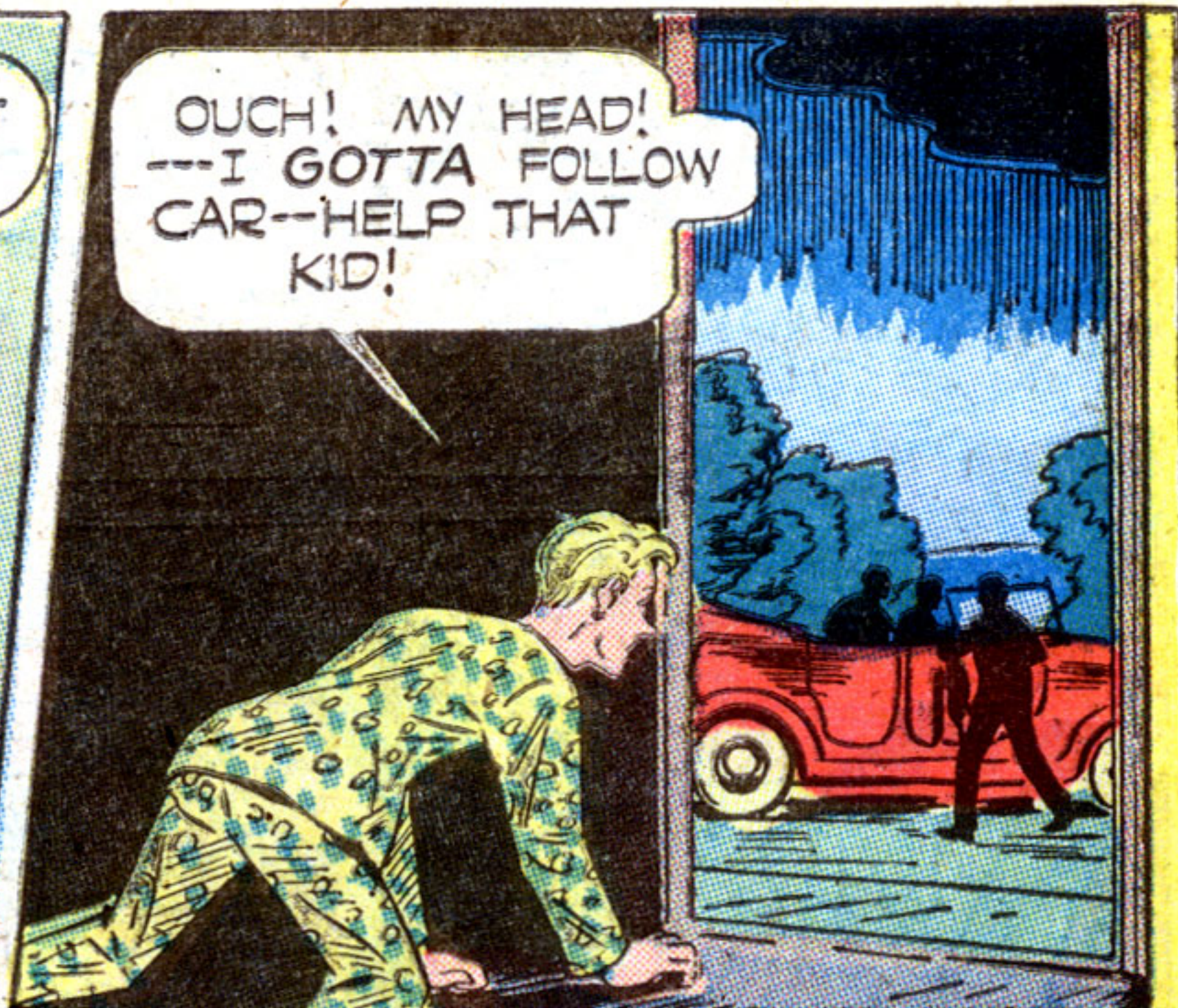
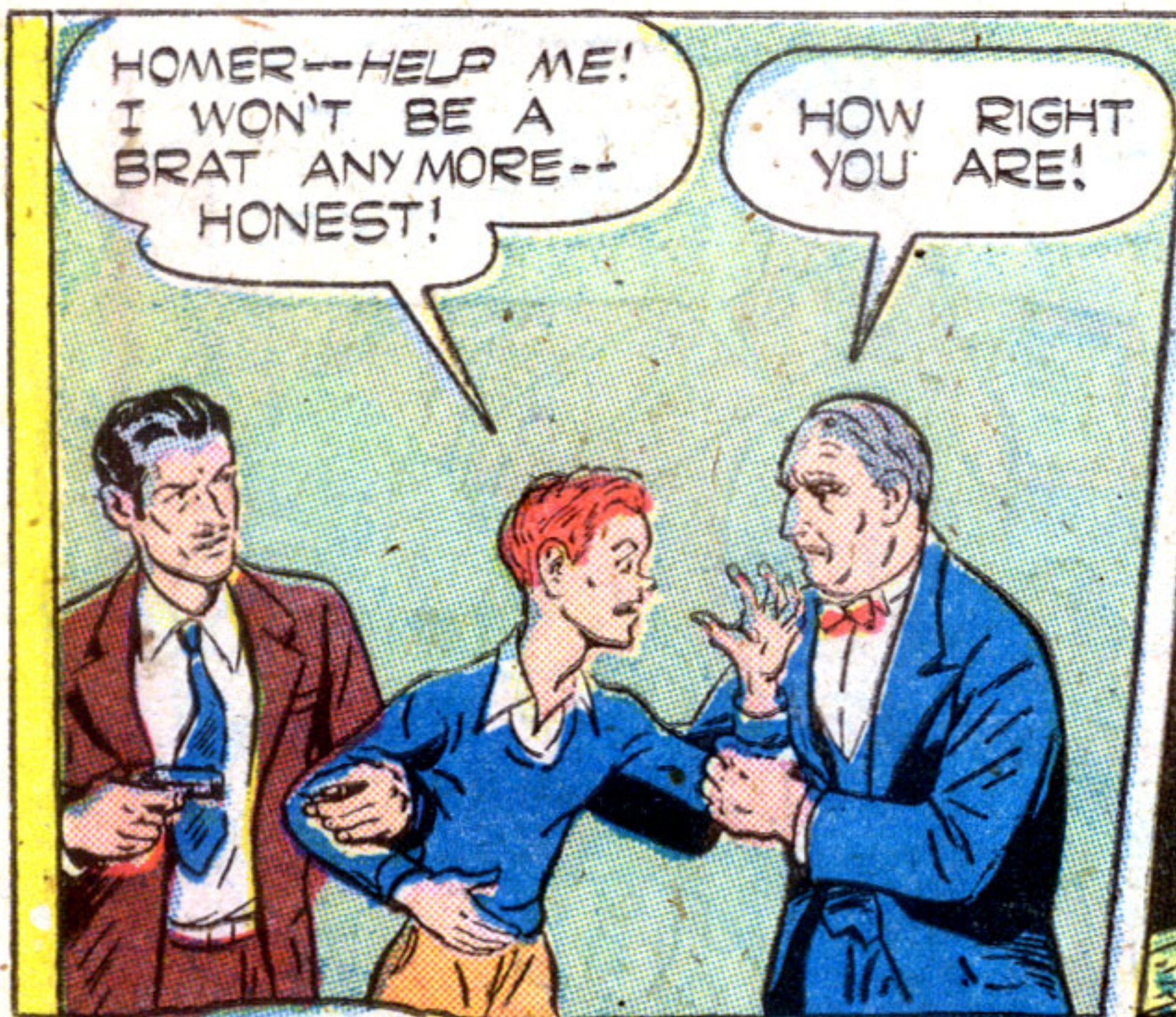
CERTAINLY--BUT IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT! EVERYBODY KNOWS HOW YOU SNATCH MY CAR AND DRIVE LIKE A FOOL!

THIS TIME YOU'RE RIDING OVER "DEAD MAN'S BLUFF"--WE'LL SEE TO THAT!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

"DEAD MAN'S BLUFF"...WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT...OH, MY HEAD....

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS CHUMP DETECTIVE LATER.





HERE'S THE BLUFF (PUFF)--WHERE'S THE KILLING?

SH-H-H--THEY MIGHT HEAR YOU!

FOR ONCE YOU'RE RIGHT, BEAGLE!



STICK 'EM UP! WE HEARD YOU PLOWING THROUGH THE WOODS, 50 YARDS AWAY!

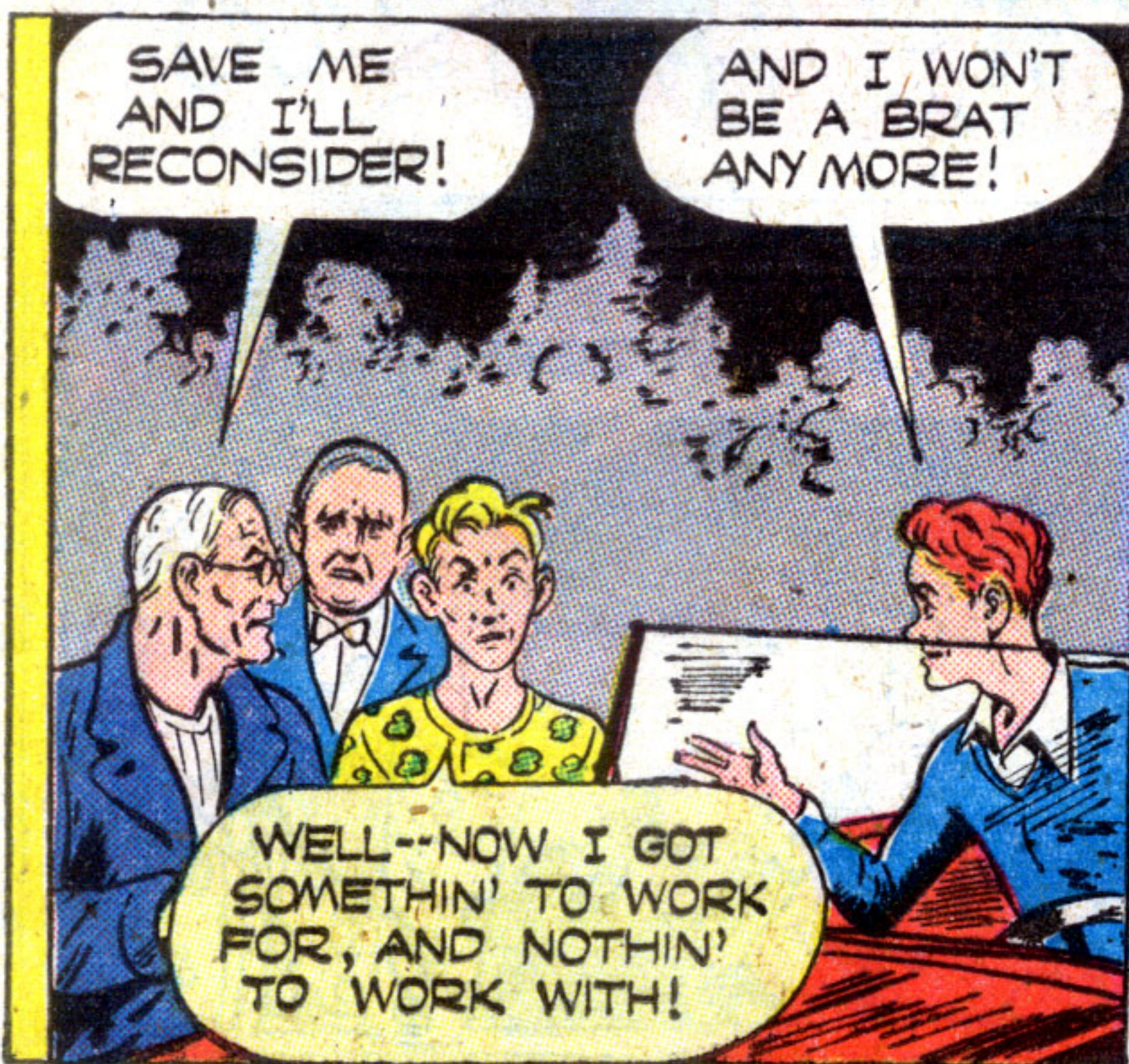
YOU CAN'T DO THIS--I'M THE COMMISSIONER OF LICENSES!



YOU CAN FILE YOUR PROTEST FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BLUFF!

BEAGLE! DO SOMETHING--YOU'RE A DETECTIVE!

NOT WITHOUT A LICENSE!



SAVE ME AND I'LL RECONSIDER!

AND I WON'T BE A BRAT ANY MORE!

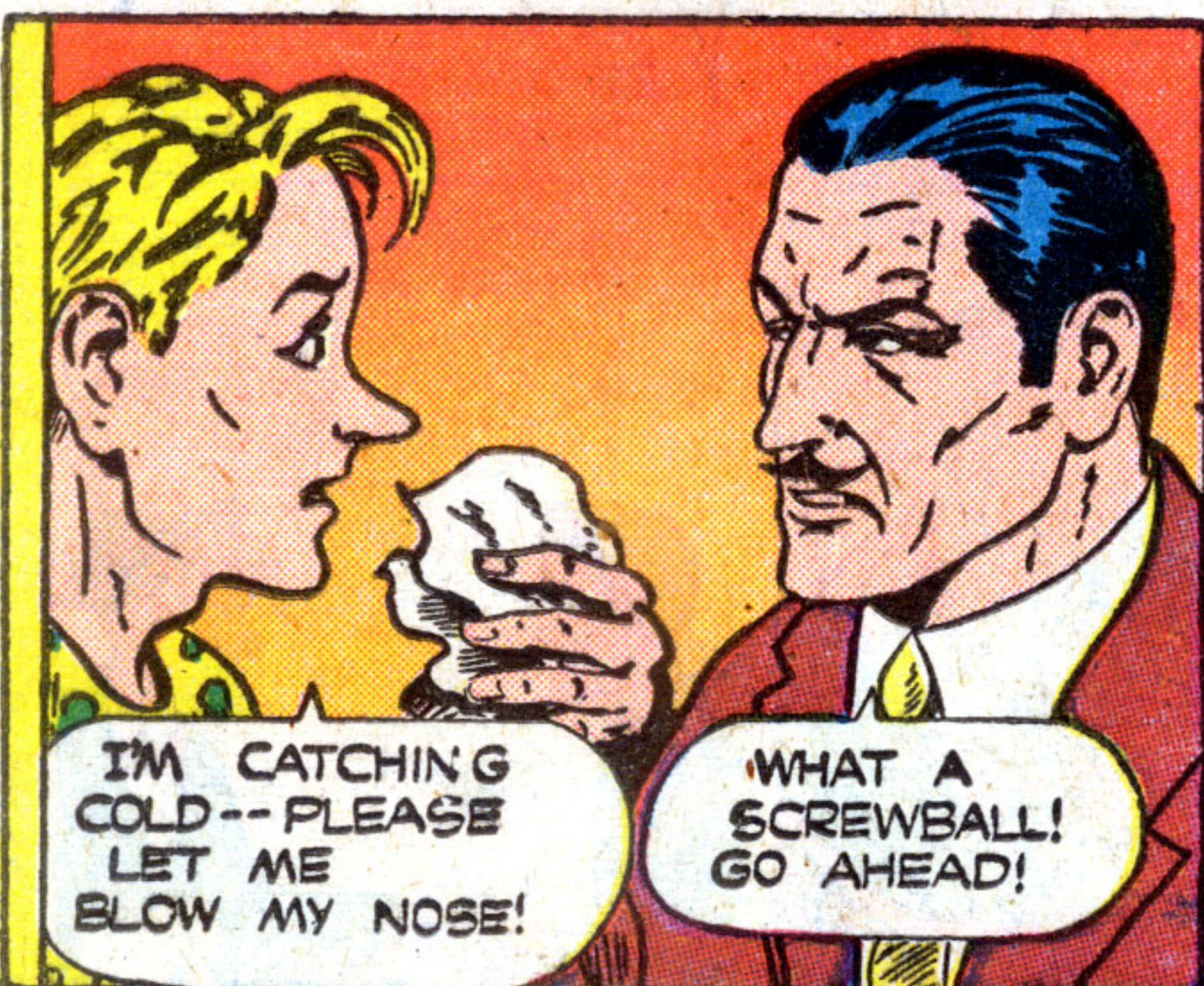
WELL--NOW I GOT SOMETHIN' TO WORK FOR, AND NOTHIN' TO WORK WITH!



HOP IN! I GUARANTEE A QUICK DEATH!

I HAVE ONE LAST REQUEST TO MAKE!

WHAT??!!



I'M CATCHING COLD--PLEASE LET ME BLOW MY NOSE!

WHAT A SCREWBALL! GO AHEAD!



HOMER BLOWS HIS NOSE WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF SPRINKLED WITH SNEEZE POWDER!

AH-CHOO!!

SORRY, GENTLEMEN!

WHAT'S THIS POWDER? UGH! IT TICKLES MY NOSE!

MINE TOO! WHAT KIND OF TRICK IS THIS?

I'LL PLUG YOU FOR THAT-- OH!



AH-CHOO-OO!
CLUNK! ★

OUCH! MY HEAD! BUT IT MUST BE HARDER THAN THEIRS!



IT MAY BE JUST DUMB LUCK, OR IT MAY BE QUICK THINKING. WHATEVER IT IS, YOU GET THE LICENSE!

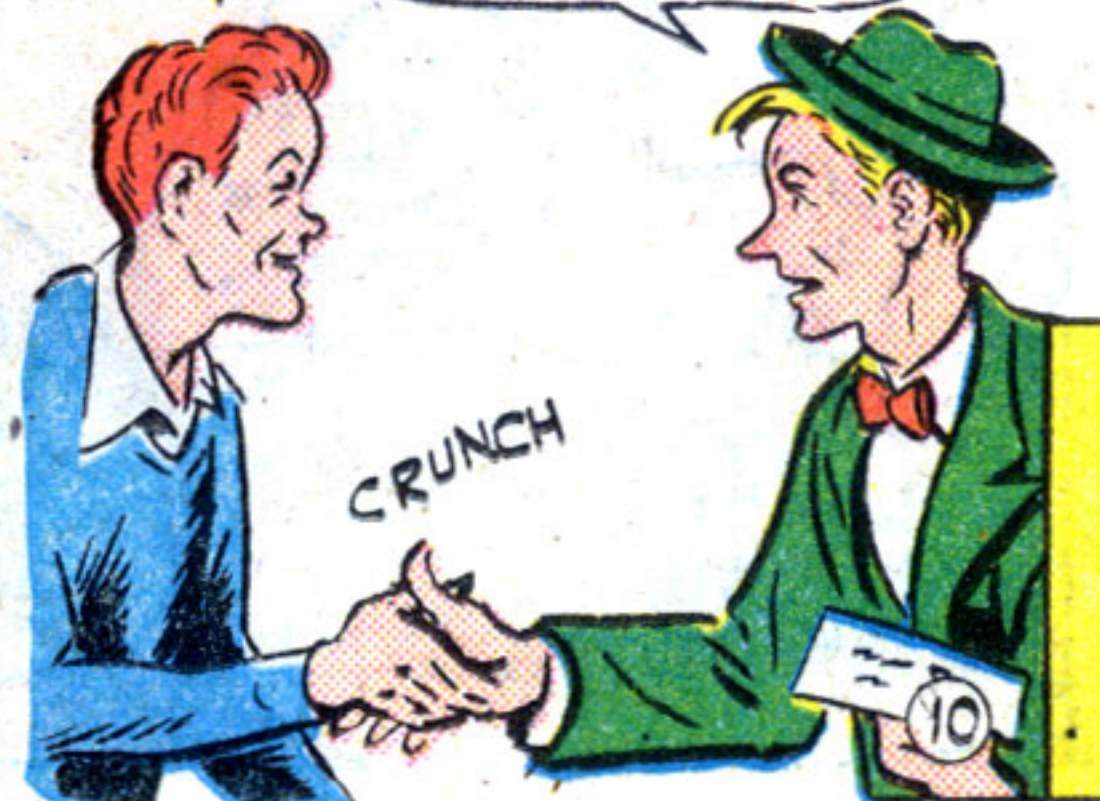
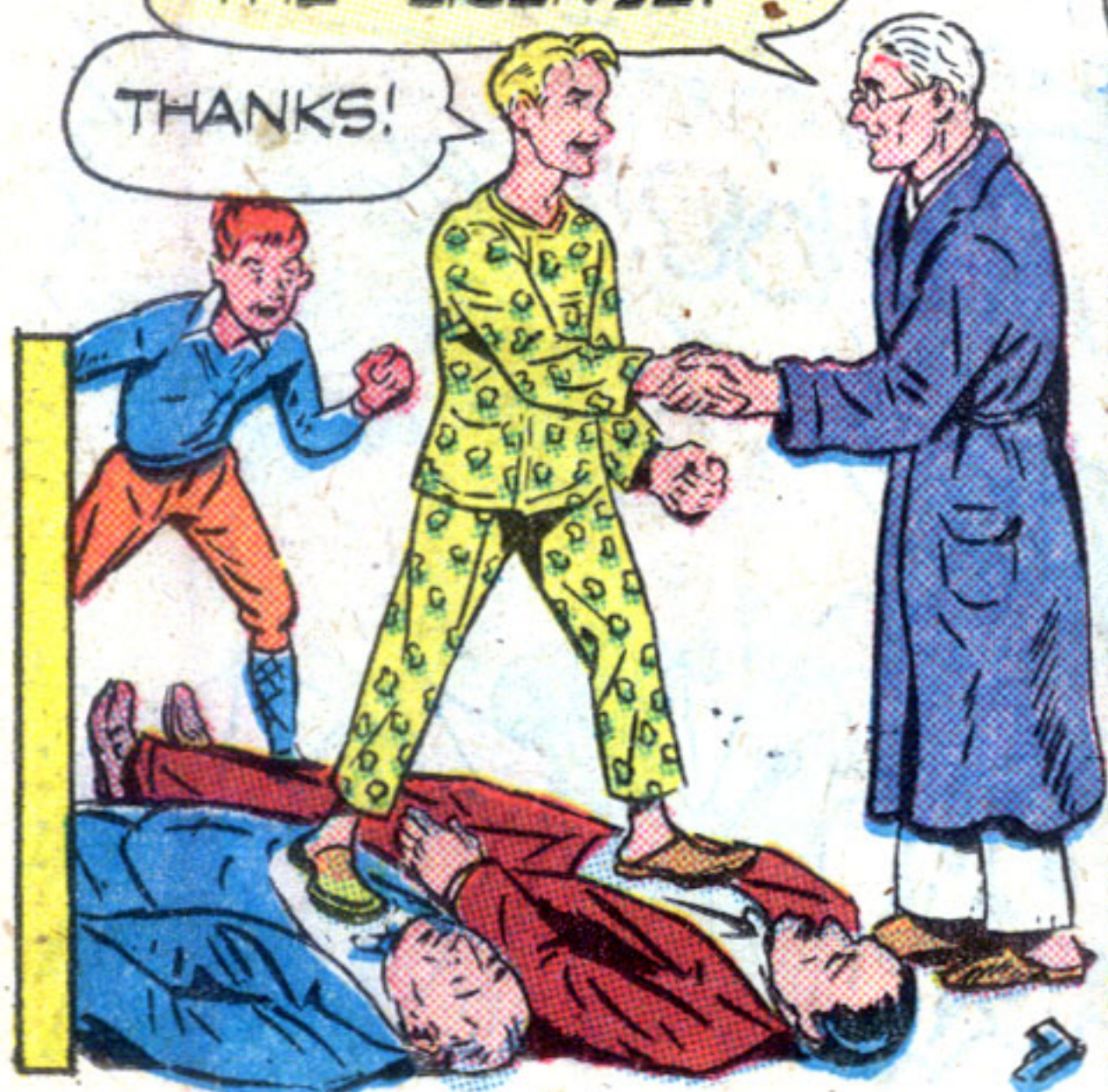
THANKS!

Later
I OWE YOU PLENTY FOR PUTTING THOSE CROOKS IN JAIL!

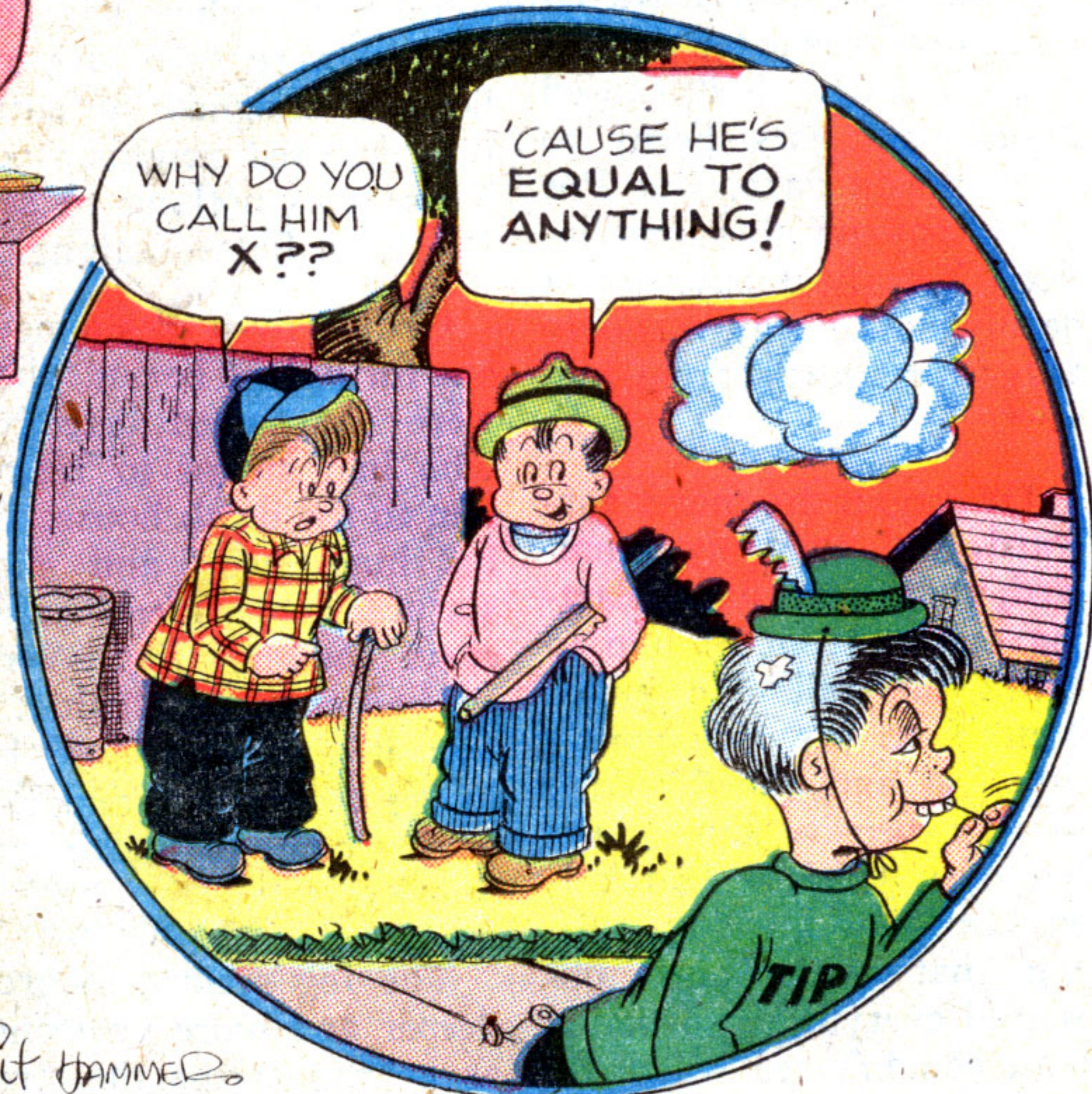
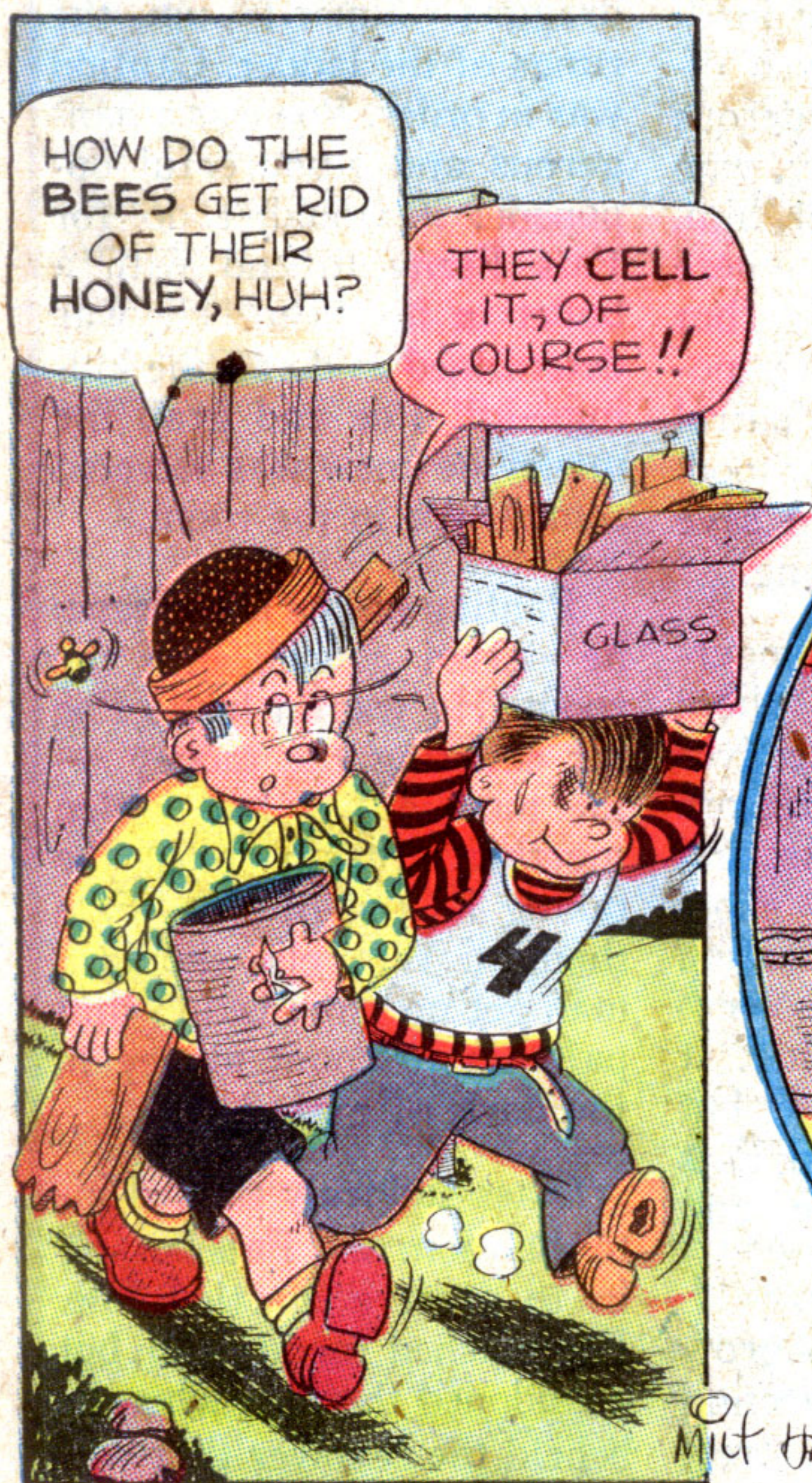
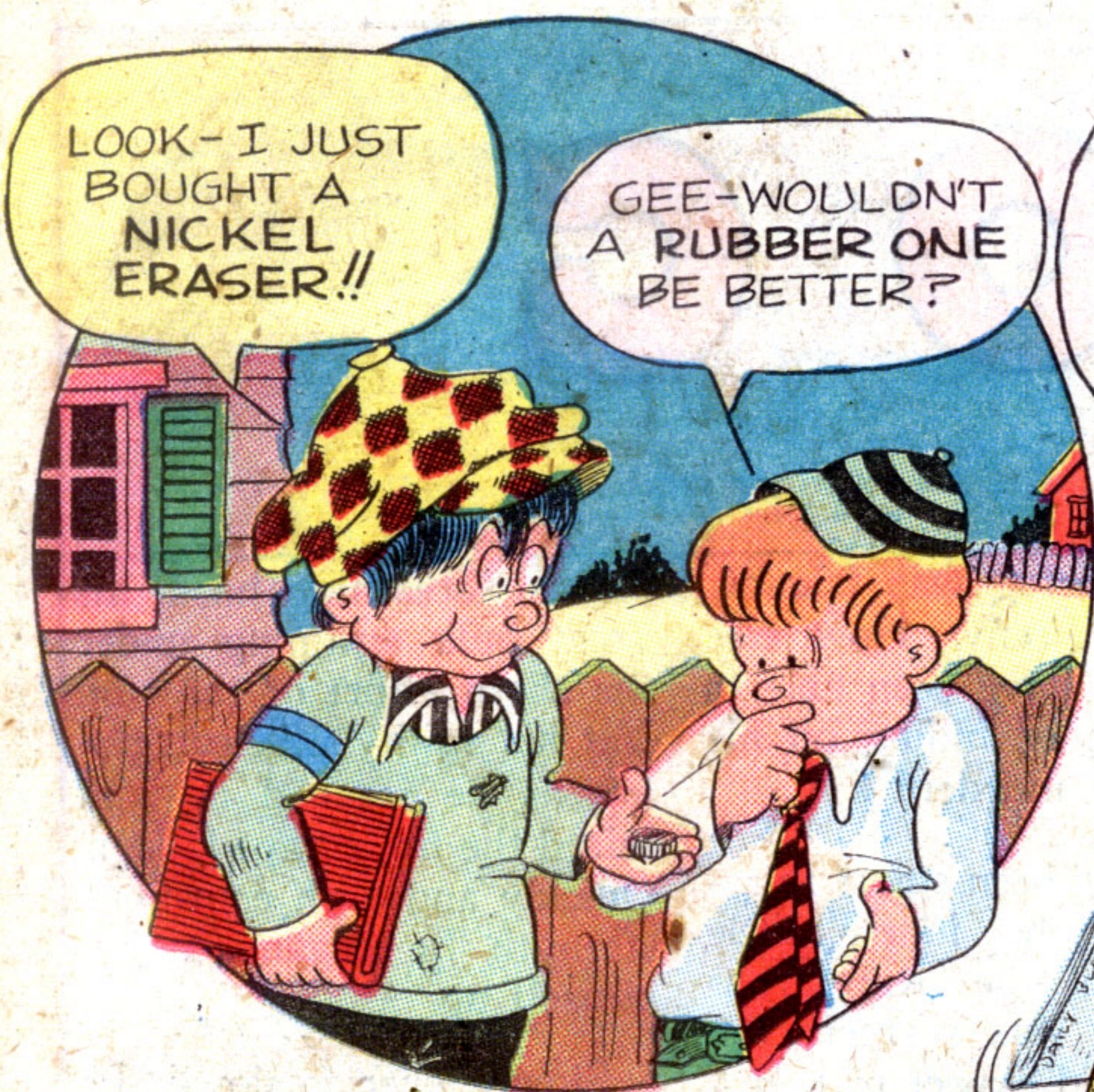
WHEW! A THOUSAND BUCKS! I'LL BUY ME AN AUTO!

HA, HA--I CAN'T REFORM COMPLETELY IN ONE DAY, HOMER!

DOGGONE! NOW MY HAND'S SO CRUNCHED I CAN'T ENDORSE THE CHECK!



YOUNG KING COLE



MILT HAMMER

FOG

by John Graham

THE fog was heavy and oppressive over the entire waterfront. Out on the river, a whistle moaned sadly as if aware of the sinister purpose that caused the dapper little fat man to loiter in the protective shadow of the alley.

Fats Feeny was at the one time hunted and hunting. He had broken from the death house to avenge himself on his ex-partner, Eddie Poe. And now he had found him! He cursed at the thought of Poe — who had betrayed him to the law after the last job. Poe, who had caused immaculate Fats Feeny to wear prison garb. But Poe would pay for this humiliation! Yes, he'd pay, for a deadly Fats Feeny was only a few feet away from him now.

He began to move forward, and suddenly stumbled, pudgy little hands darting out in front of him to break his fall. He pulled himself to his ridiculously tiny feet and aimed a kick of an expensive shoe at the box over which he had fallen. Confound this fog, this fog that cloaked and obscured everything so that a man couldn't see where he was going! He chuckled slightly. No, he didn't mean

that. The fog was friendly to Fats Feeny. How else would he have been able to sneak out of hiding on his errand of murder?

Poe had been smart to retreat to the lonely little house on the waterfront street. It was scarcely the place you'd expect to find a big-time gangster, but inadvertently he had played directly into the murderous hands of Fats Feeny, who had promised to kill him. True, there was no one here to tip Poe's hiding place, but neither were there any policemen assigned to patrol this deserted neighborhood. There was nothing to save Poe from Fats—nothing.

Ordinarily it was dangerous for Fats to be out. There were sharp-eyed detectives who had sworn to restore him to the death house, and his huge body and short stature made identification easy. Tonight's fog, however, had changed all that. It was impossible to see but inches before you, and Fats was free to move and murder.

The fog seemed to grow deeper and more protecting as he ran across the street to the ramshackle house where Poe was lodged. He

paused, breathing hard, his great bulk straining under the slight effort of the run. Yet his agility was surprising as he reached up and seized the fire escape ladder. Quickly and with enormous strength he began to pull himself up.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he dragged himself up the rungs of the ladder. Caution was in order. Poe was a dangerous and resourceful opponent; it wouldn't do for Fats Feeny to end with a bullet in his head. He was determined to do all the killing—kill Poe and grab the money he knew was secreted somewhere in the room.

Panting on the fire escape, he darted a look into the room. He was in luck! Poe sat counting the money — the money they had stolen together. Strain must be taking its toll of Poe, Fats thought. Why else should a man get up from bed in thin pajamas to count money in the dark of night?

Glass suddenly tinkled into the room and Fats sprang in to greet a startled Poe. Poe reached for his gun, but abandoned the idea when he beheld the revolver that was in Feeny's unwavering clutch.

"Everything check all right, Poe?" Feeny asked, grinning. "Or maybe you'd like to count it once more before I knock you off?"

"Look, Fats, you got me wrong," Poe said desperately, his eyes hunting frantically for a means of escape. "I didn't frame you. See, I've been saving your split all along for you. You got me wrong, Fats. You—"

Feeny was not taken in by the plea, but neither was he quite prepared for the quick thrust of Poe's hand that swept the lamp from the table and plunged the room into darkness. Fats cursed silently as he hit the floor. How could he have been fooled by an old dodge like that? The situation was changed now. He had held all the cards a moment ago and now he was trapped in the little room with a desperate Poe who would kill him if he could. Only one man was going to emerge from this room—and it had to be Fats Feeny.

Fog seeped in through the broken window, dampening the room and filling it with an even more ominous quiet. Feeny fought to control the slight noise of his breathing that seemed to sound like thunder in the little room. One false move would betray his position and result in death from the gun of Poe. Fats shivered at the thought.

How could he get to Poe? How did he know that even now the other man wasn't creeping toward him? Taut

nerves screamed silently. He couldn't stand this much longer. He'd have to make a break. Better to go down shooting than to crouch here waiting for Poe to kill him. He gripped the gun ever tighter and found his chubby palms damp. This was maddening! He'd cry out! He'd tell Poe to split the money! He couldn't stay here and wait to be shot! And across the room there was nothing — nothing but silence.

Again, though, the fog proved his benefactor. A sneeze sounded suddenly in the darkened room and Feeny directed a hail of lead toward it. He held his last shot in the event that Poe might be playing possum and crept slowly toward the lamp. He didn't trust Poe, although the scream that had answered his shots seemed genuine enough.

His fumbling, fat, fingers finally managed to get the lamp going and the room was once more full of light. He dove sideways, then laughed when he beheld what had happened. Fats Feeny really enjoyed murder and this was a particularly good one. Poe was dead, slumped in a corner, his useless revolver still in his hand. All of Fats' shots had found a mark, but the fog had actually helped in the death. The combination of broken window and Poe's light attire had resulted in the fatal sneeze.

The fat killer was in surprisingly high spirits as he

stuffed his wallet with the money Poe had been counting and headed for the door. There was no need for the fire escape now. He could march right out into the fog—the fog that had been so good to him.

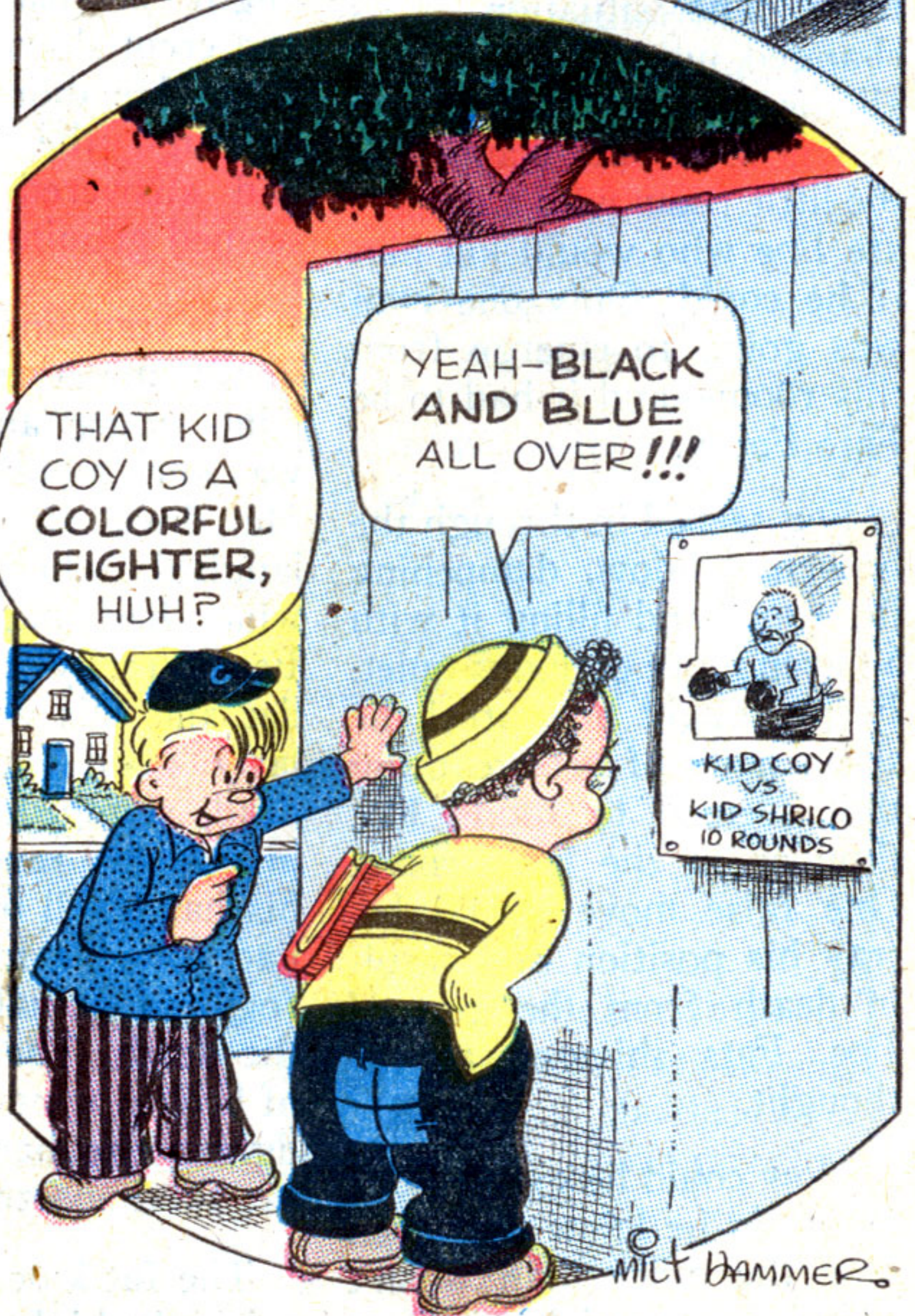
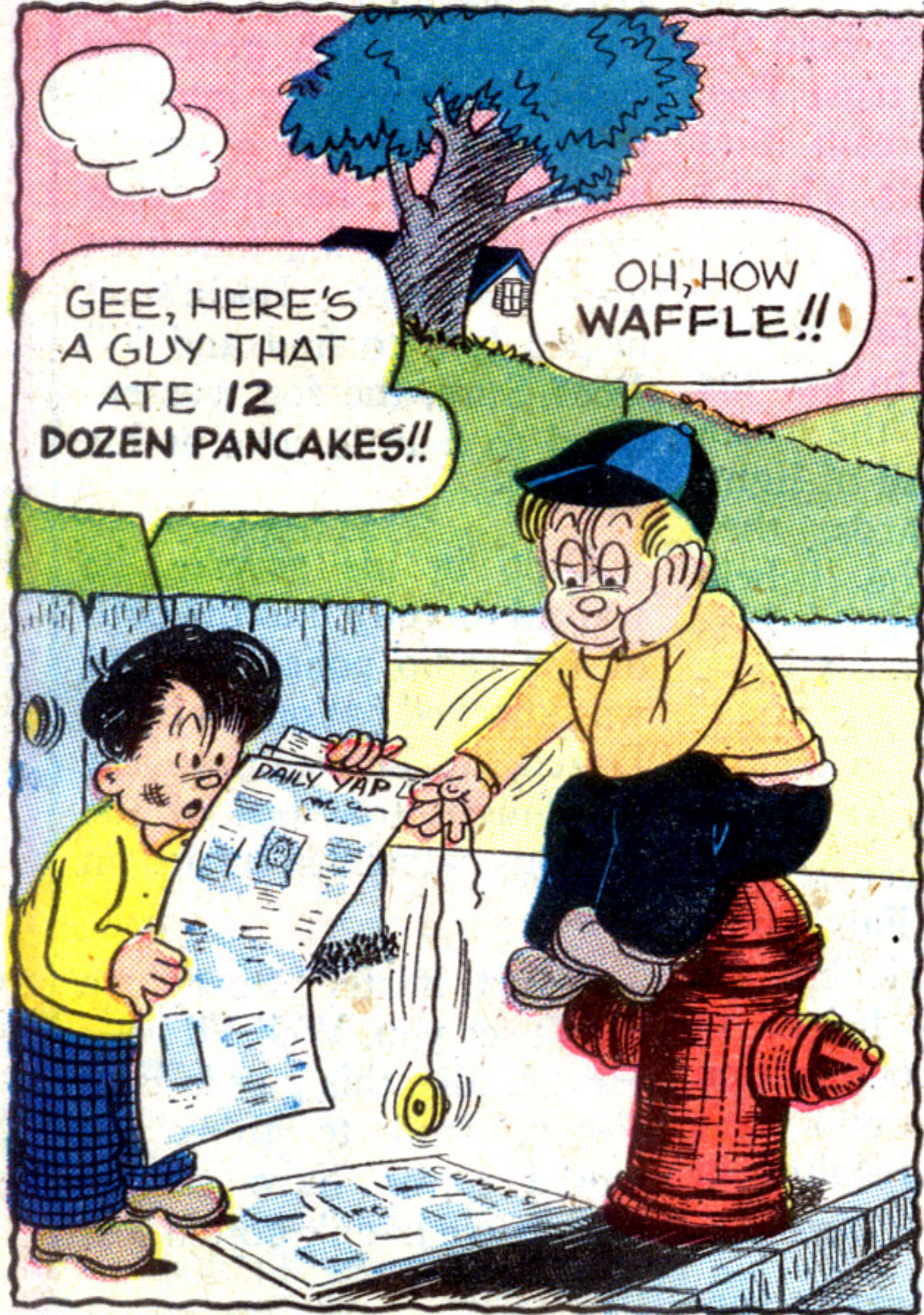
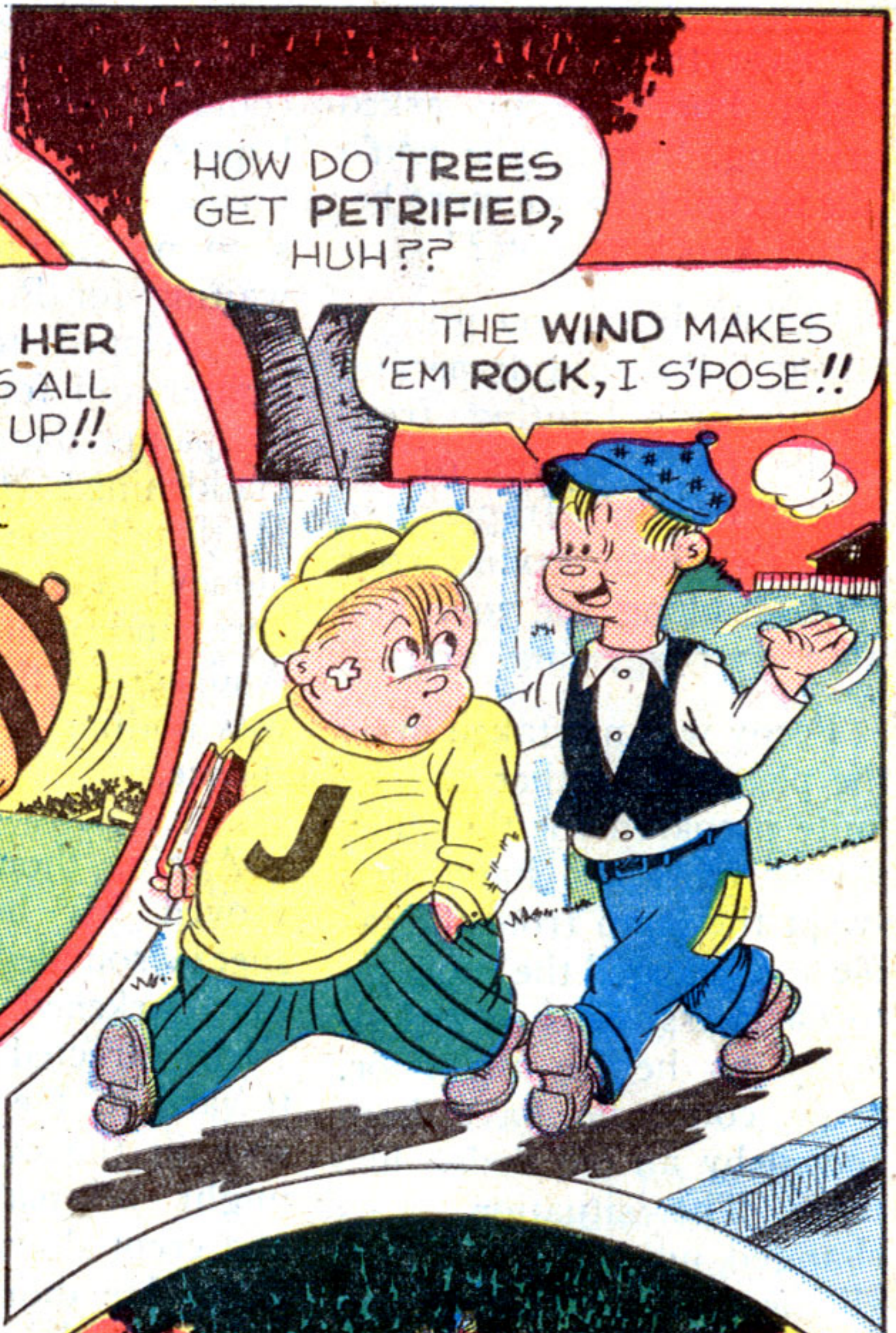
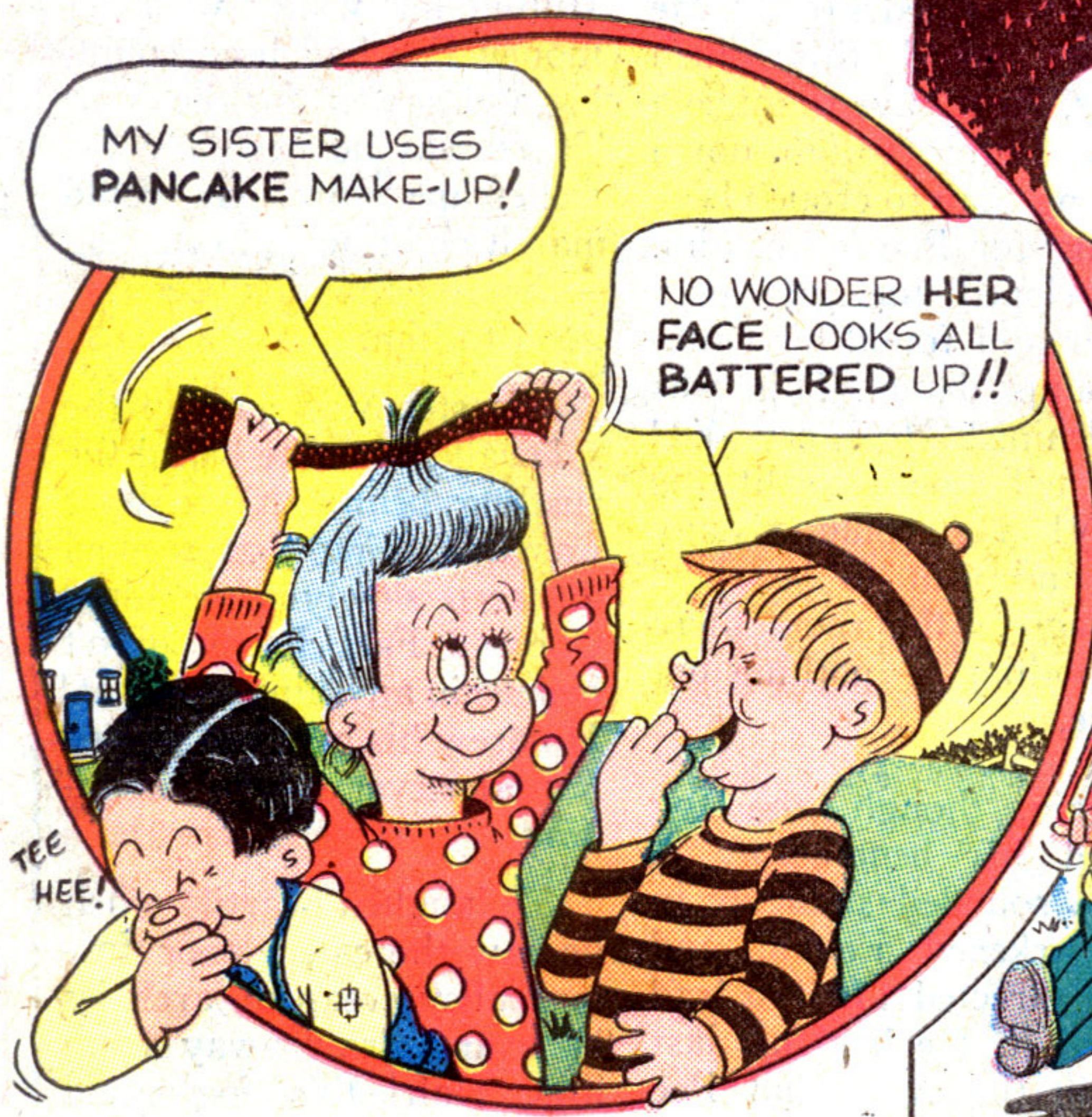
His step was gay up the sidewalk, when he heard the rustling behind him. What was this thing that seemed to creep slowly after him? Ghosts? Fats Feeny didn't believe in anything like that! He drew his gun and waited for whatever it was to appear.

He laughed heartily when he saw the cat, a poor forlorn alley creature, arch its back and draw away from him. Hah! this fog could really play tricks on a guy. Imagine a tough gent like Fats Feeny staring into the murk waiting for a cat to appear. But he had no squawks! The fog had been good to him. Hadn't it helped him to find and kill Poe? Sure, the fog was entitled to a little joke at his expense.

Deep in his reverie, he walked directly into the path of the radio police car and was knocked flat on his back. Dazed, he blinked into the searchlight that one of the anxious patrolmen turned on him.

"Hurt, mister? Sorry, we didn't see you. Well I'll be—Hey, Eddie, this guy is Fats Feeny. And to think we would never have caught him if we hadn't gotten lost in the fog."

THE END

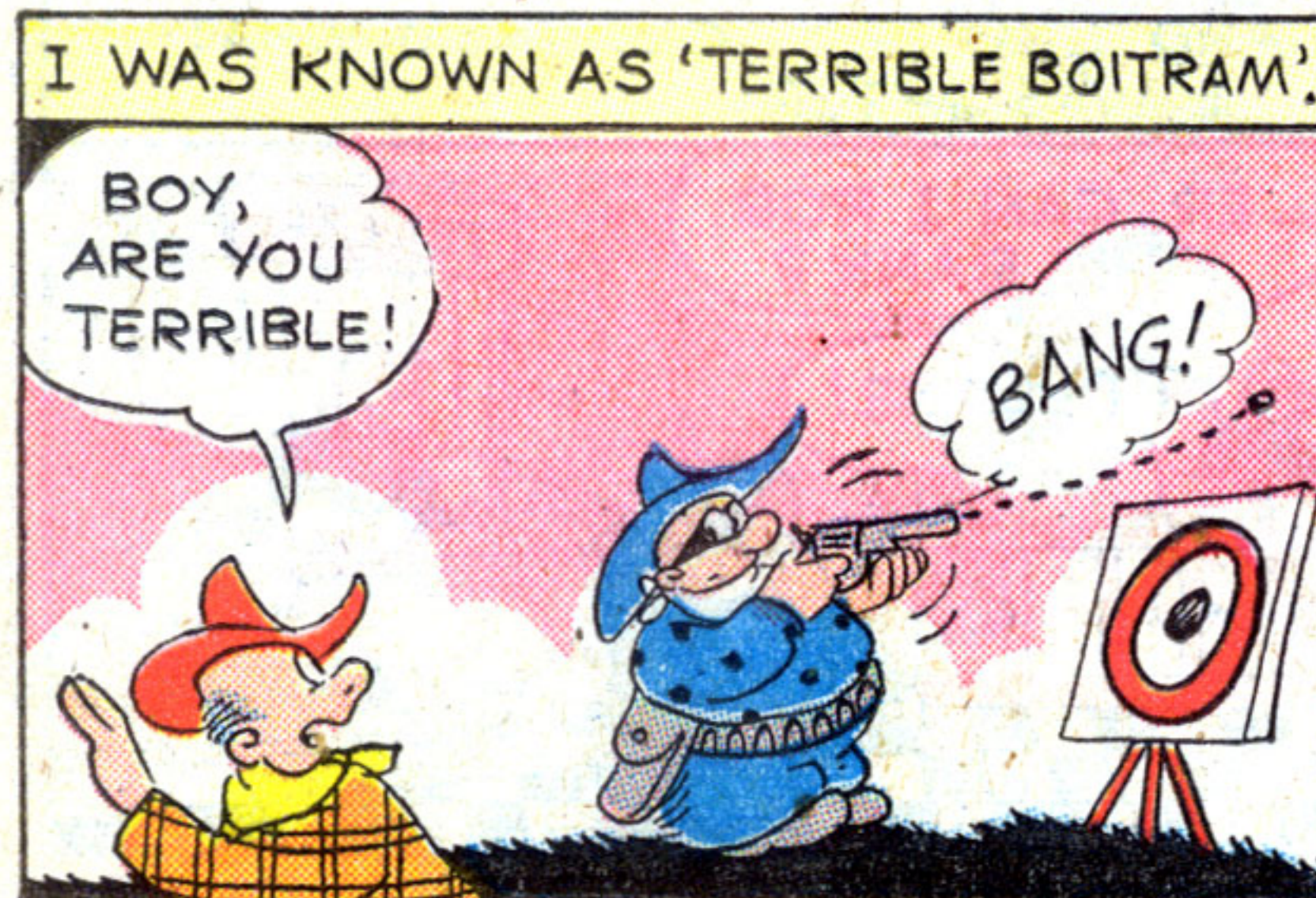
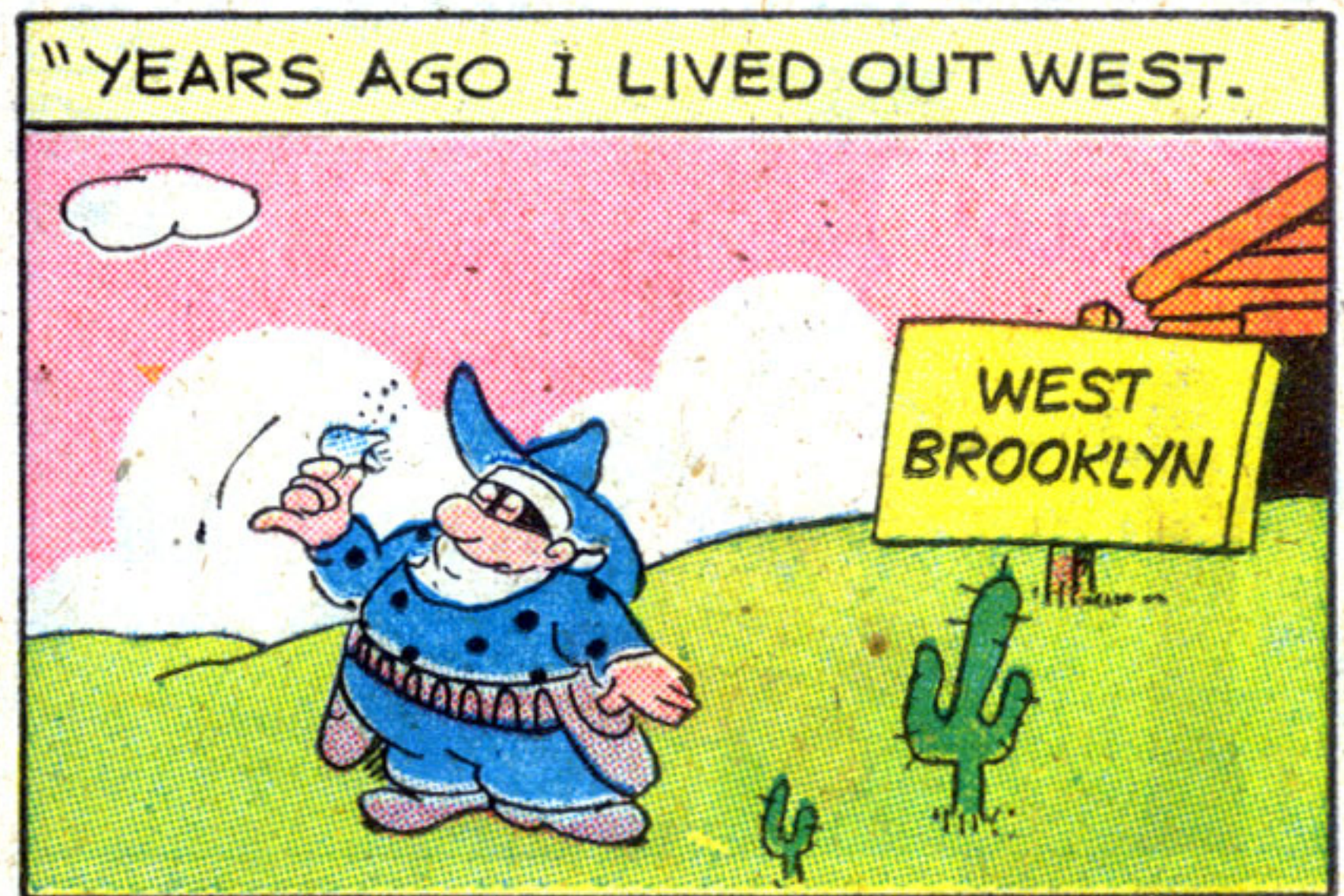
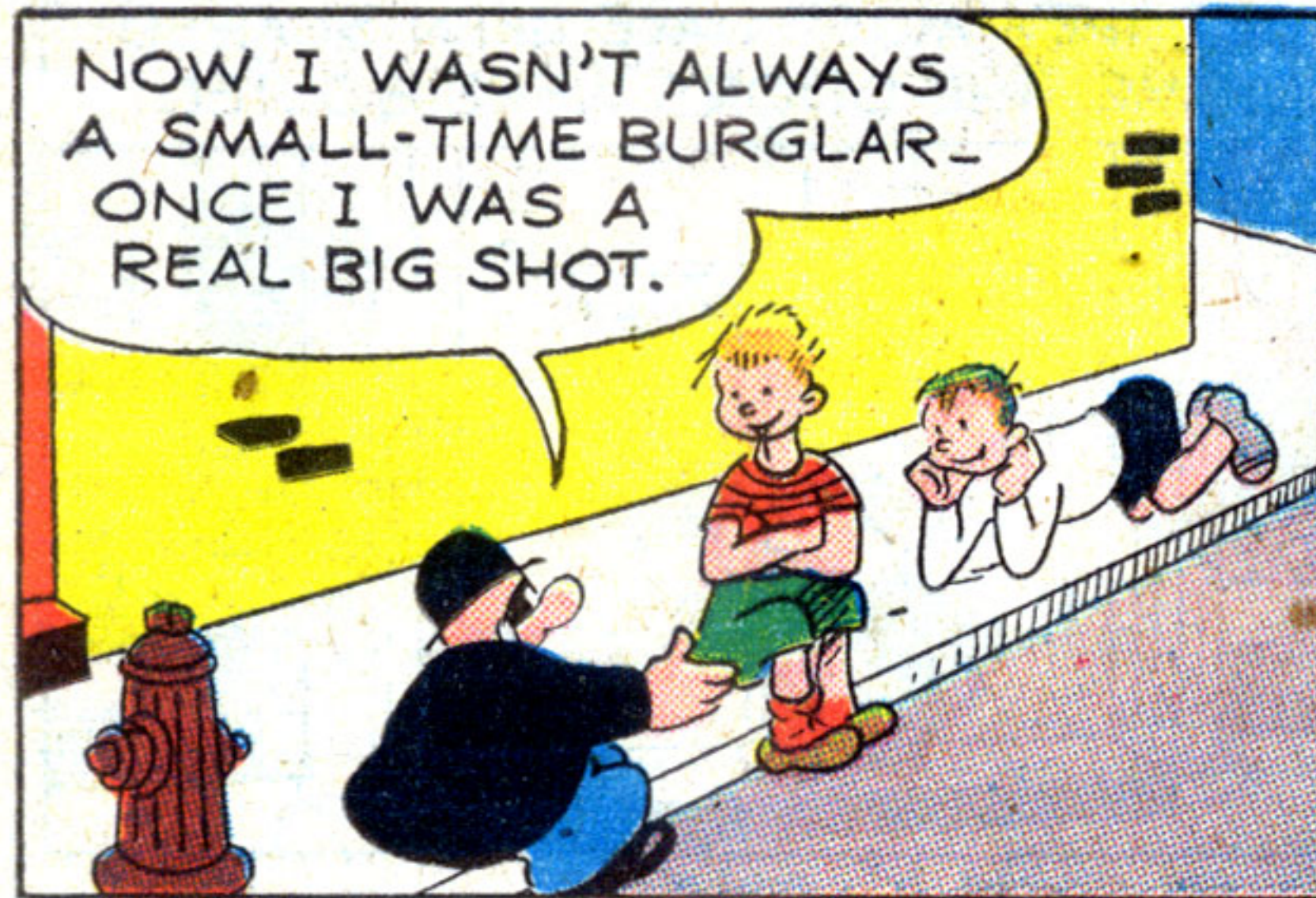
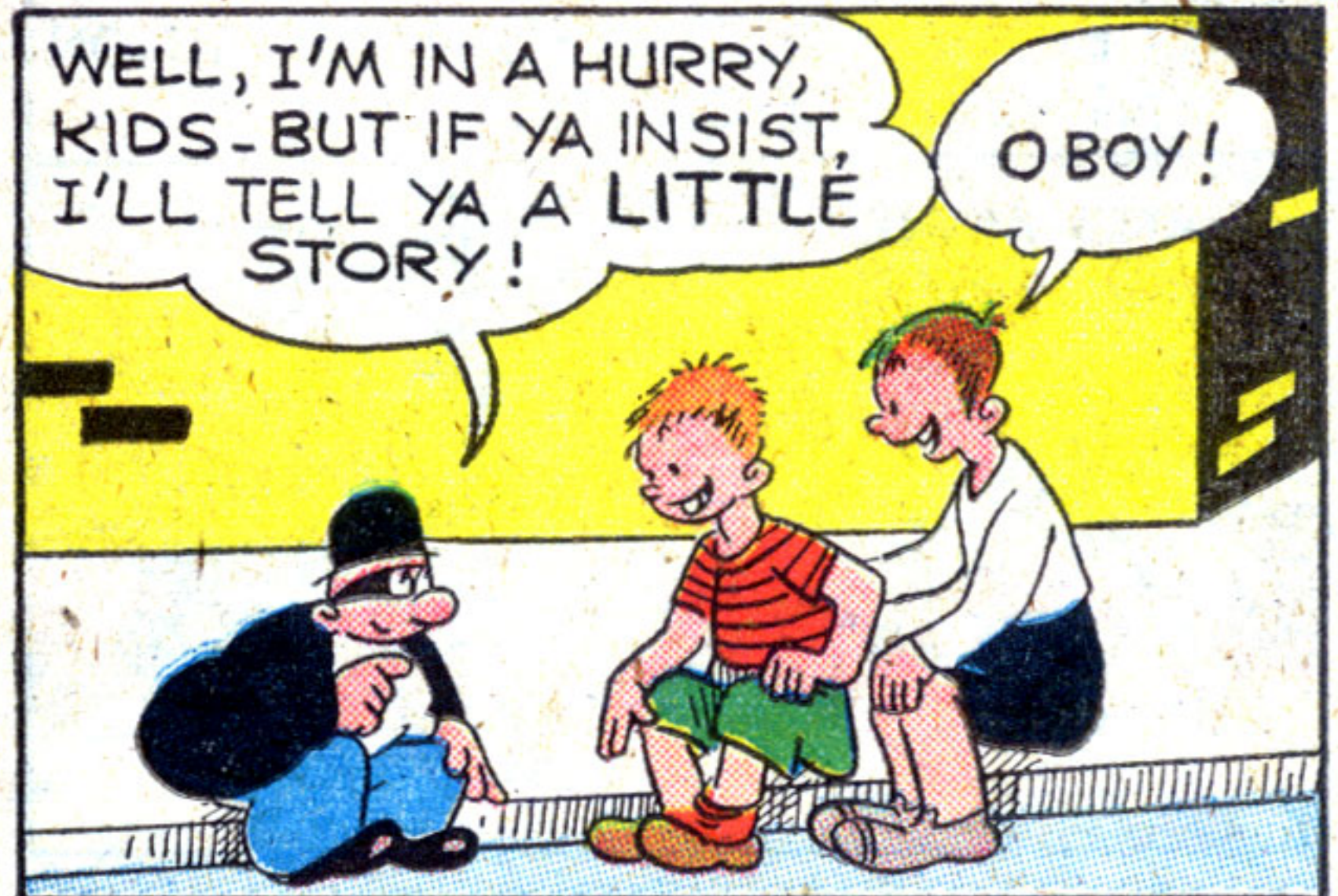
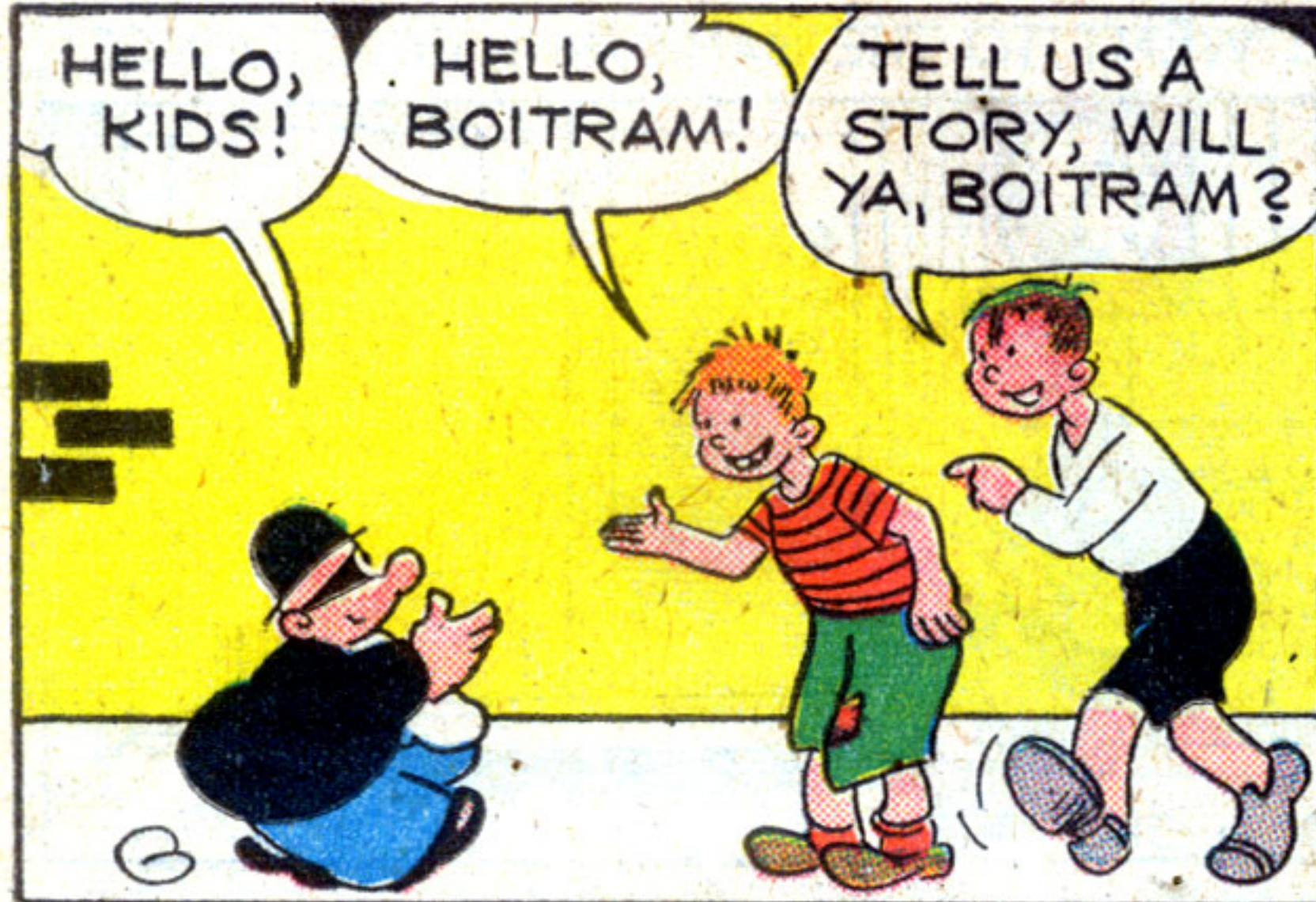


BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

IN "TWO-GUN BOITRAM"

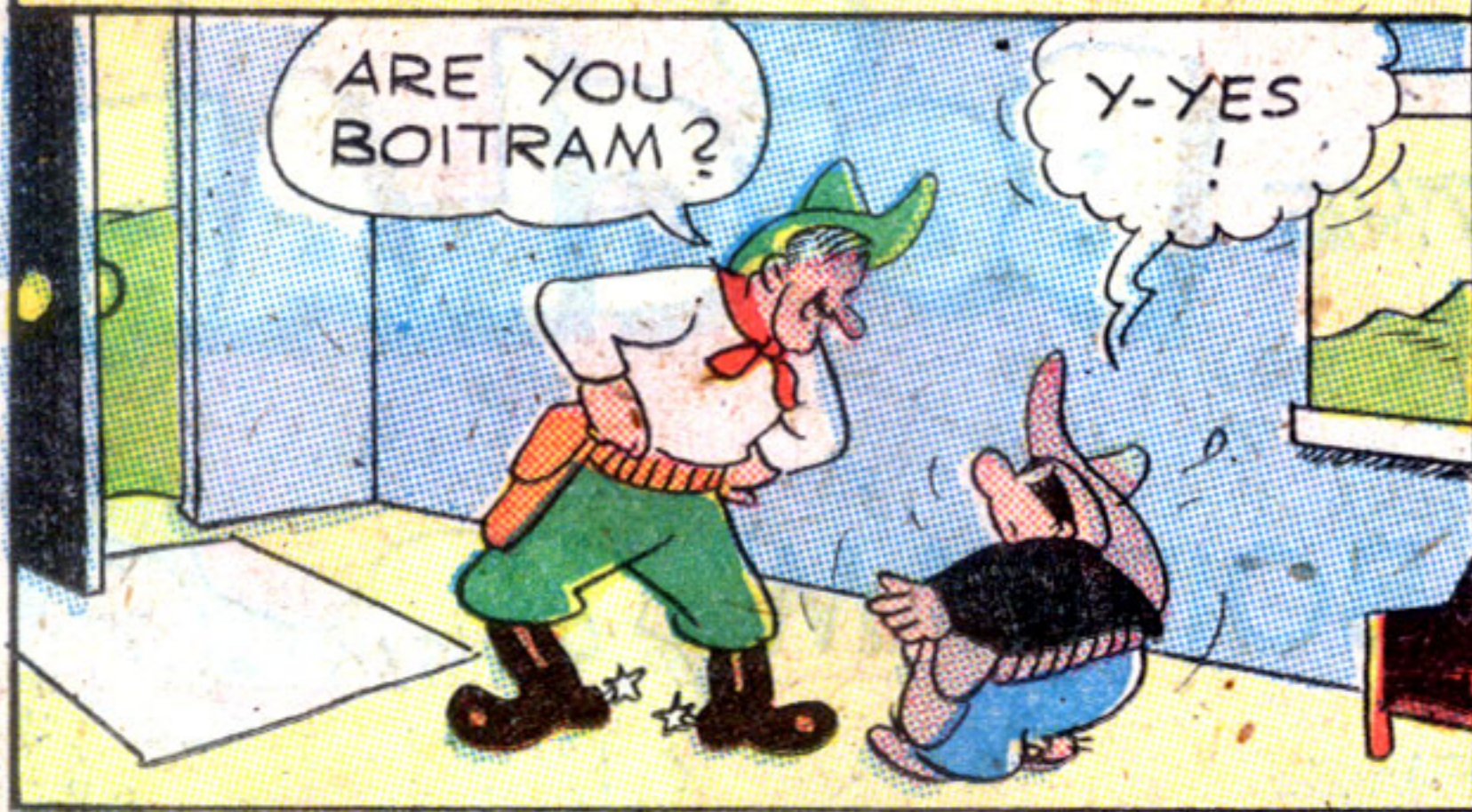
BY ART HELFANT

BANG!
BANG!

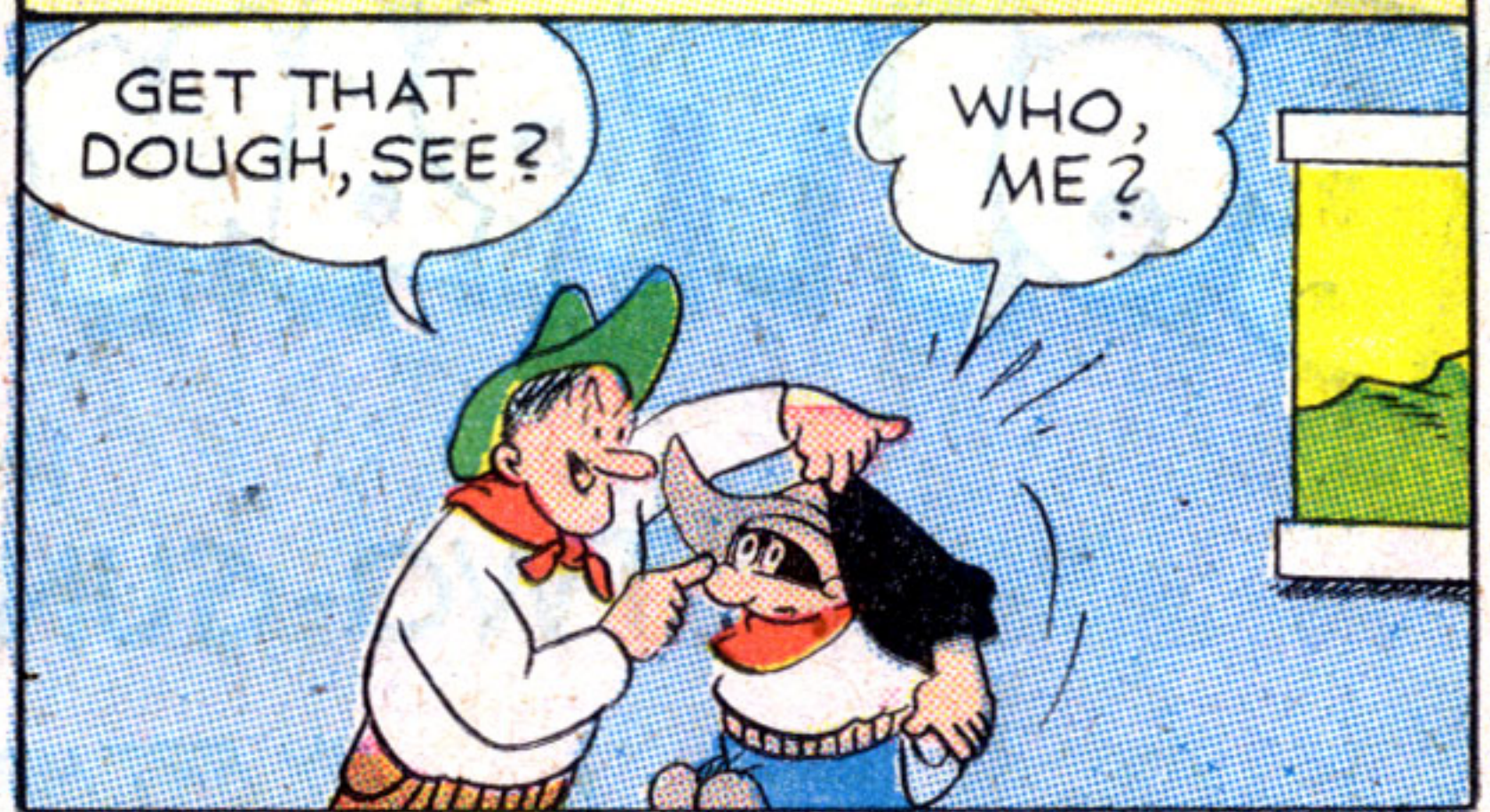


YOUNG KING COLE

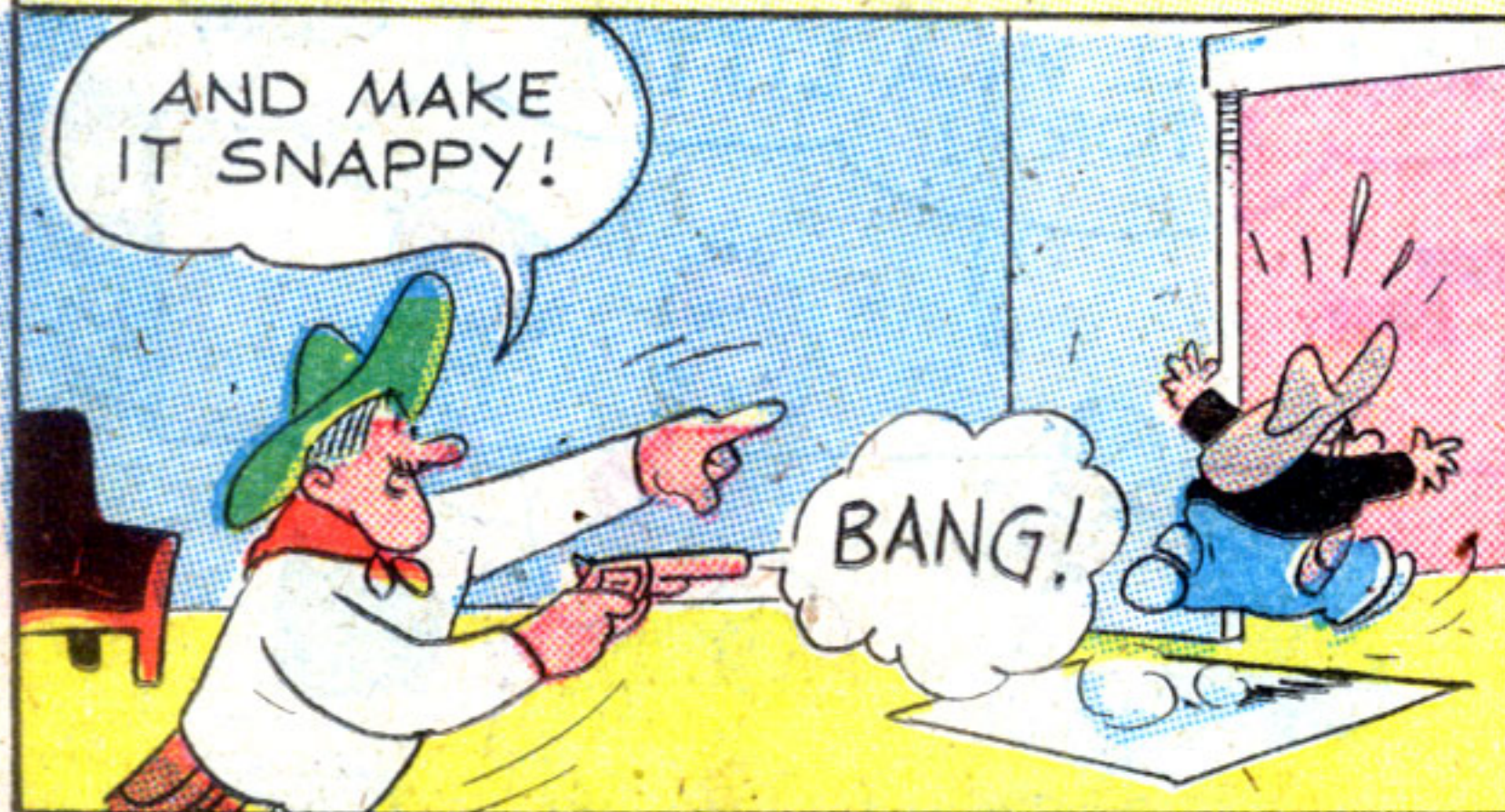
ONE DAY THE FAMOUS JESSE JAMES
CAME TO SEE ME.



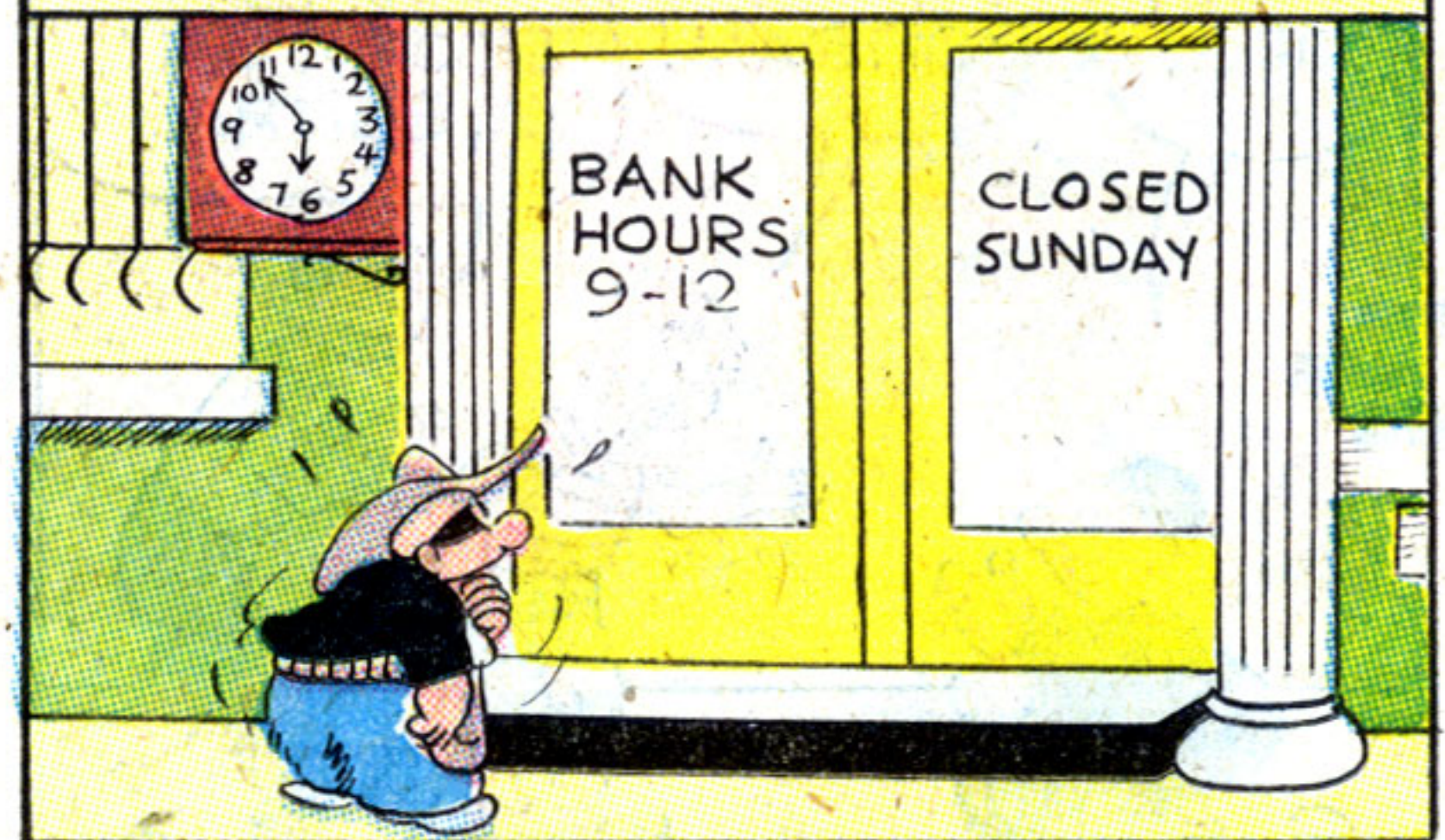
HE HAD AN INTERESTING JOB FOR ME..
HE WANTED ME TO ROB A BANK.



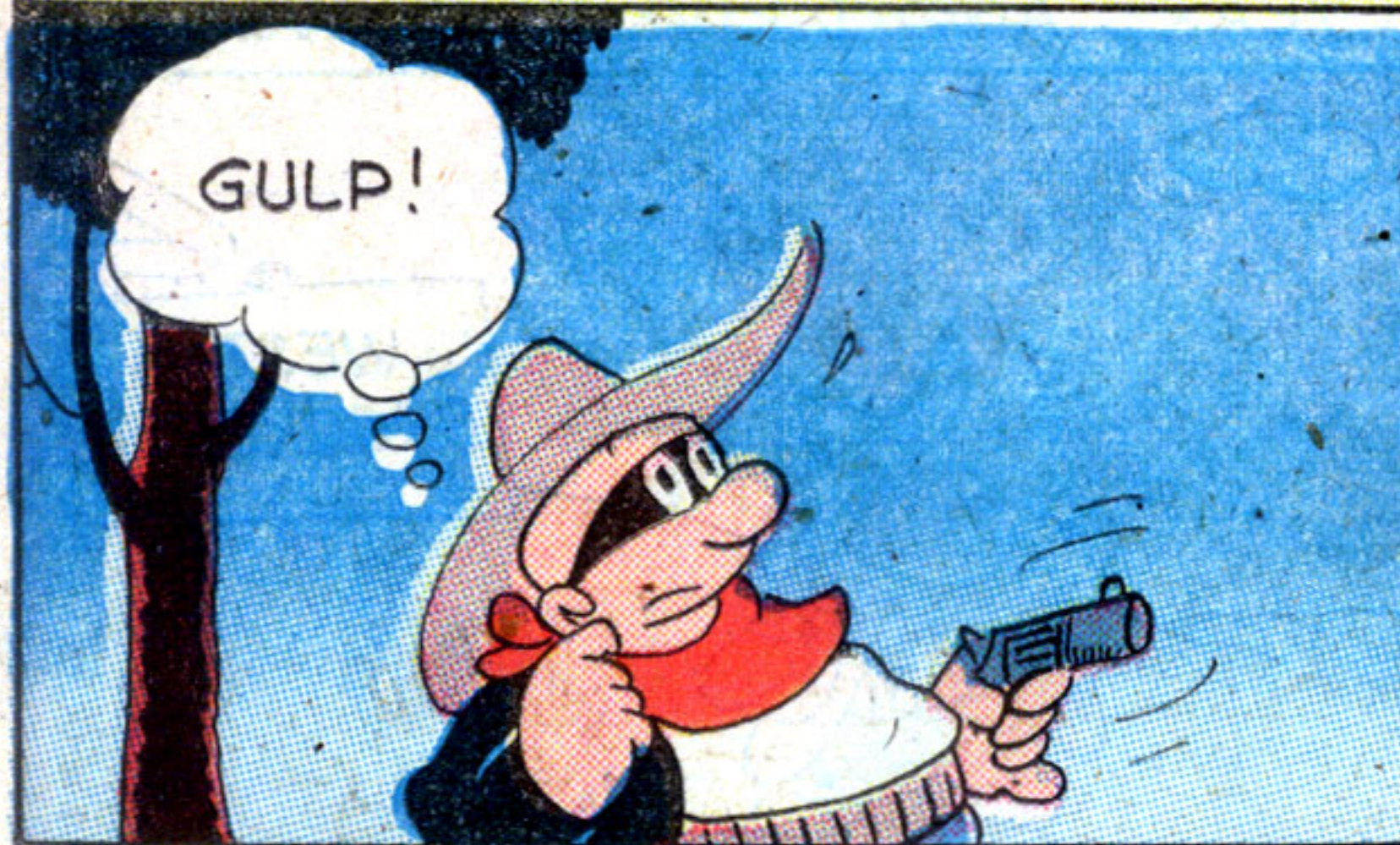
I ACCEPTED MR. JAMES'S PROPOSITION
ENTHUSIASTICALLY!



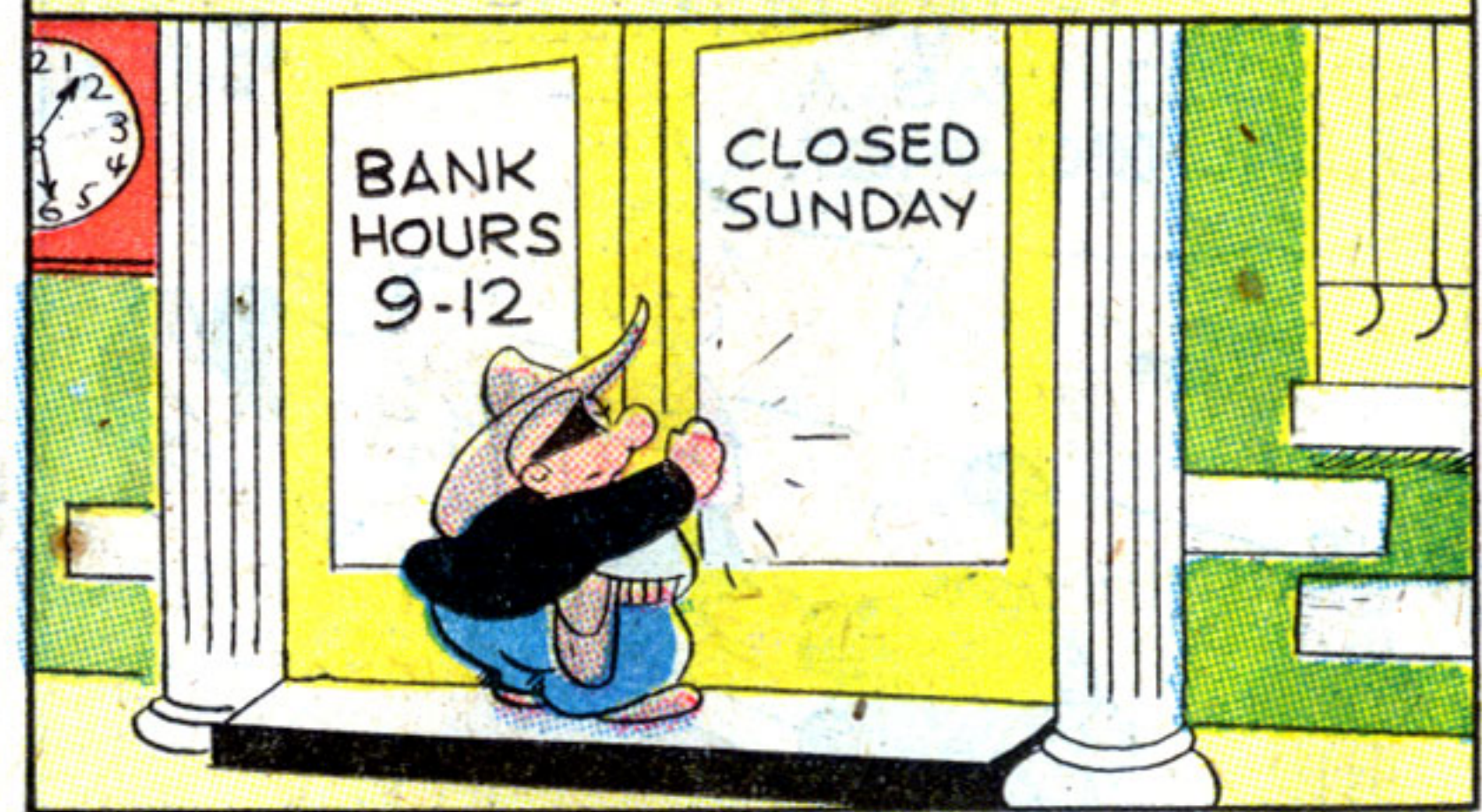
I WENT TO THE BANK WITH CONFIDENCE!



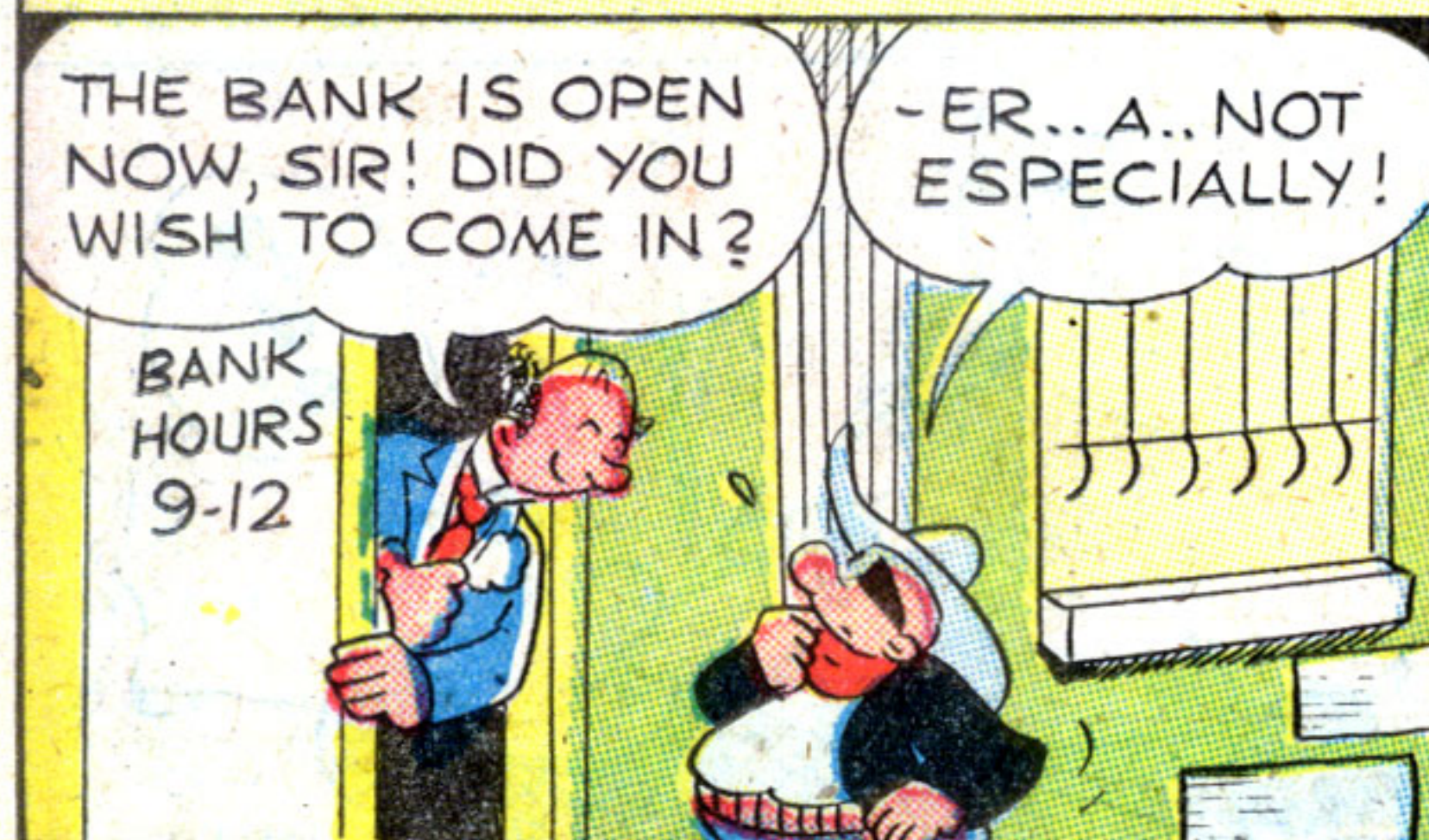
TO ME THE JOB WAS JUST ANOTHER JOB.



BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SCARED
OF ME. THE DOORS WERE BOLTED.



I FORCED THEM TO OPEN UP,



AND I BOLDLY TOLD THEM WHAT
I WAS AFTER!



THEY ALL FELL TO THE FLOOR IN TERROR !!!

HAW. HAW!

HA, HA, HA!

HEE, HEE!

HA, HA!

BOW WOW!

?!

TELLER

HAW, HAW, HAW!!

SO I HELPED MYSELF - THERE WAS
\$ 3,000,000.00!

I AIN'T GOT
TIME TO COUNT
IT ALL.

HAW!
HAW!!

I'LL TAKE \$2,999,999.00-
HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR
YOU!

THANK
YOU!

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF MY STORY!

THAT WAS A SWELL STORY!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MONEY, BOITRAM?

...ER.. I GAVE IT ALL BACK TO THE BANK!!

?!?

YES, SIR! I GAVE IT ALL BACK! EVERY CENT OF IT!!

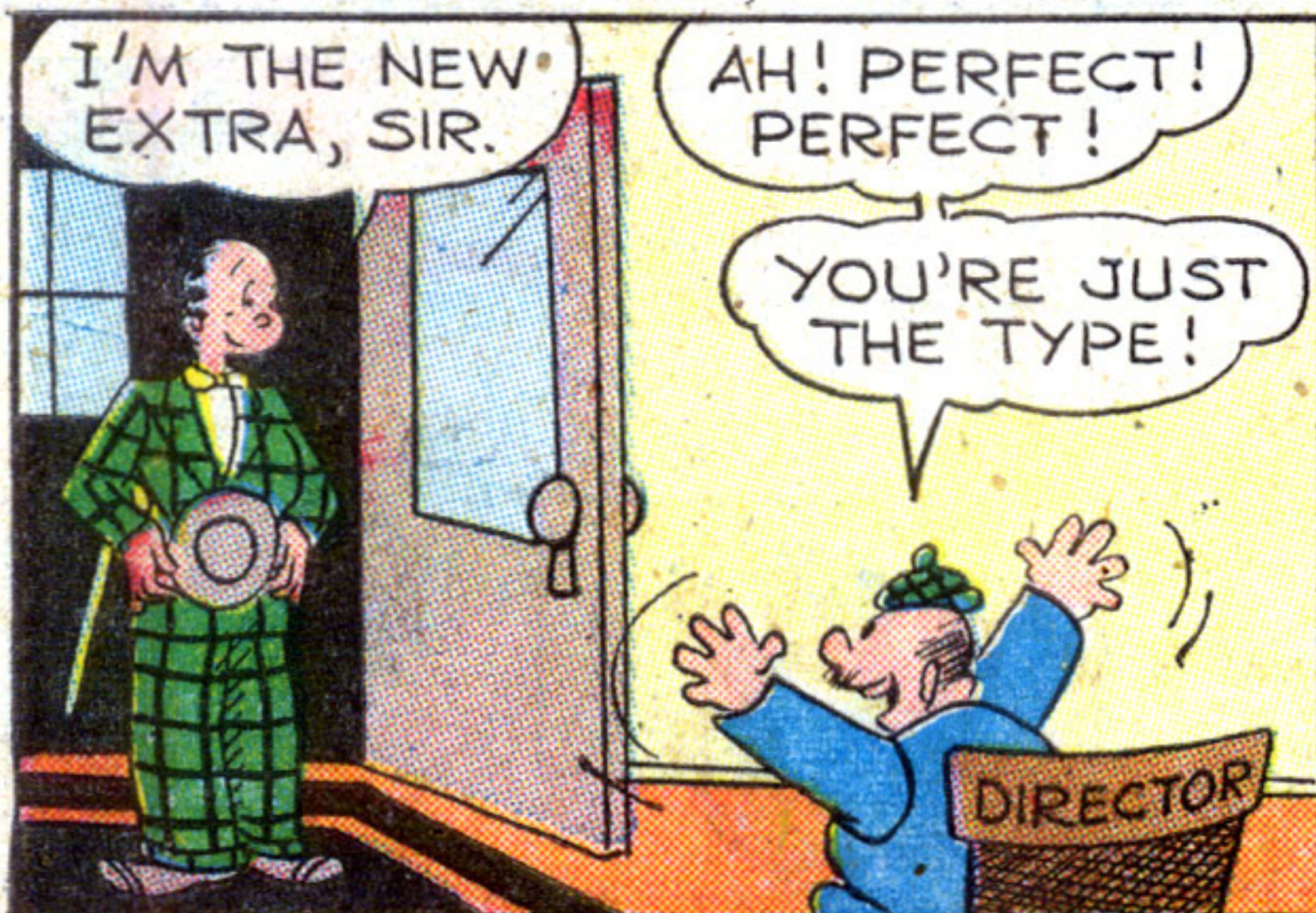
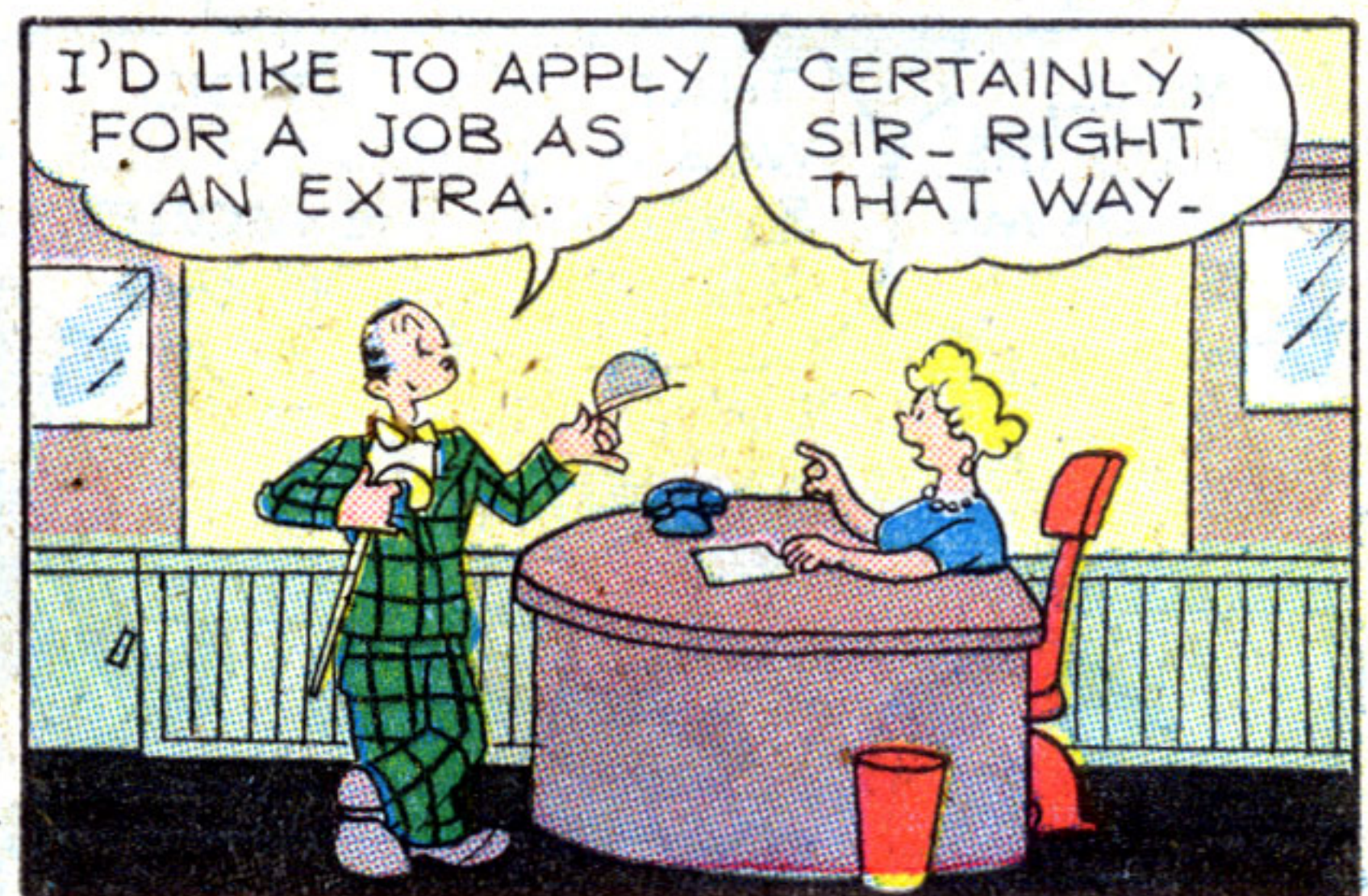
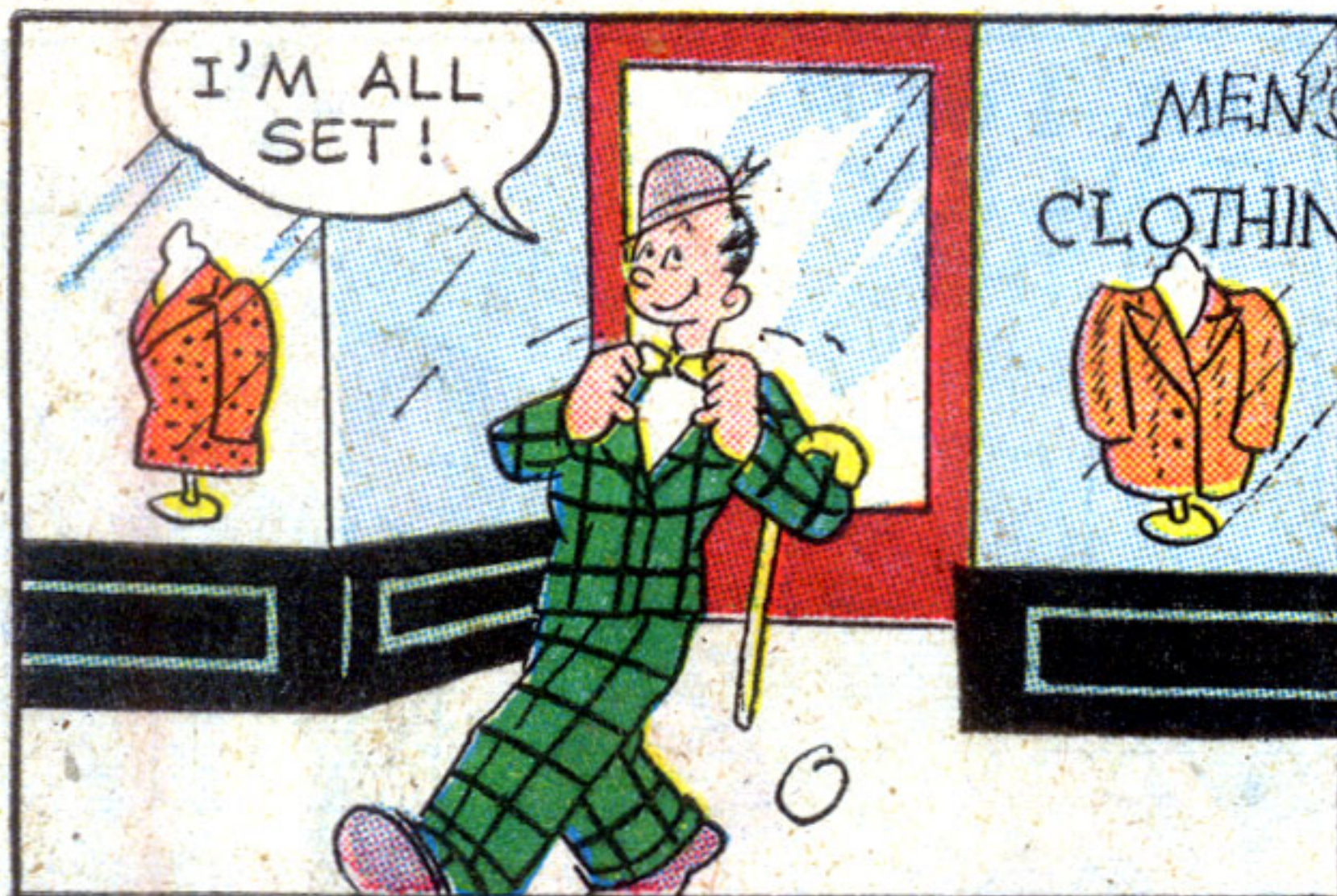
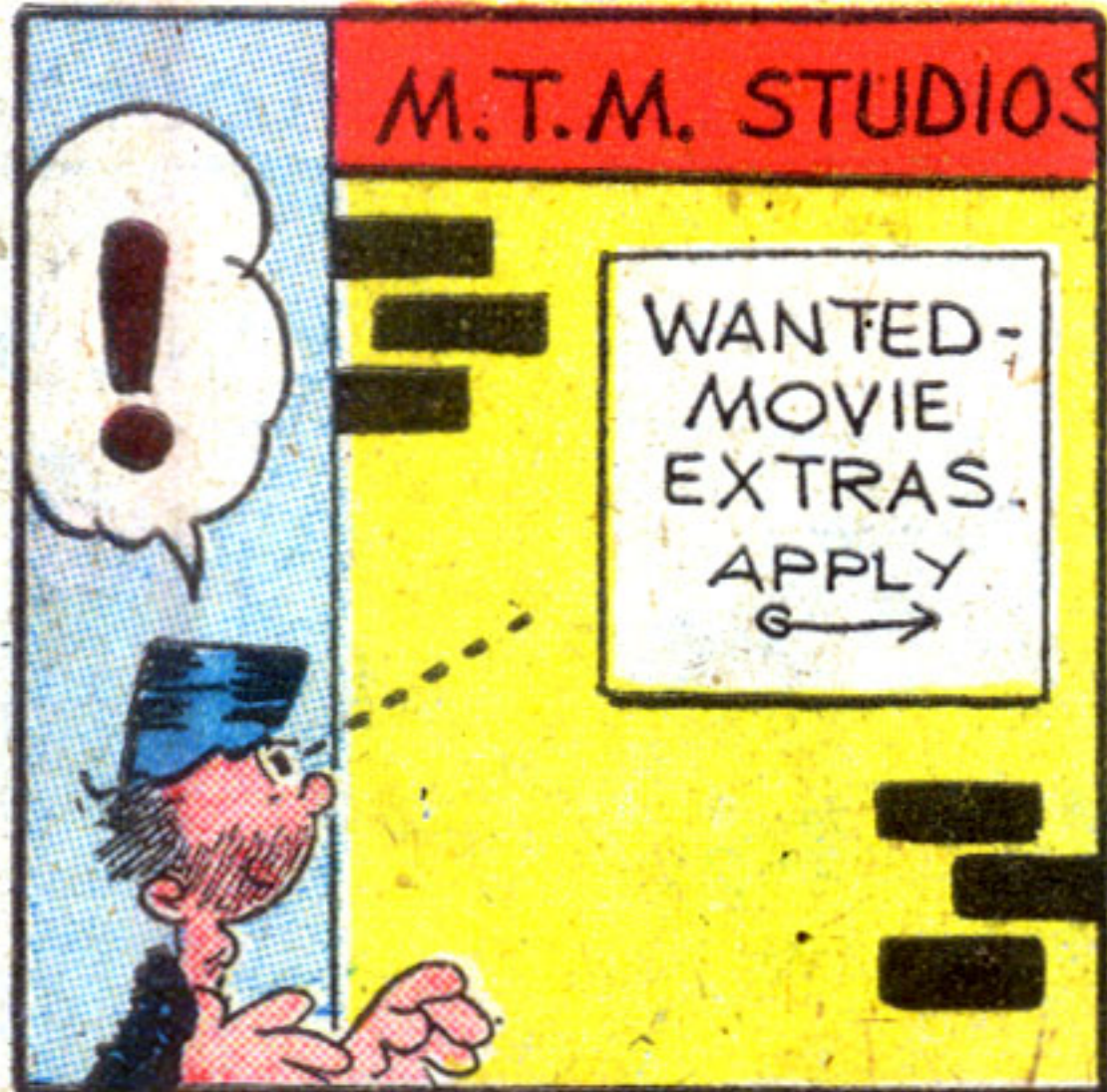
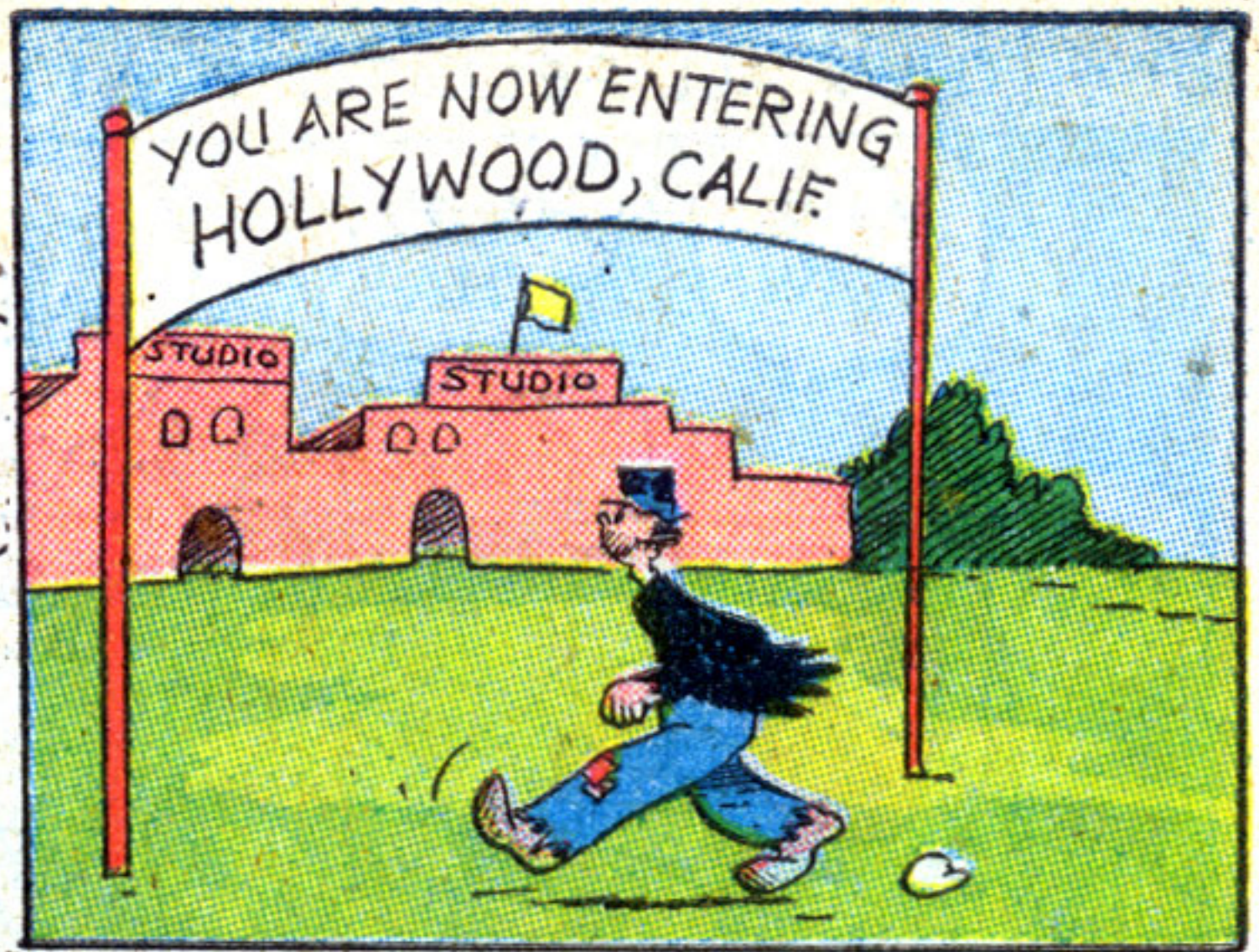
TAP! TAP!

I WAS ONLY KIDDING!!!

3

WEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

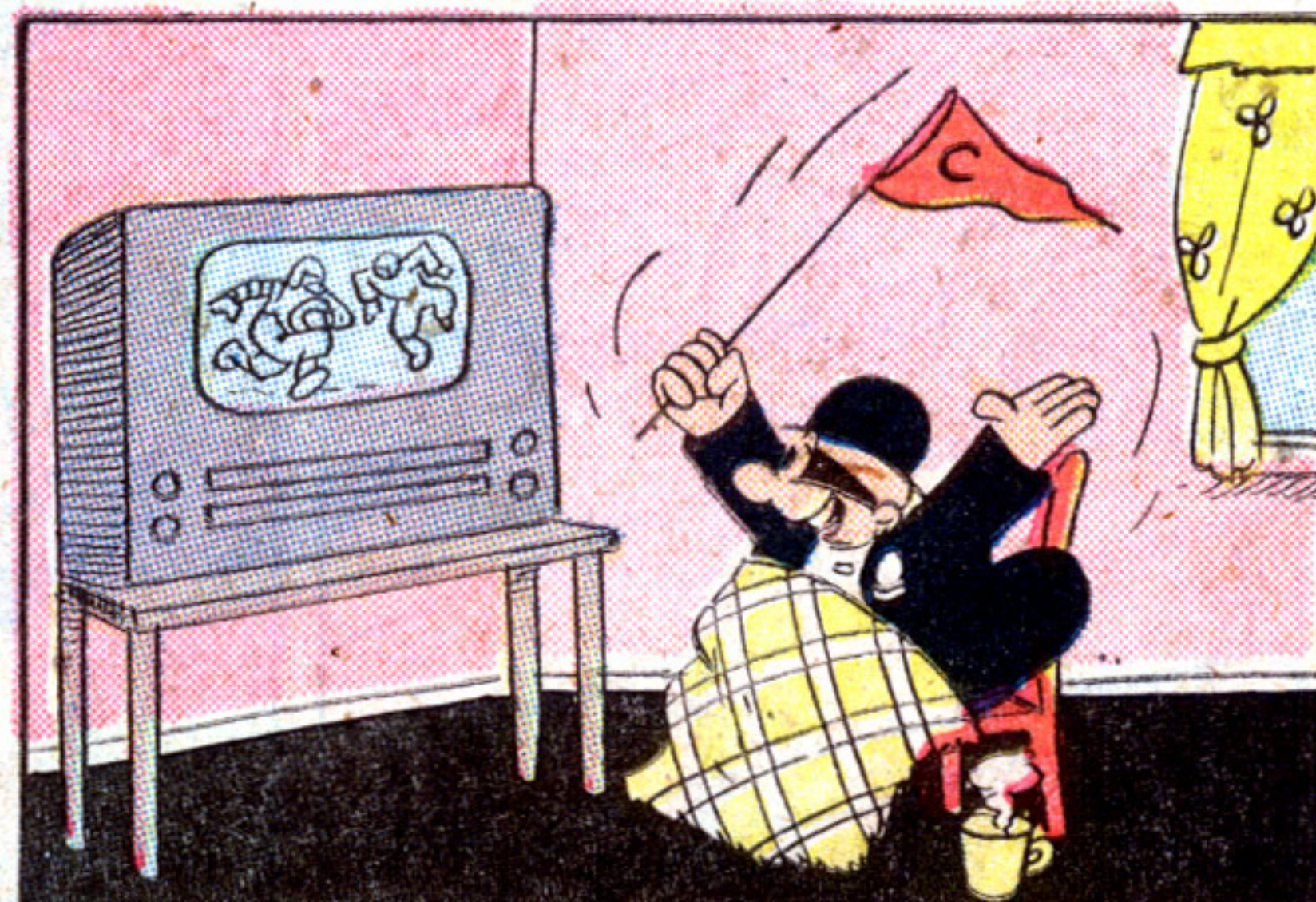
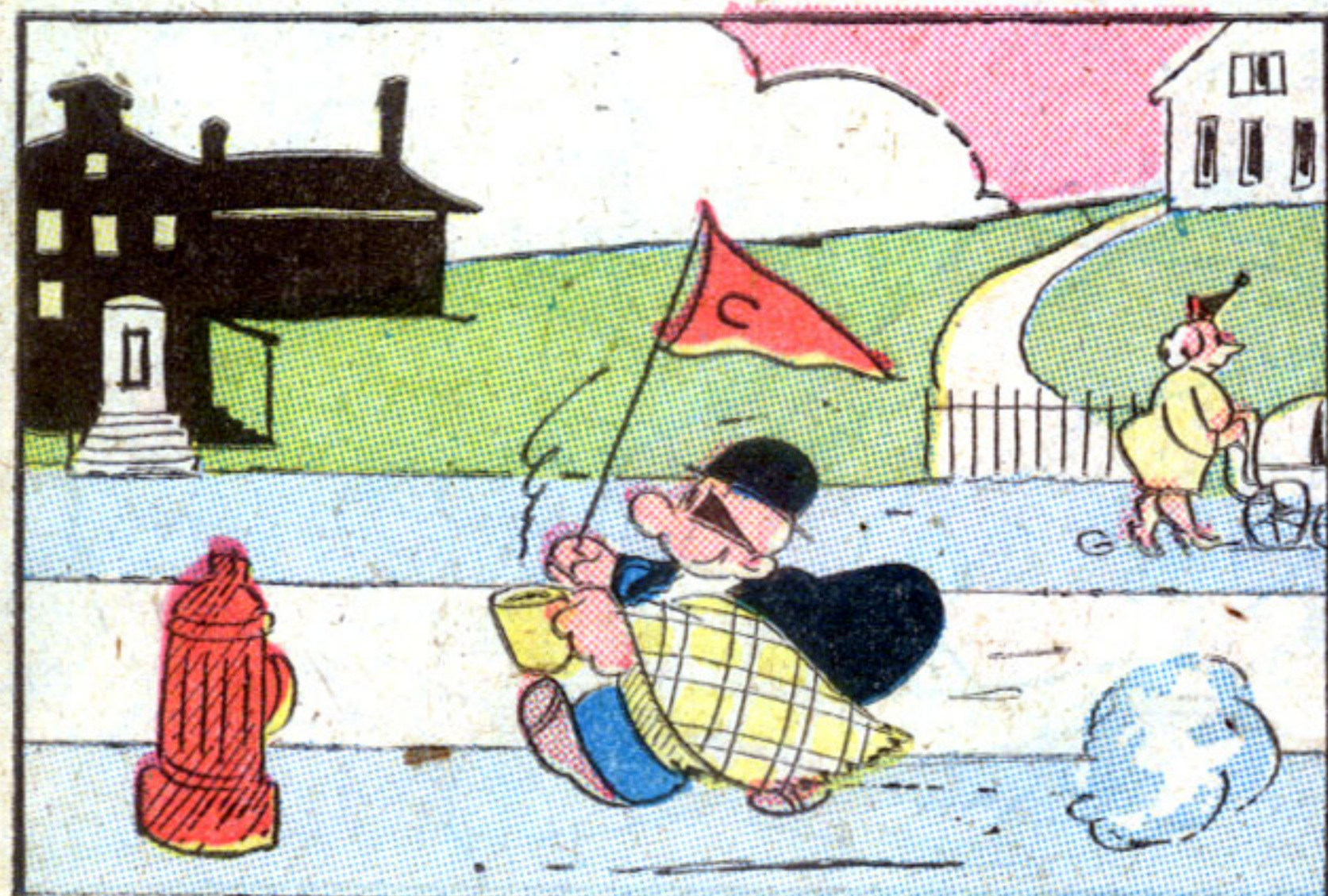
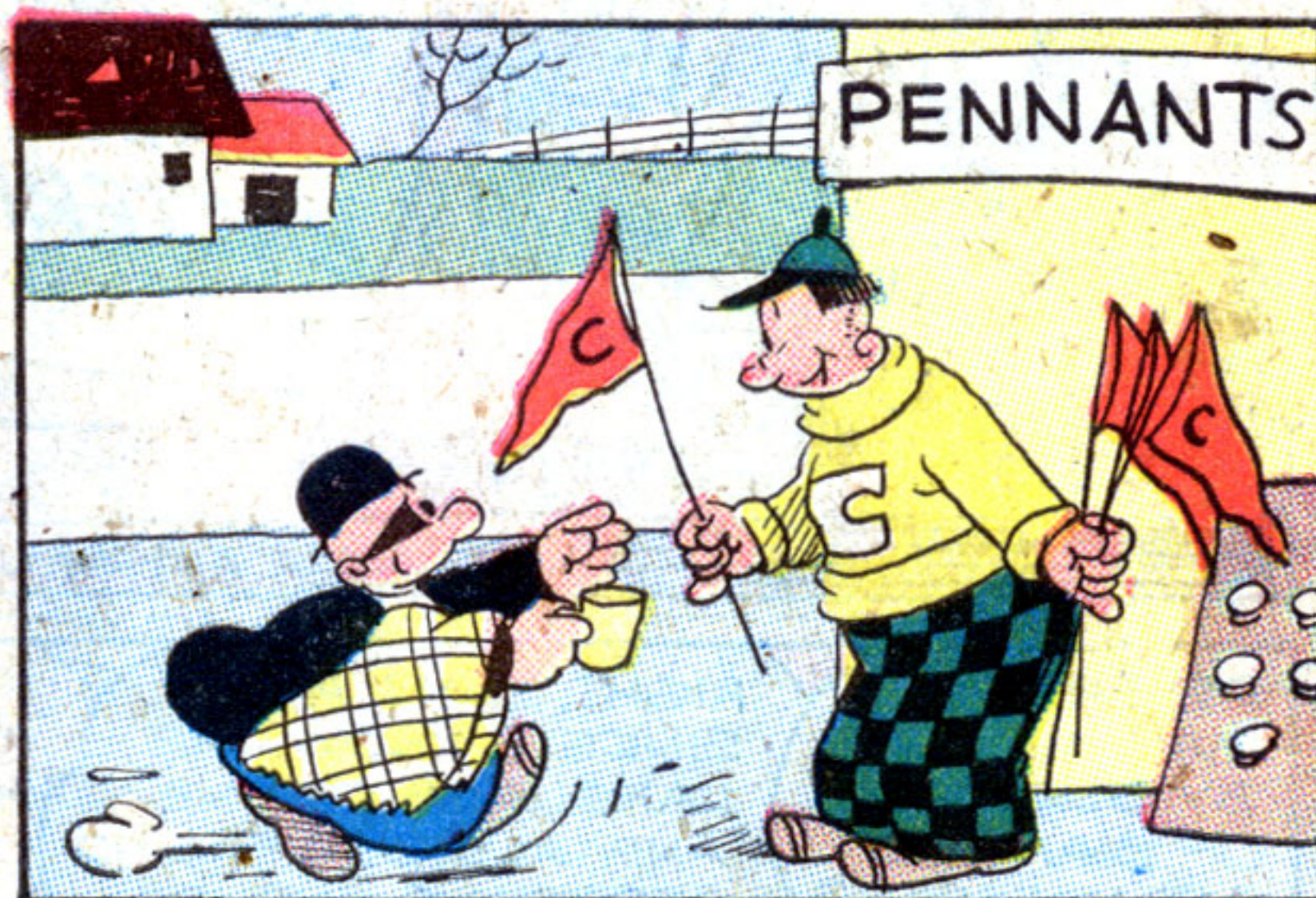
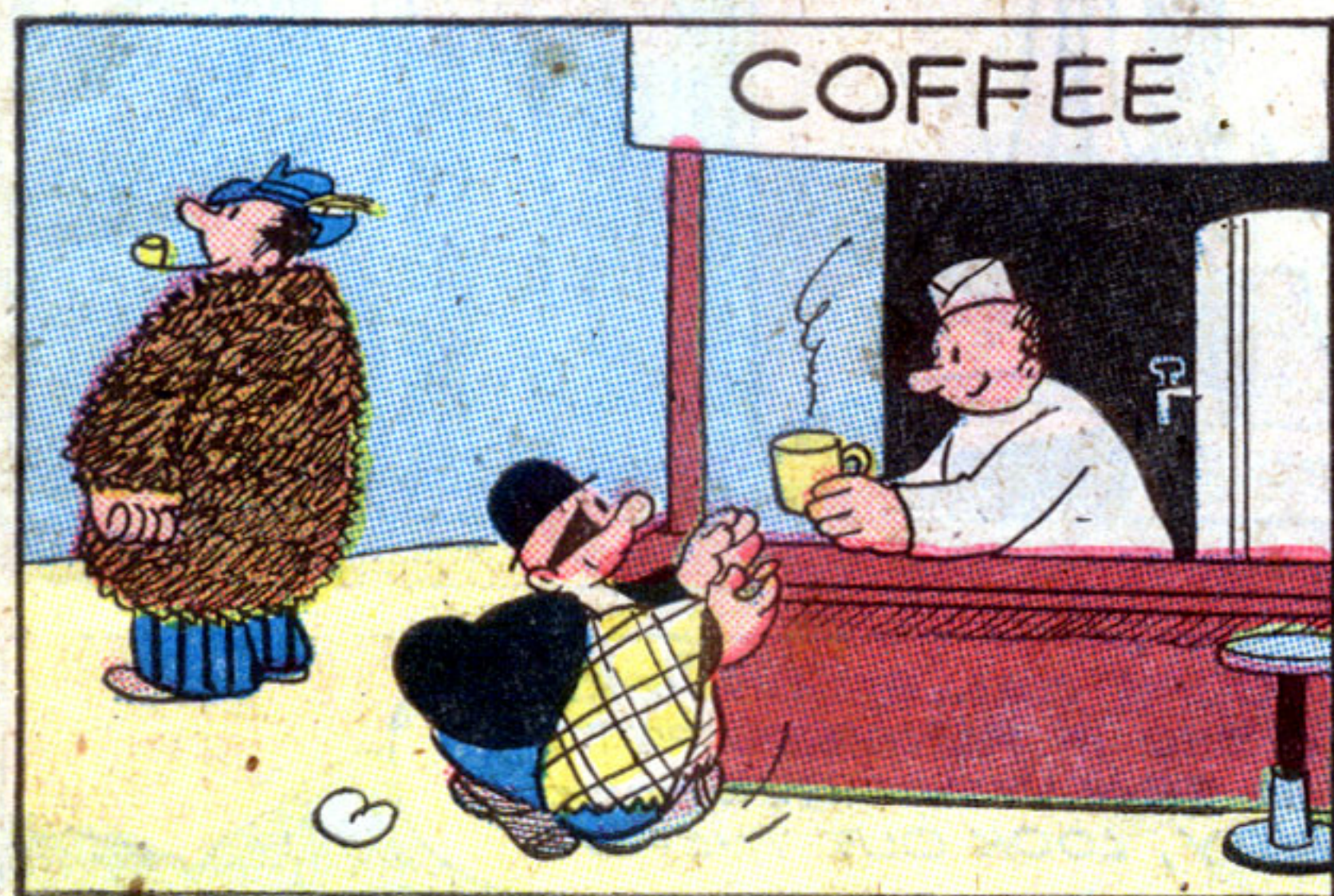
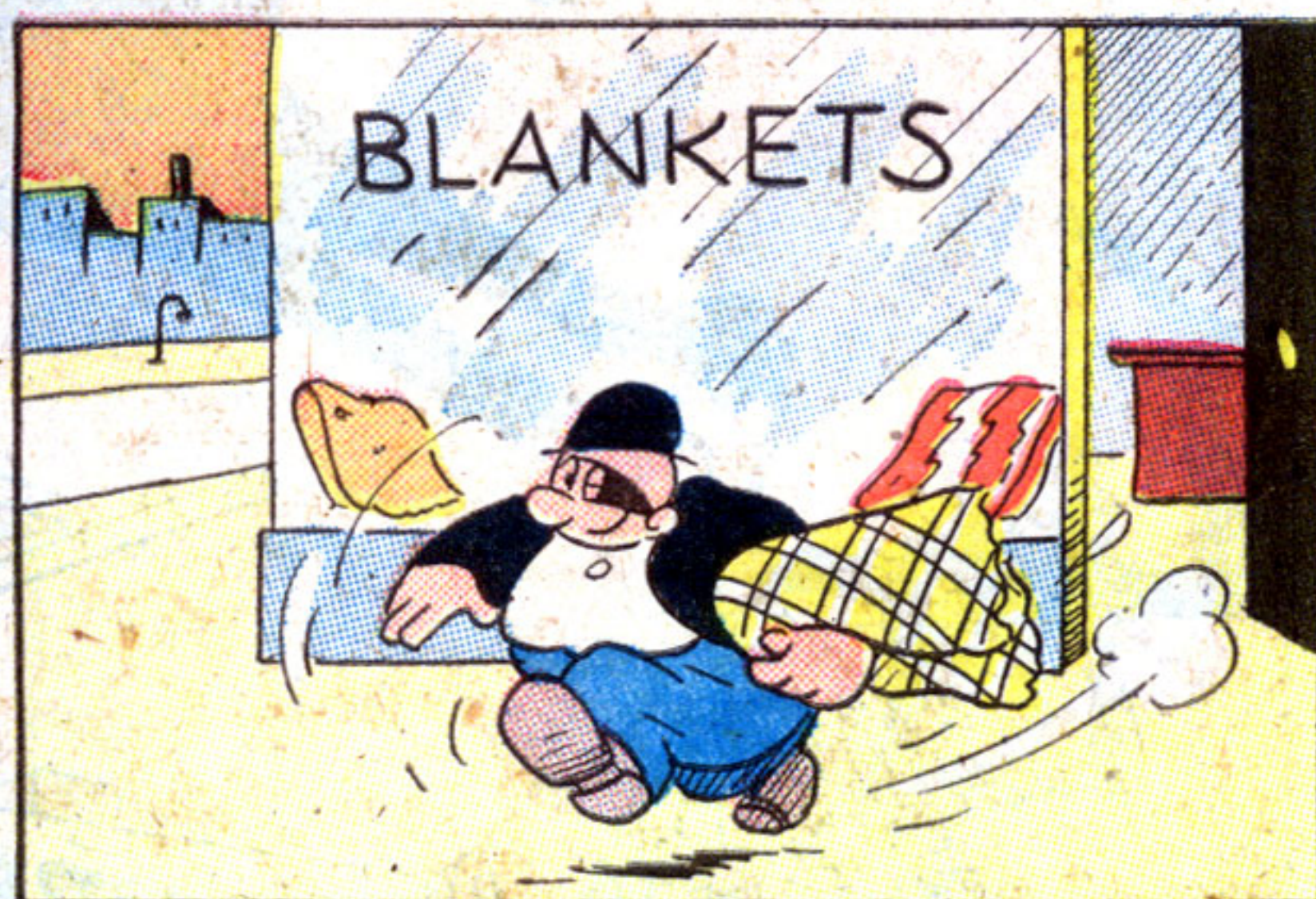
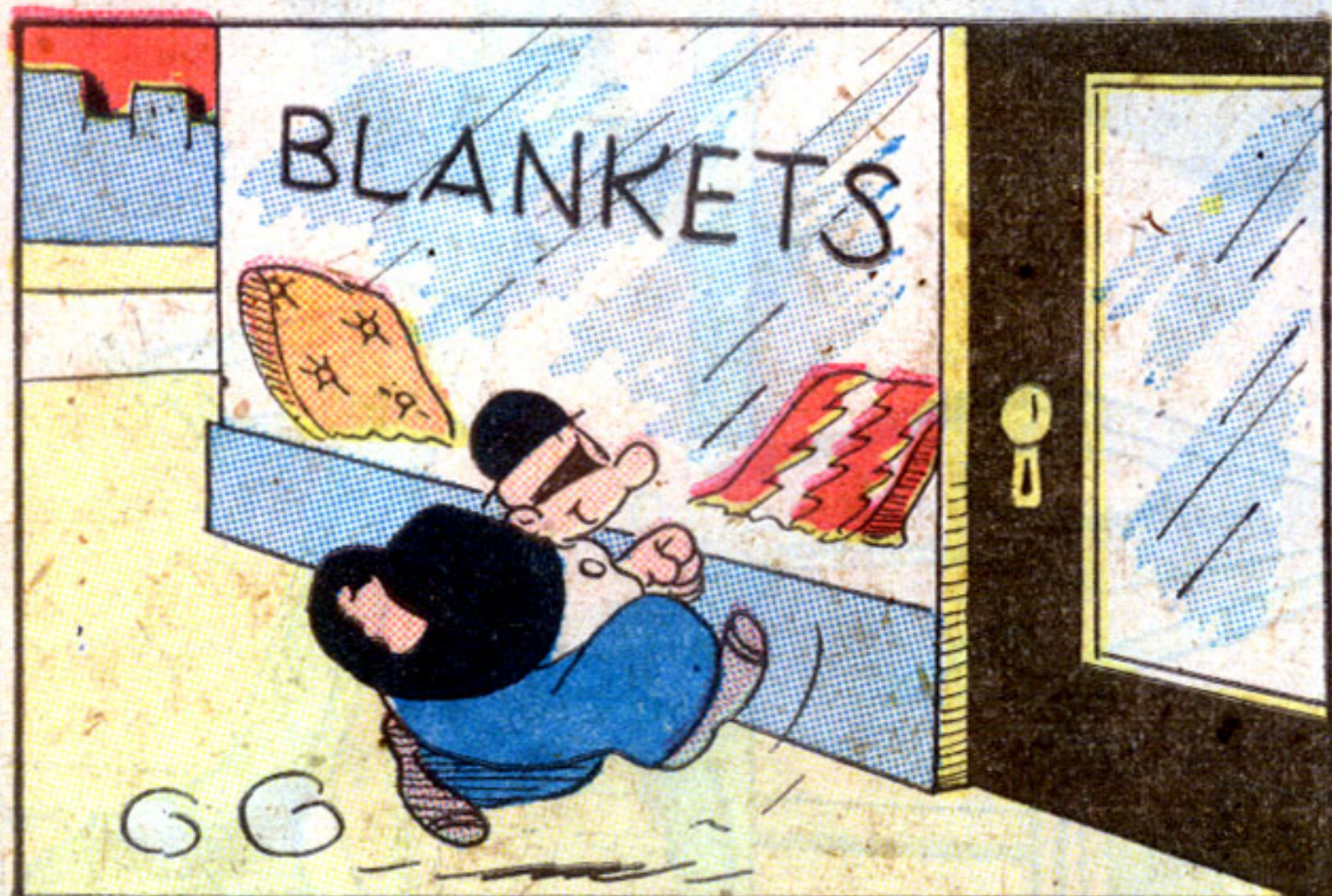
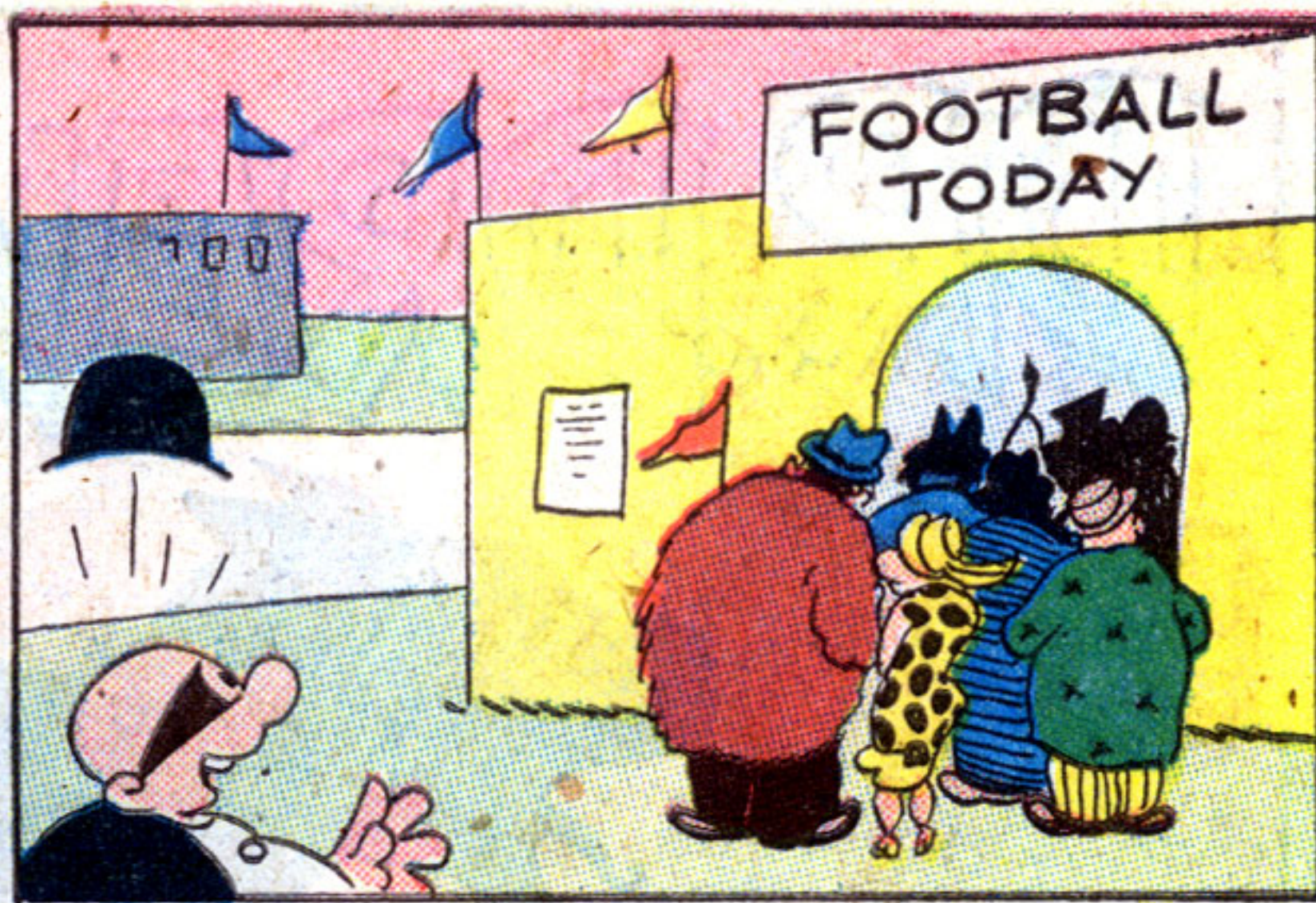
BY ART HELFANT



YOUNG KING COLE

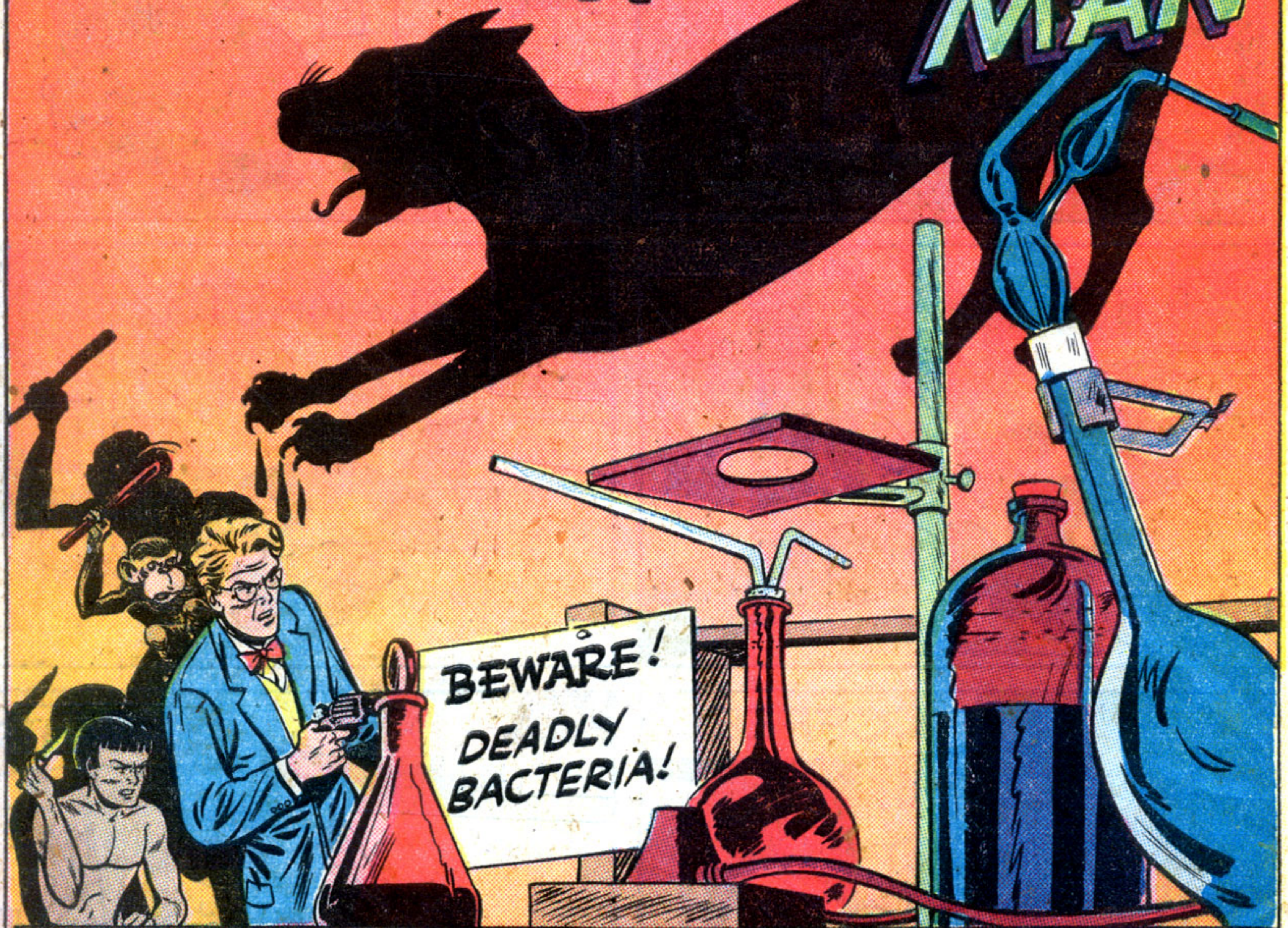
BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



YOUNG KING COLE

DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN



ART BY JOE CERTA.

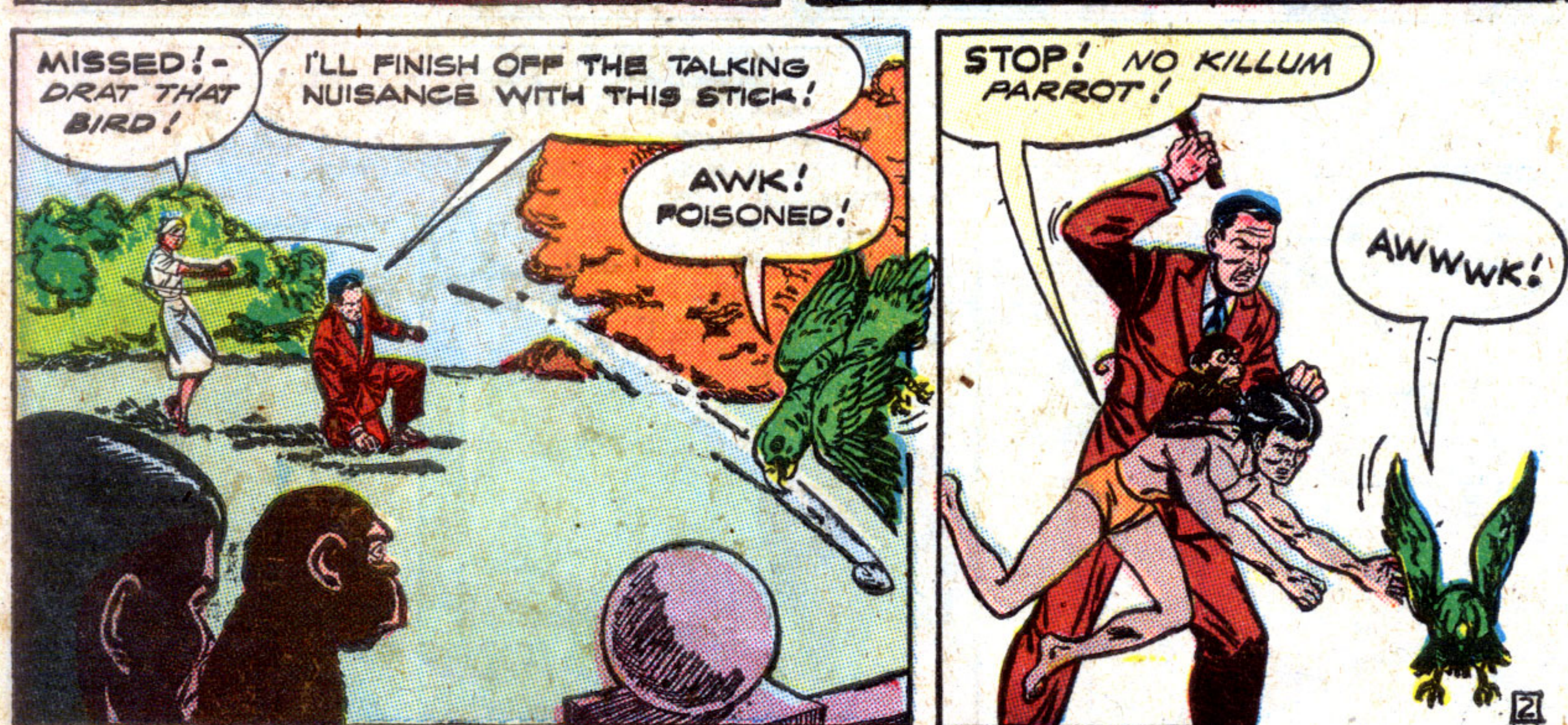
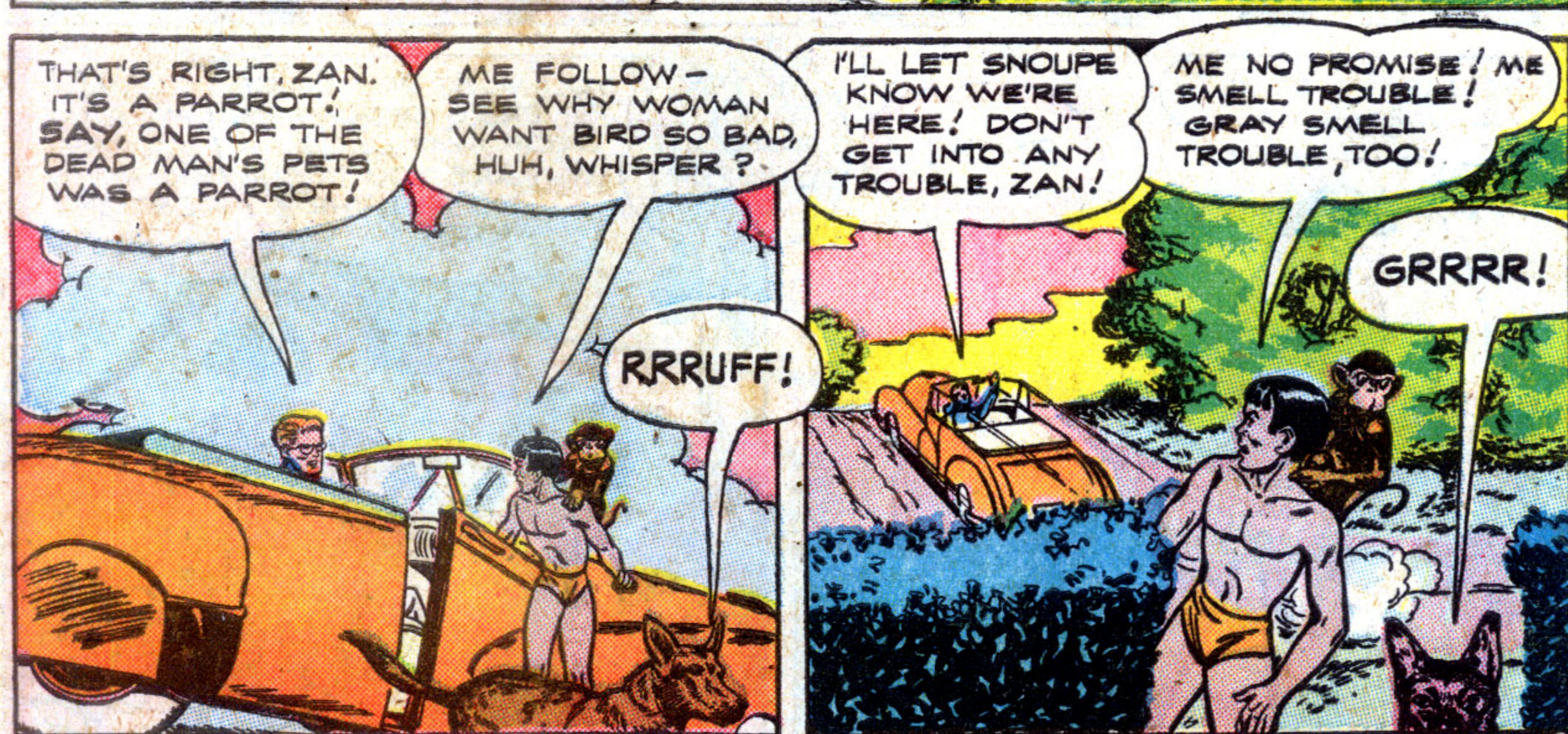
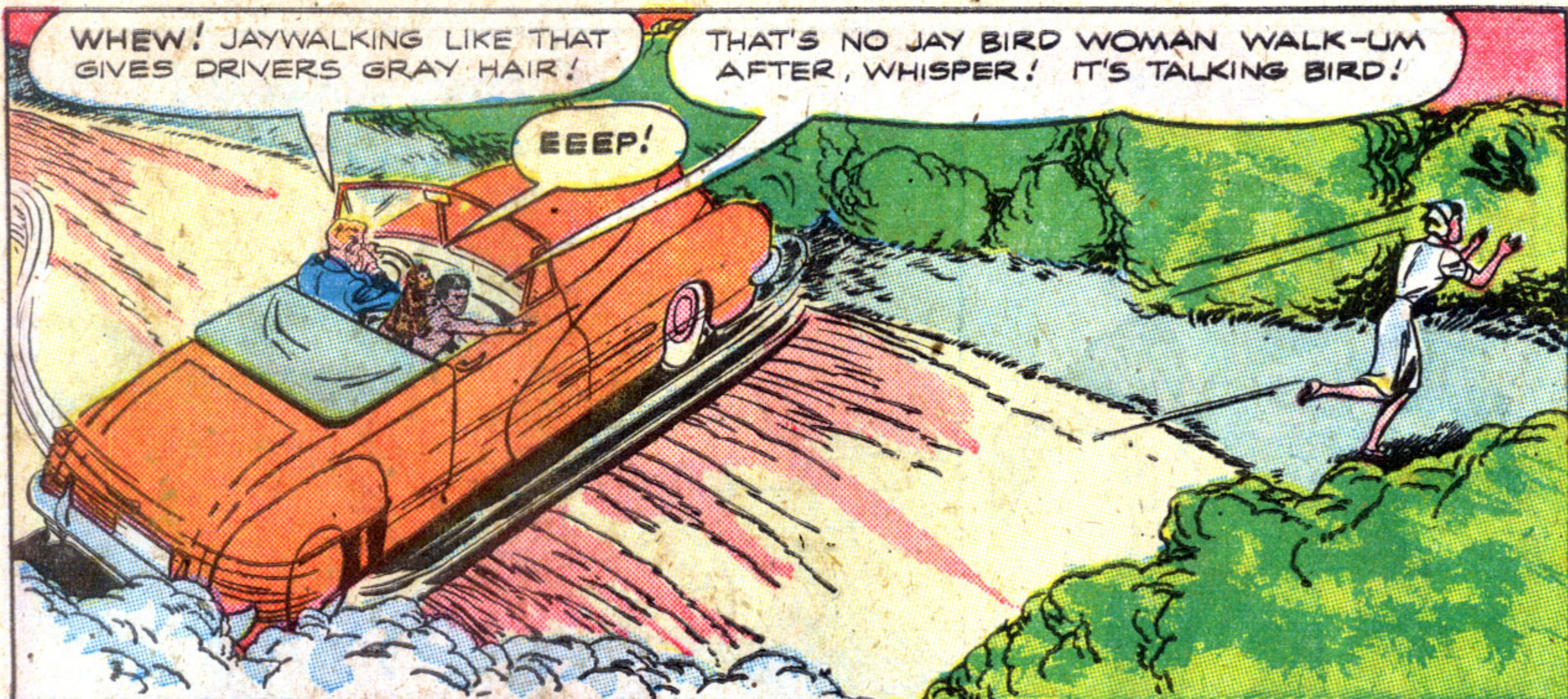
REVERE IS
MAN KILLED
BY SCRATCH
OF SIAMESE
CAT, WHISPER?

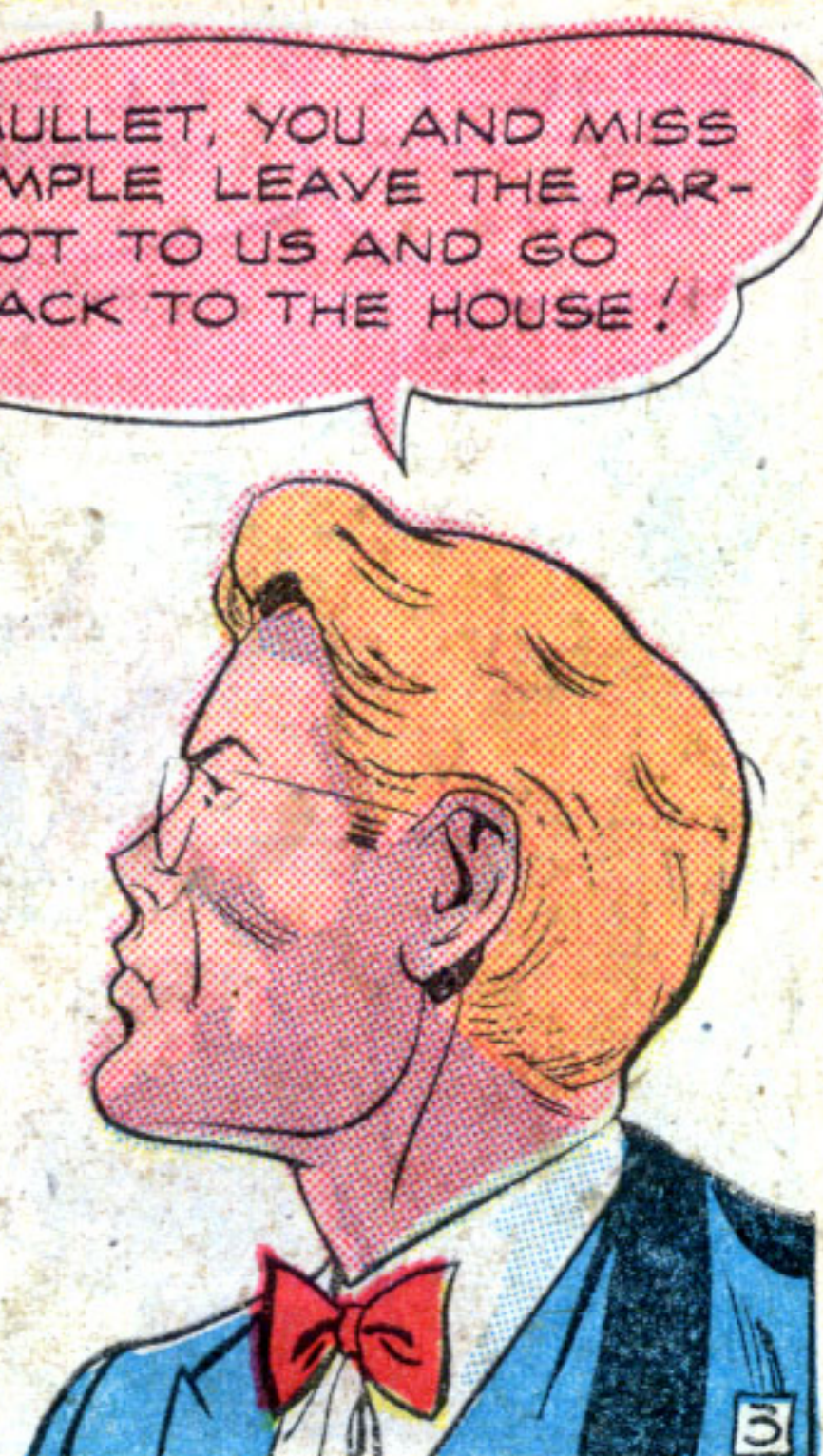
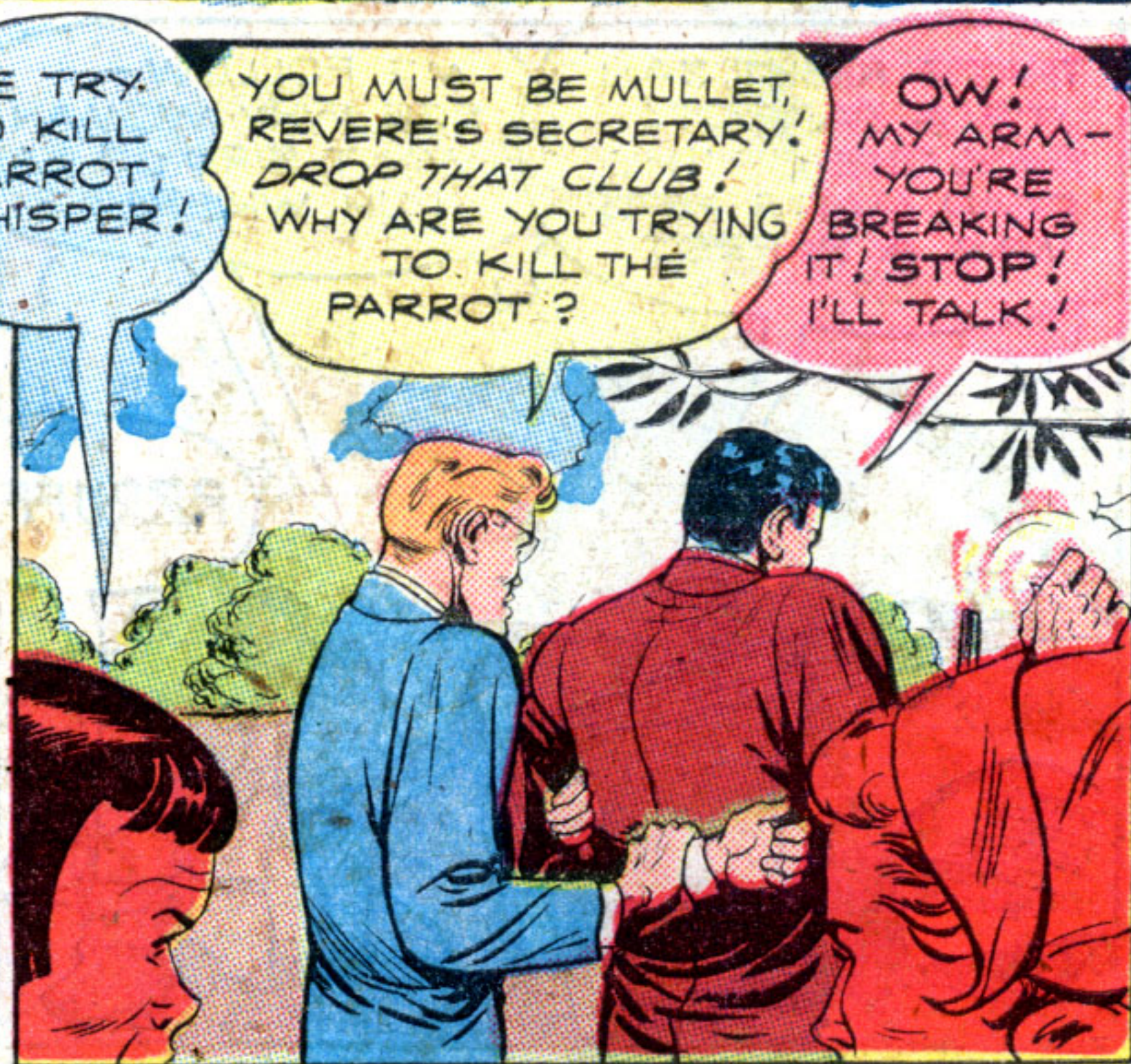
RIGHT, ZAN! AND
SINCE I KNOW THE
LANGUAGE OF THE
ANIMALS, OUR FRIEND
DETECTIVE SNOUPE
WANTS MY HELP!

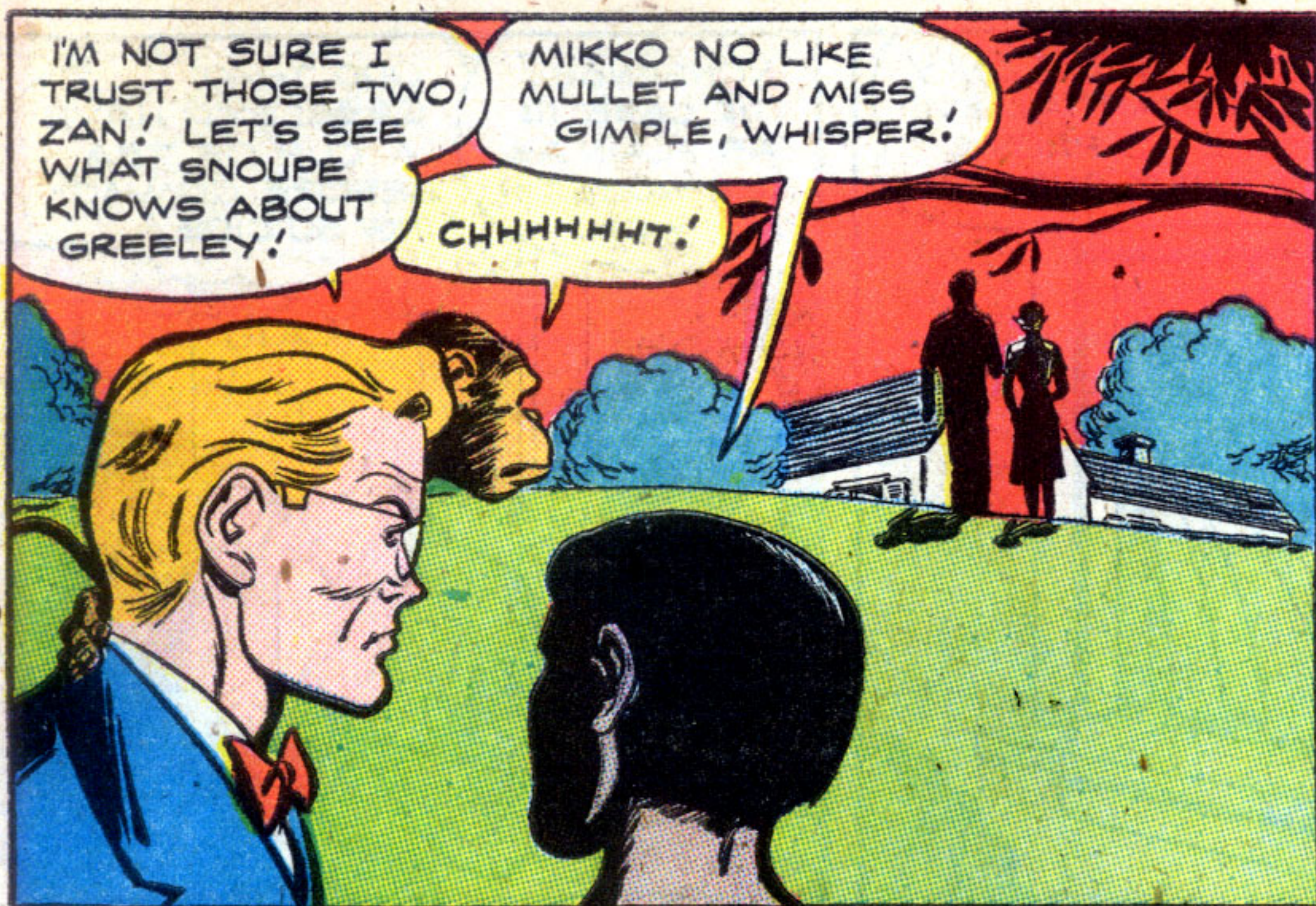
SNOUPE CALLED US HERE
TO SEE IF REVERE'S PET CAT
IS REALLY VICIOUS ----
HEY, LOOK OUT THERE!

COUNTRY
HOME OF
BERTRAM
REVERE

SCREECH!



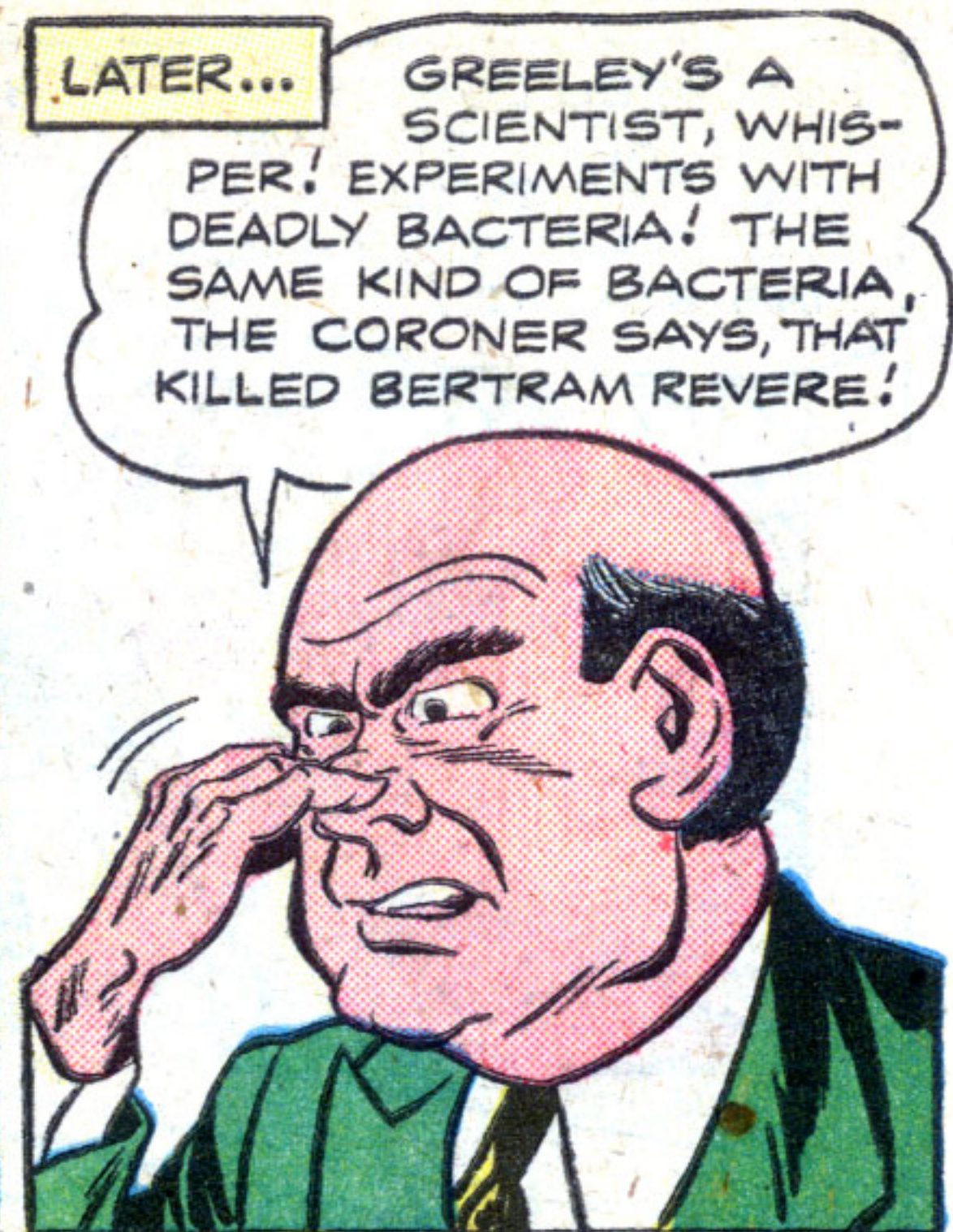




I'M NOT SURE I TRUST THOSE TWO, ZAN! LET'S SEE WHAT SNOUPE KNOWS ABOUT GREELEY!

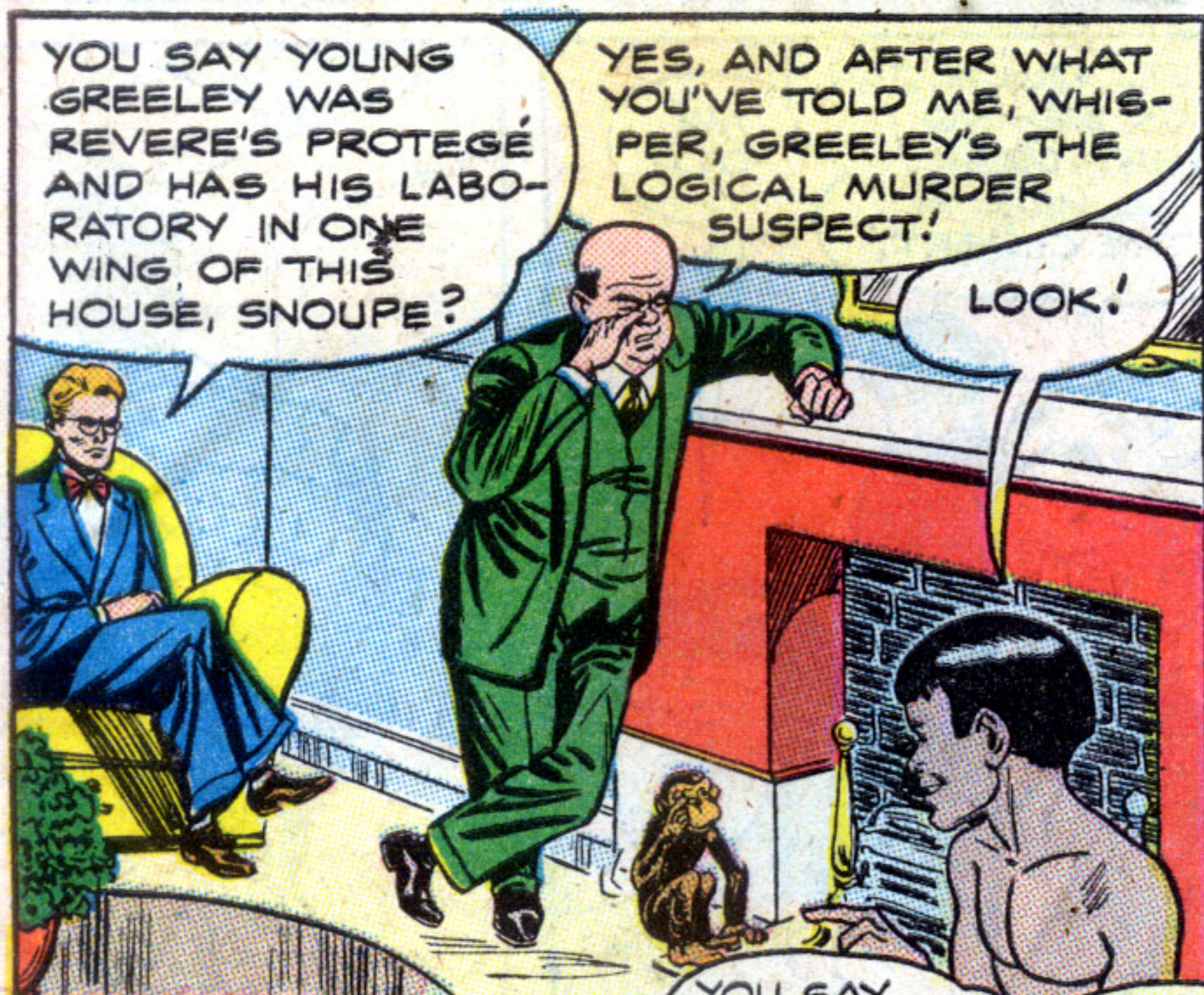
MIKKO NO LIKE MULLET AND MISS GIMPLE, WHISPER!

CHHHHHHT!



LATER...

GREELEY'S A SCIENTIST, WHISPER! EXPERIMENTS WITH DEADLY BACTERIA! THE SAME KIND OF BACTERIA, THE CORONER SAYS, THAT KILLED BERTRAM REVERE!



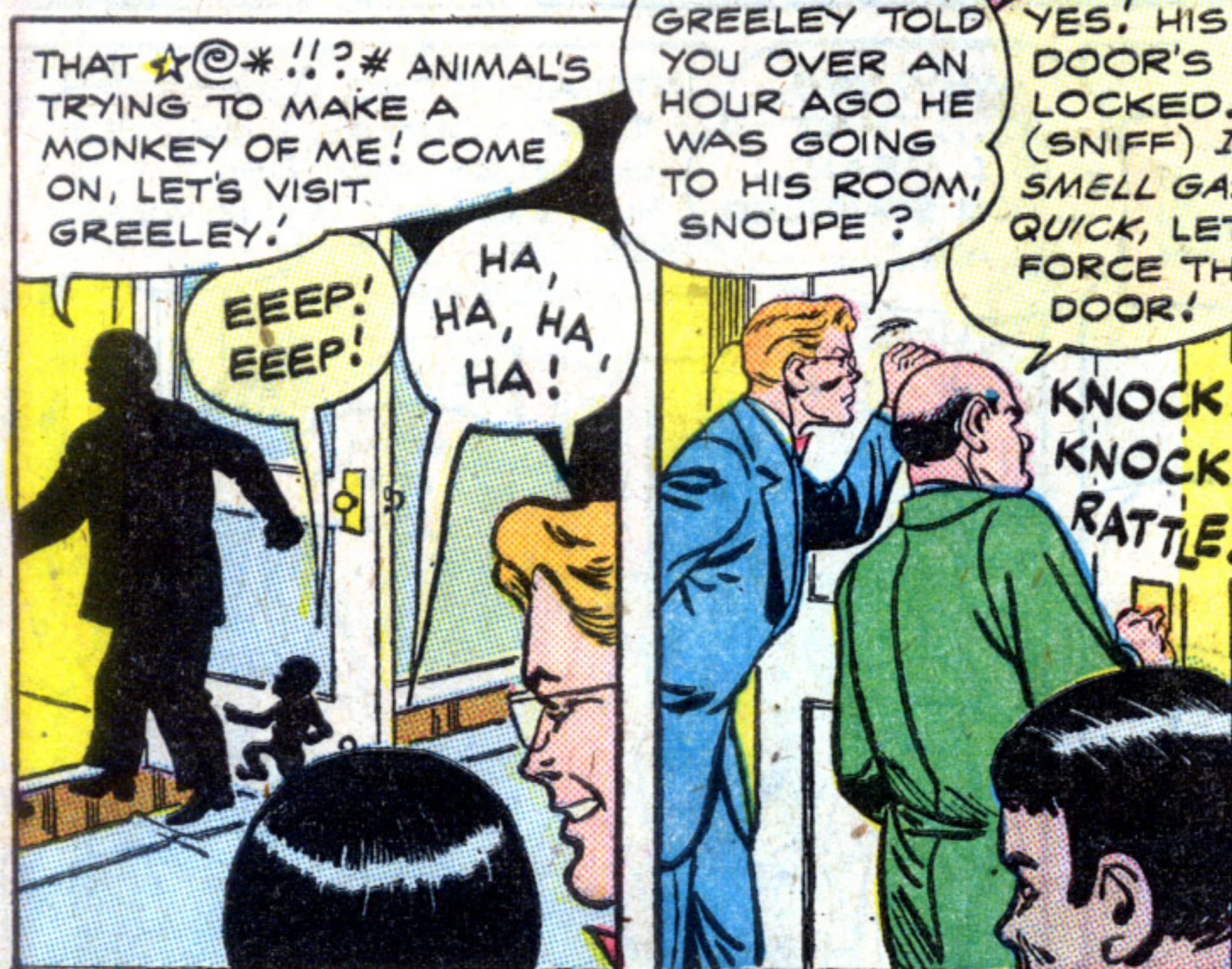
YOU SAY YOUNG GREELEY WAS REVERE'S PROTEGE AND HAS HIS LABORATORY IN ONE WING OF THIS HOUSE, SNOUPE?

YES, AND AFTER WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, WHISPER, GREELEY'S THE LOGICAL MURDER SUSPECT!

LOOK!



MIKKO SUSPICIOUS TOO! HE SCRATCH-UM NOSE LIKE YOU DO, SNOUPEE!

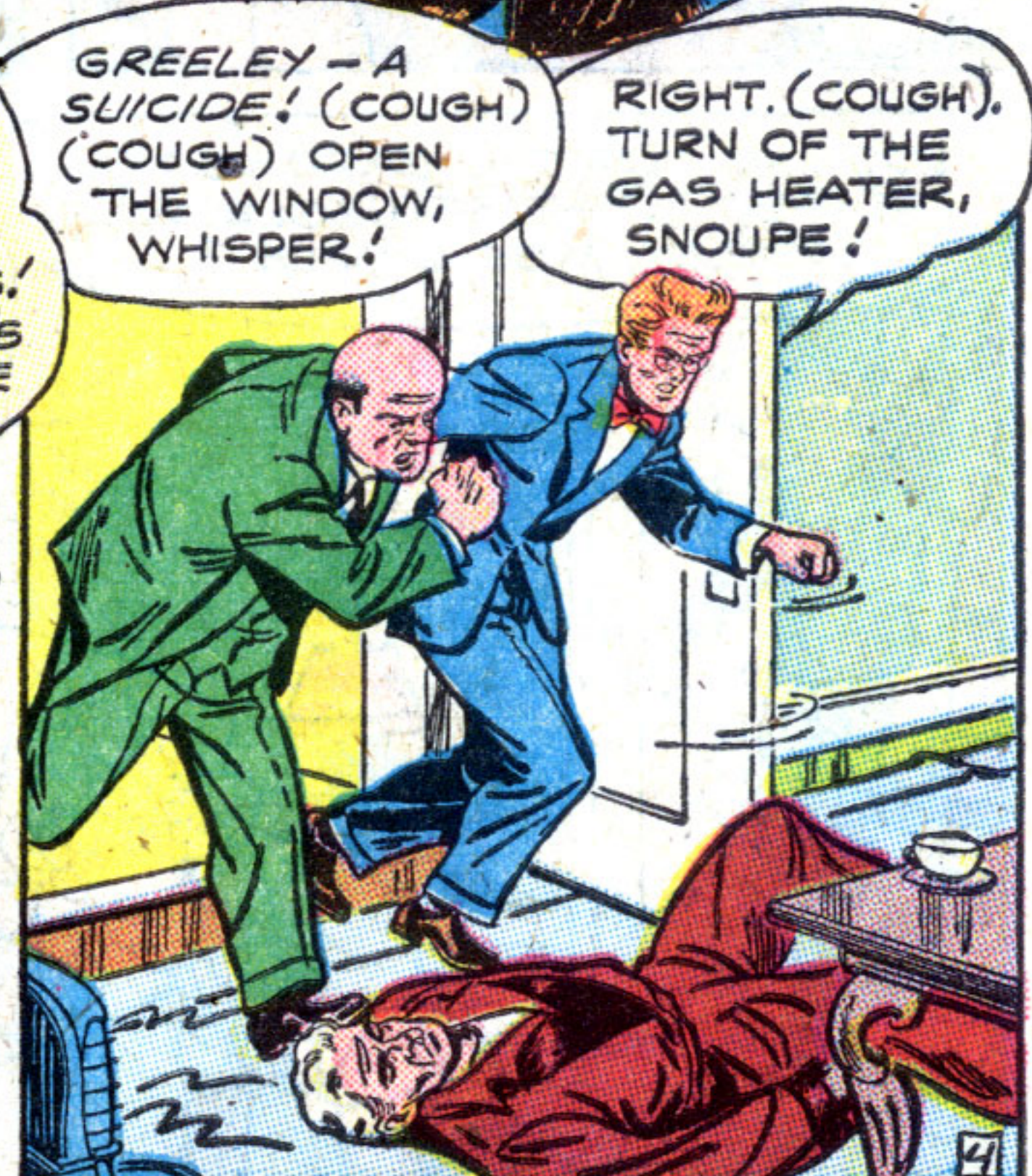


THAT ☆@*!!?# ANIMAL'S TRYING TO MAKE A MONKEY OF ME! COME ON, LET'S VISIT GREELEY!

YOU SAY GREELEY TOLD YOU OVER AN HOUR AGO HE WAS GOING TO HIS ROOM, SNOUPE?

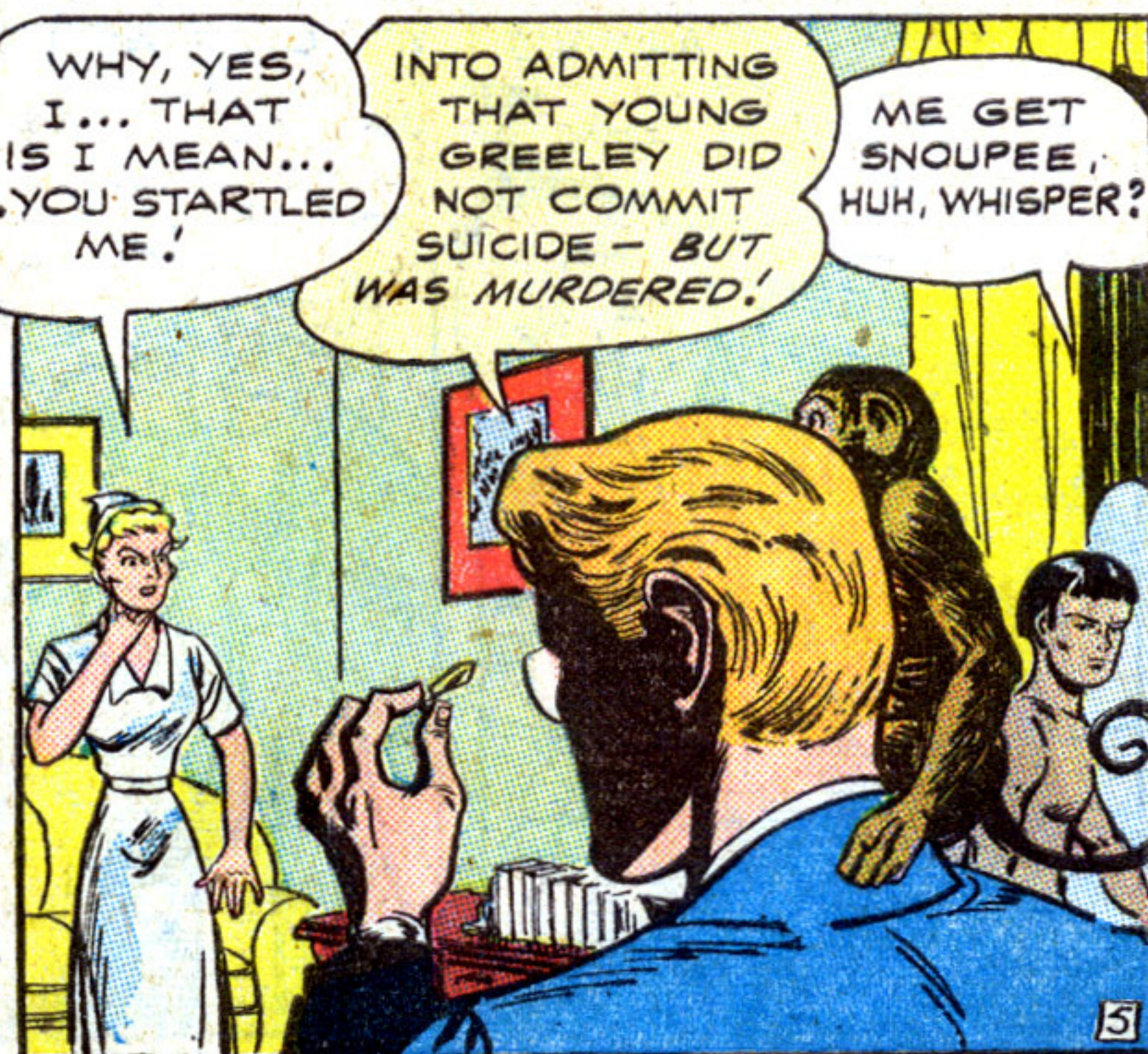
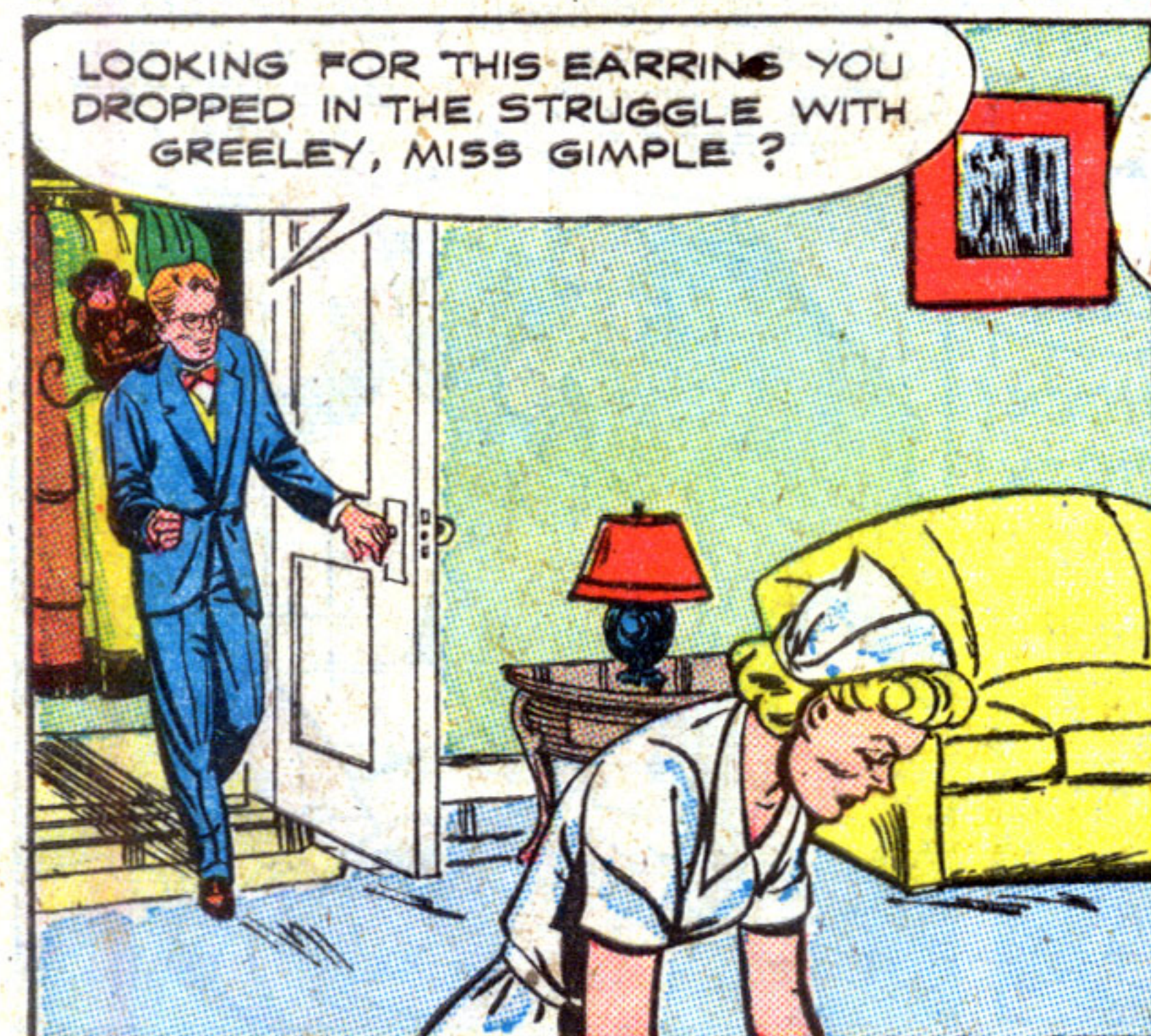
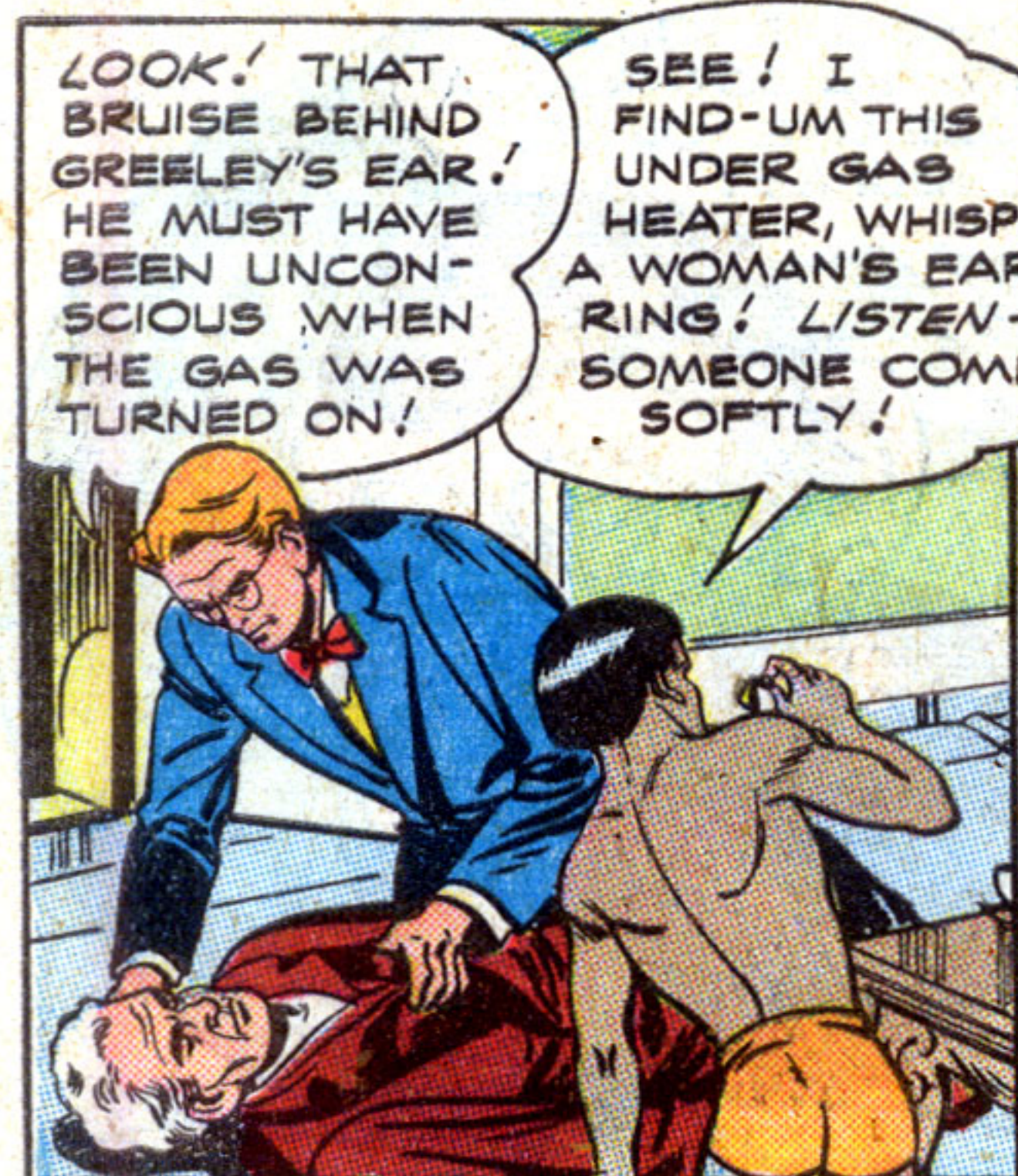
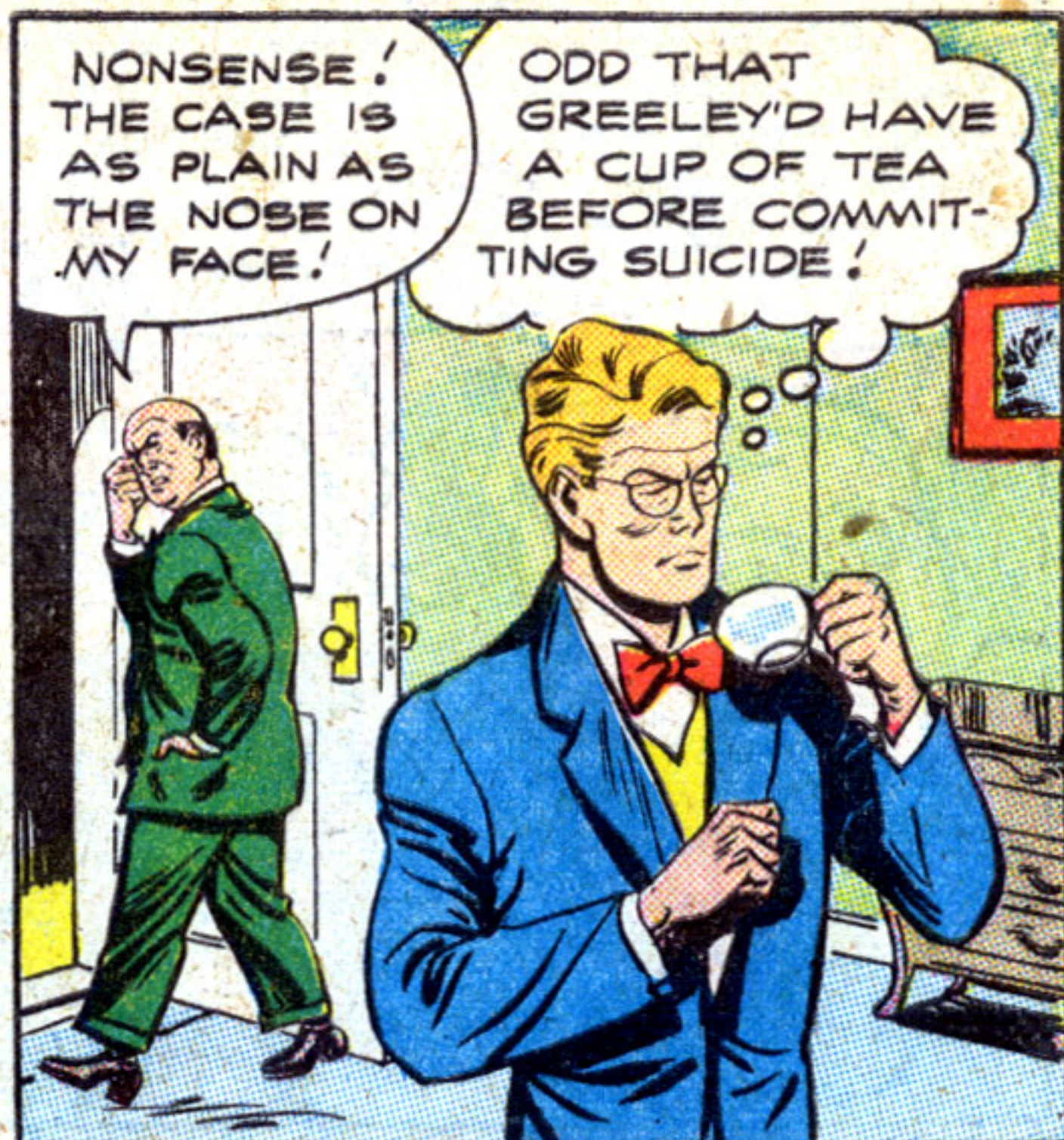
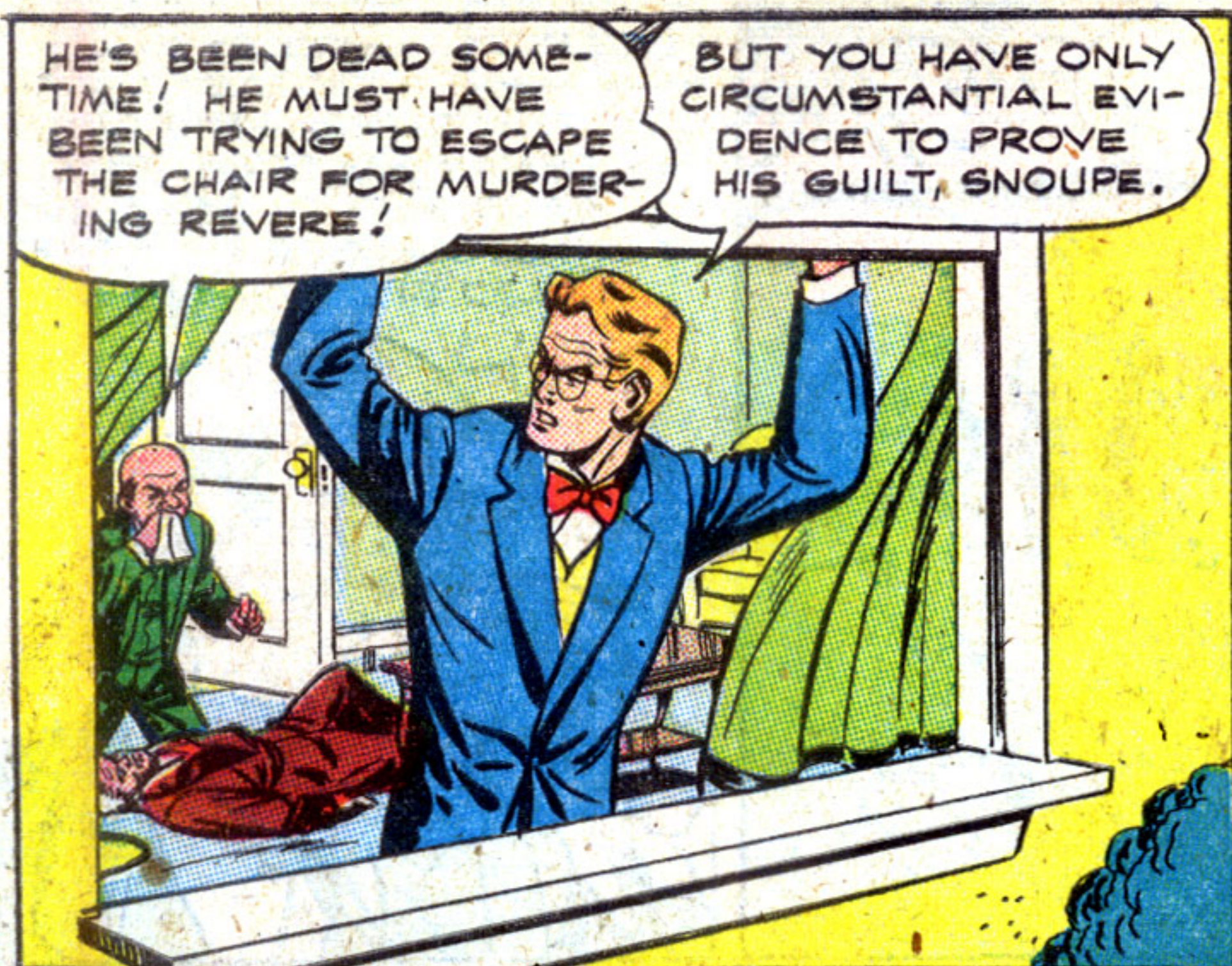
YES! HIS DOOR'S LOCKED. (SNIFF) I SMELL GAS! QUICK, LET'S FORCE THE DOOR!

KNOCK! KNOCK! RATTLE!



GREELEY - A SUICIDE! (COUGH) (COUGH) OPEN THE WINDOW, WHISPER!

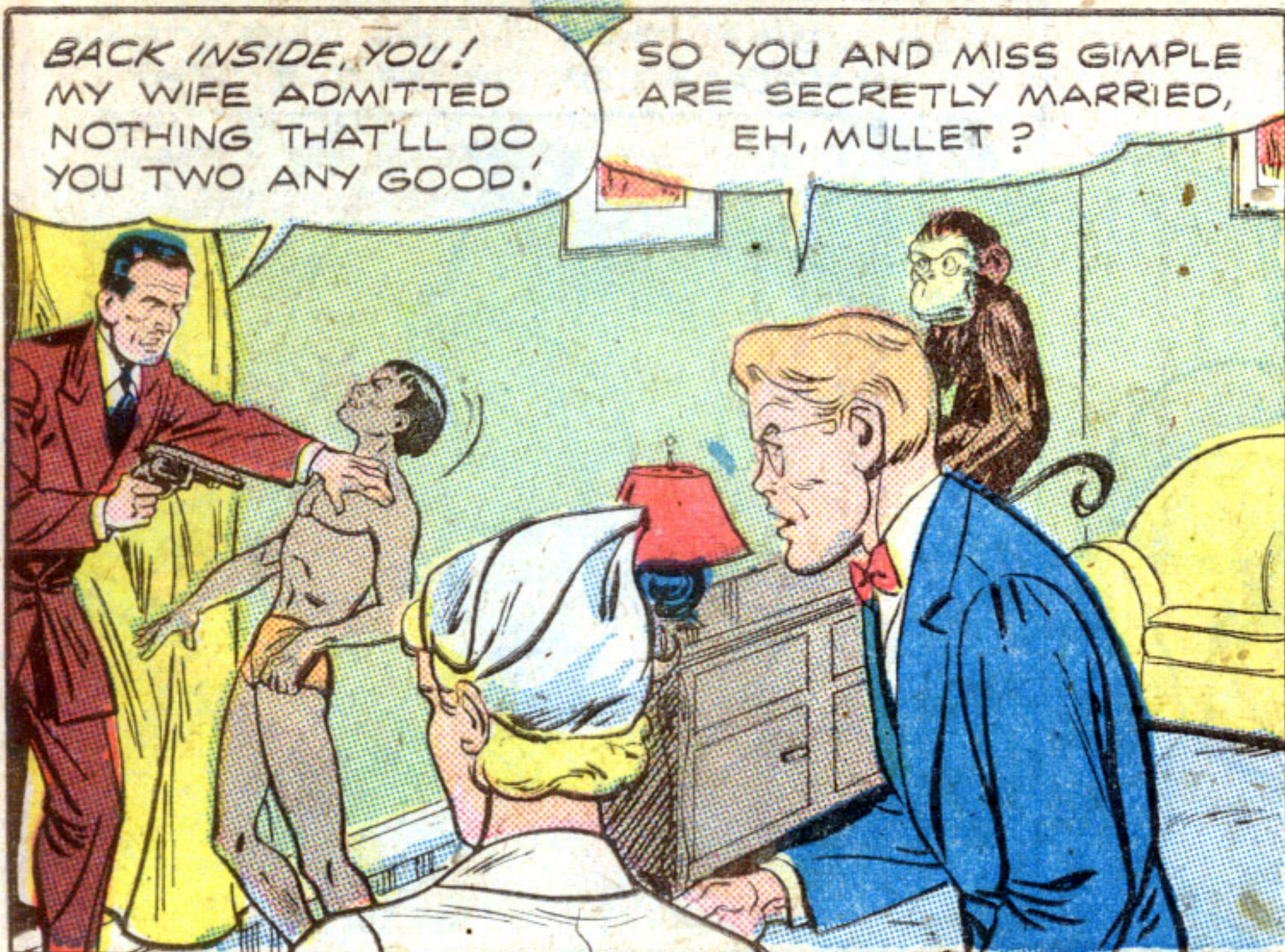
RIGHT. (COUGH). TURN OF THE GAS HEATER, SNOUPE!



BACK INSIDE, YOU!
MY WIFE ADMITTED
NOTHING THAT'LL DO
YOU TWO ANY GOOD!

SO YOU AND MISS GIMPLE
ARE SECRETLY MARRIED,
EH, MULLET?

THAT OLD FOOL REVERE
WOULDN'T HIRE A MARRIED
COUPLE! ANNA, HOLD THIS PISTOL—
I'LL TIE THEM!

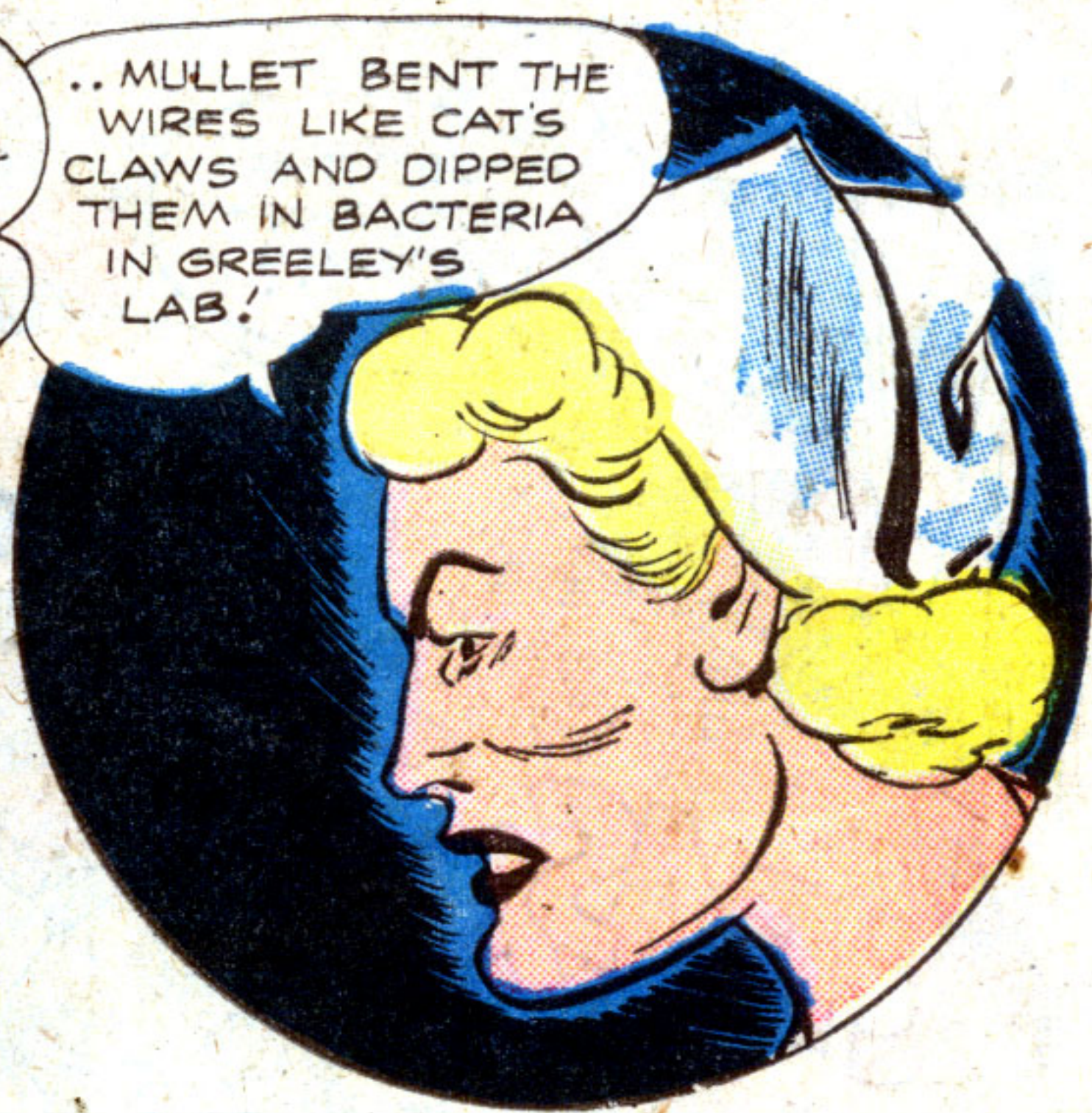
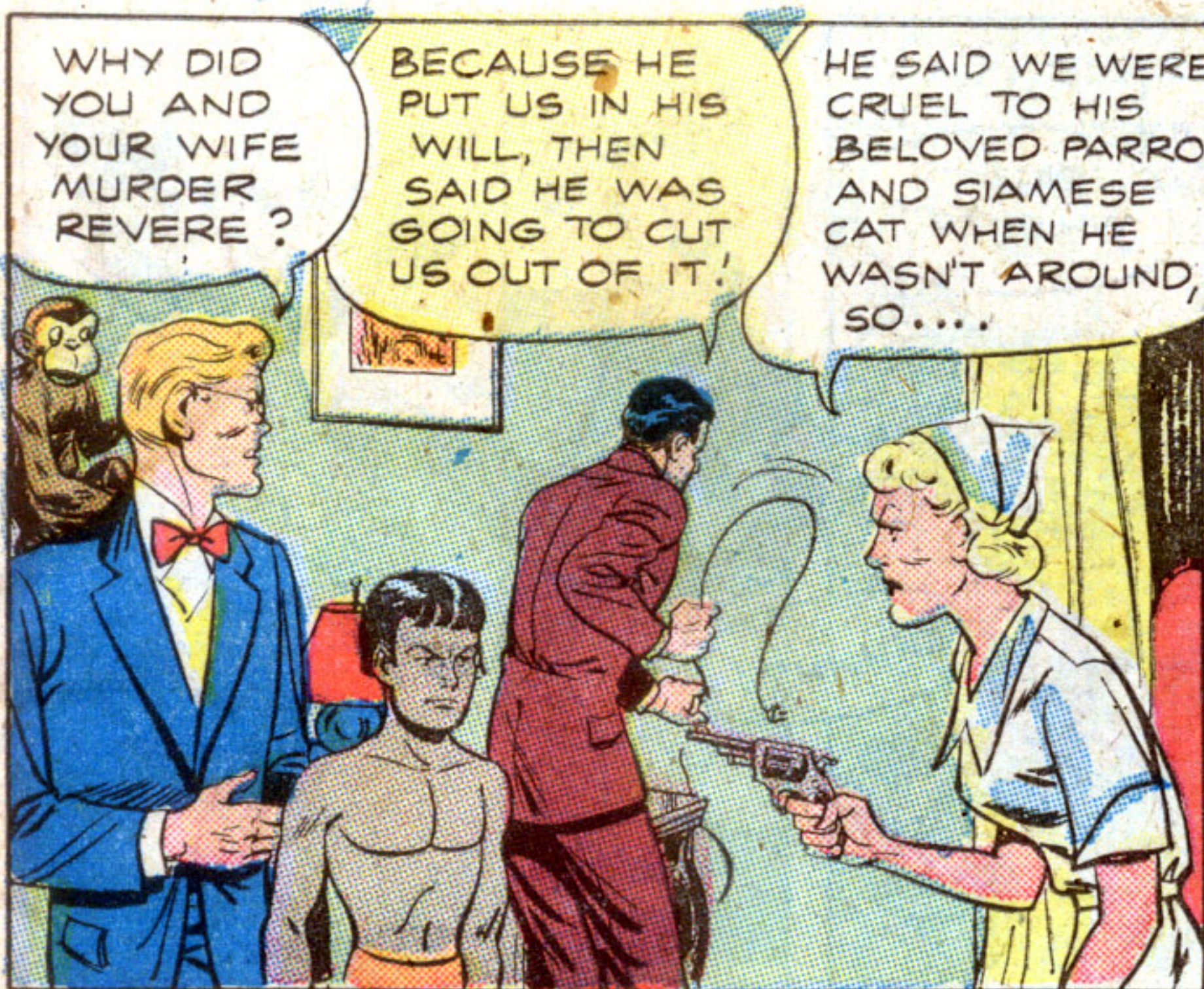


WHY DID
YOU AND
YOUR WIFE
MURDER
REVERE?

BECAUSE HE
PUT US IN HIS
WILL, THEN
SAID HE WAS
GOING TO CUT
US OUT OF IT!

HE SAID WE WERE
CRUEL TO HIS
BELOVED PARROT
AND SIAMESE
CAT WHEN HE
WASN'T AROUND,
SO....

..MULLET BENT THE
WIRES LIKE CAT'S
CLAWS AND DIPPED
THEM IN BACTERIA
IN GREELEY'S
LAB!



I SCRATCHED
THE OLD FOOL'S
ARM WITH THE
WIRE CLAWS
WHILE HE SLEPT!
I'M GLAD
HE'S DEAD!

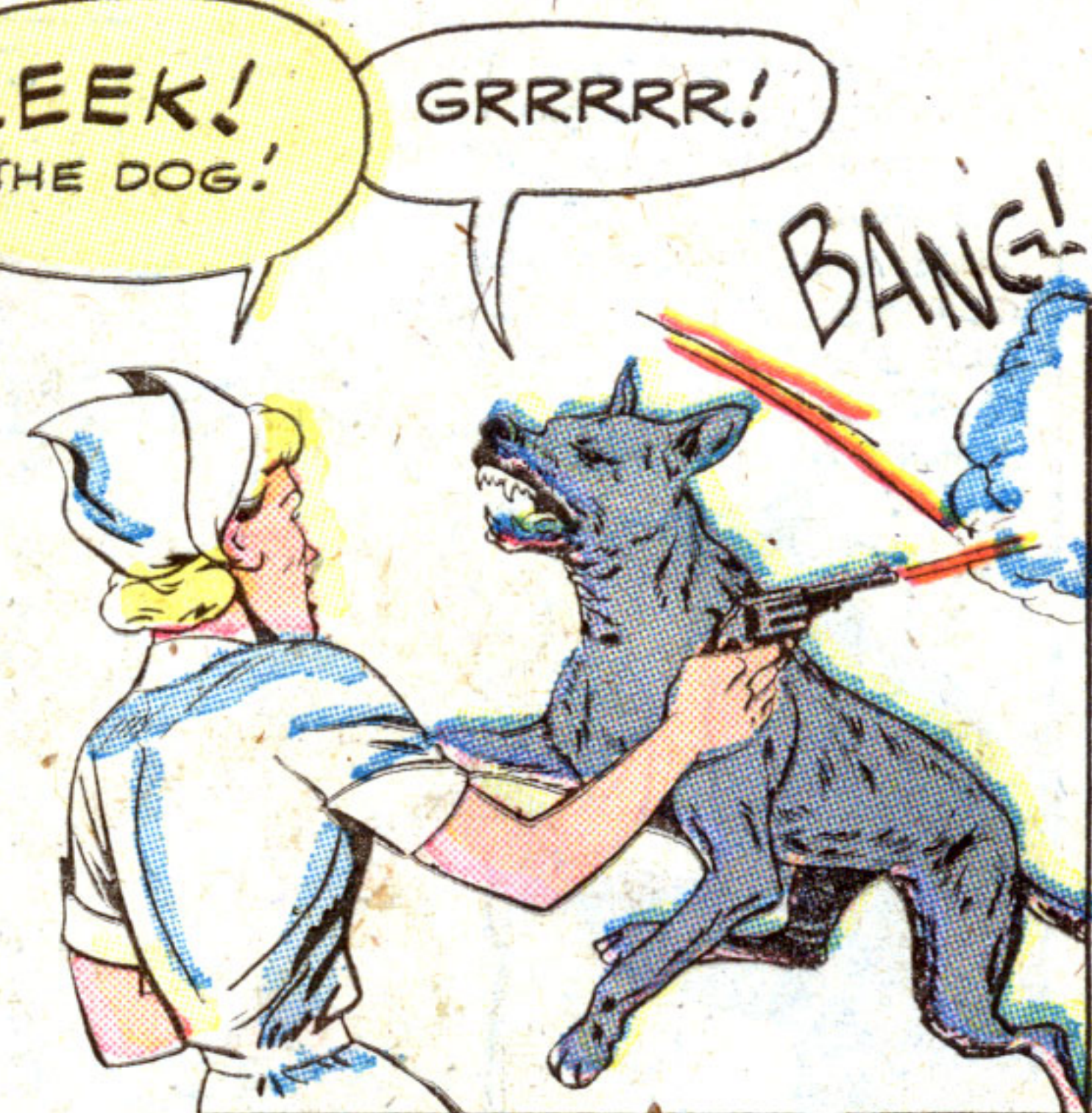
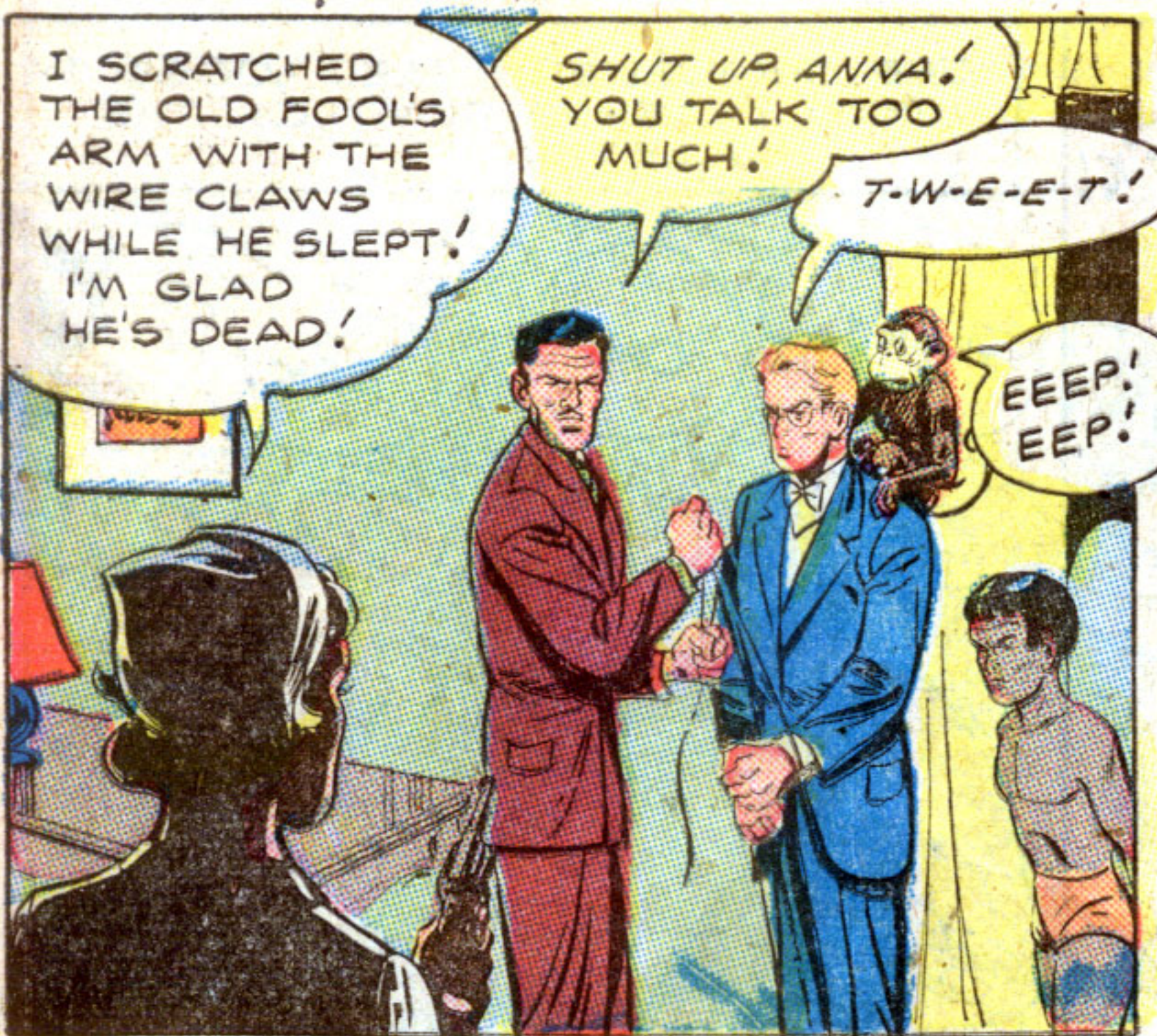
SHUT UP, ANNA!
YOU TALK TOO
MUCH!

T-W-E-E-T!

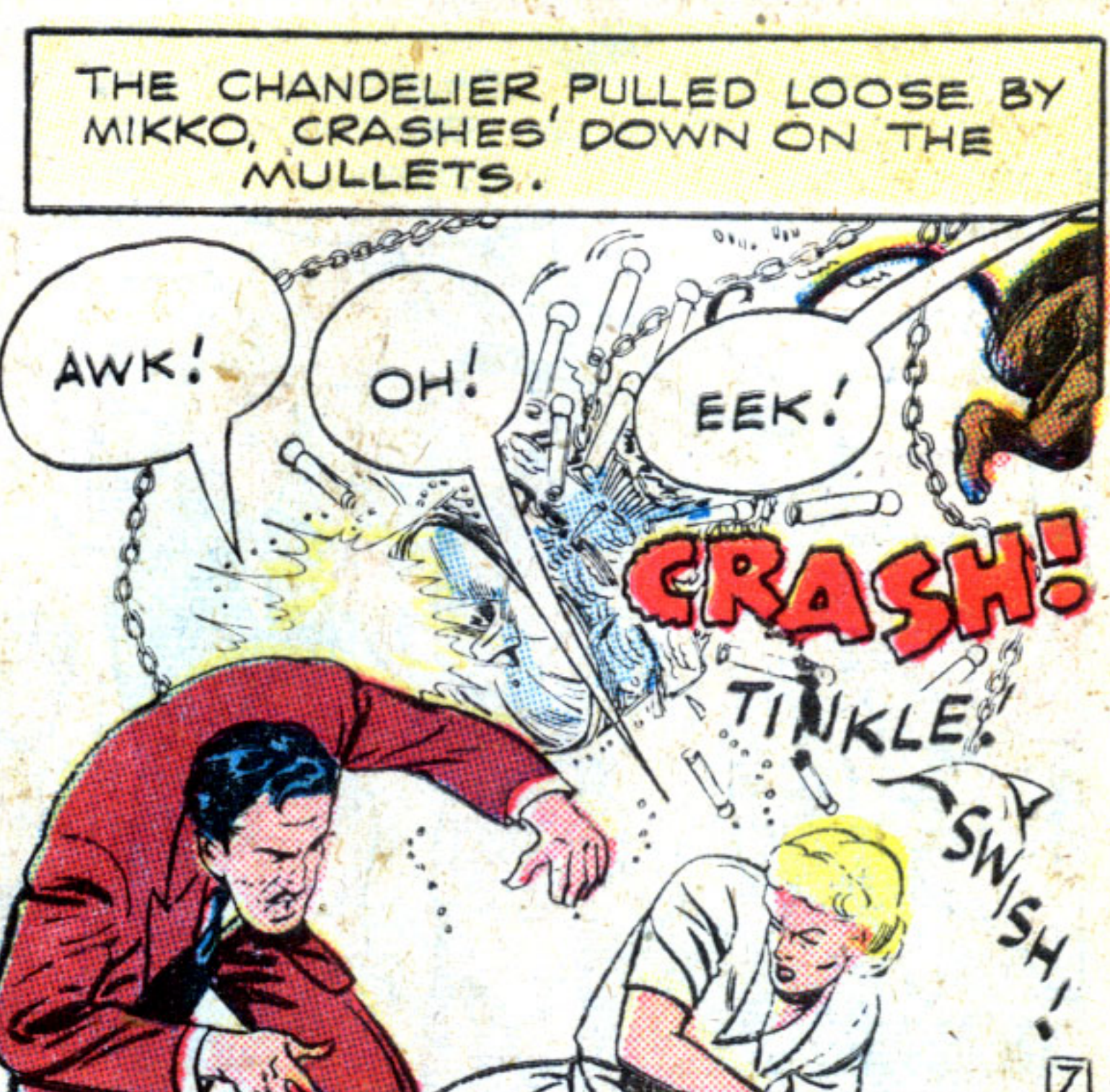
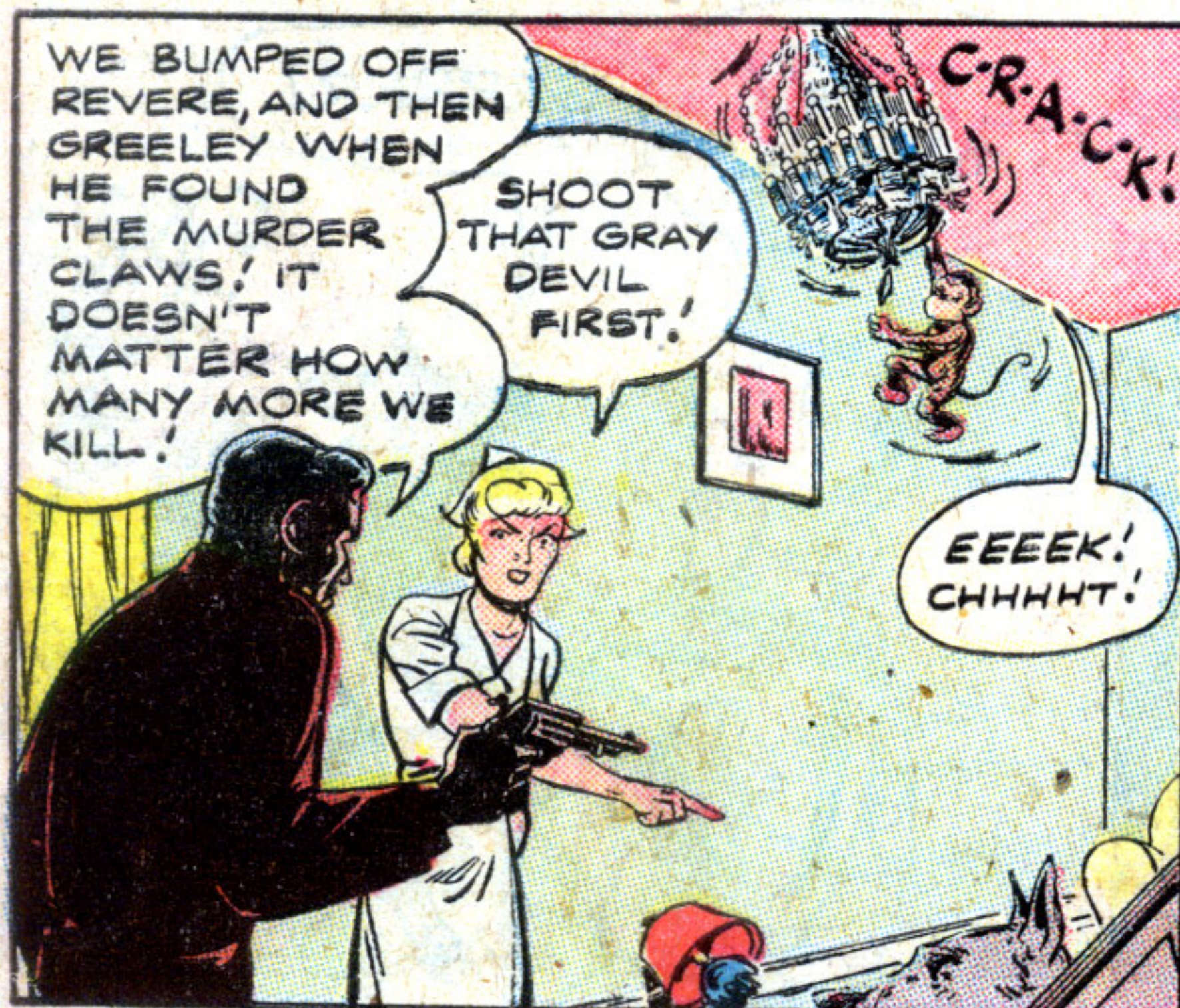
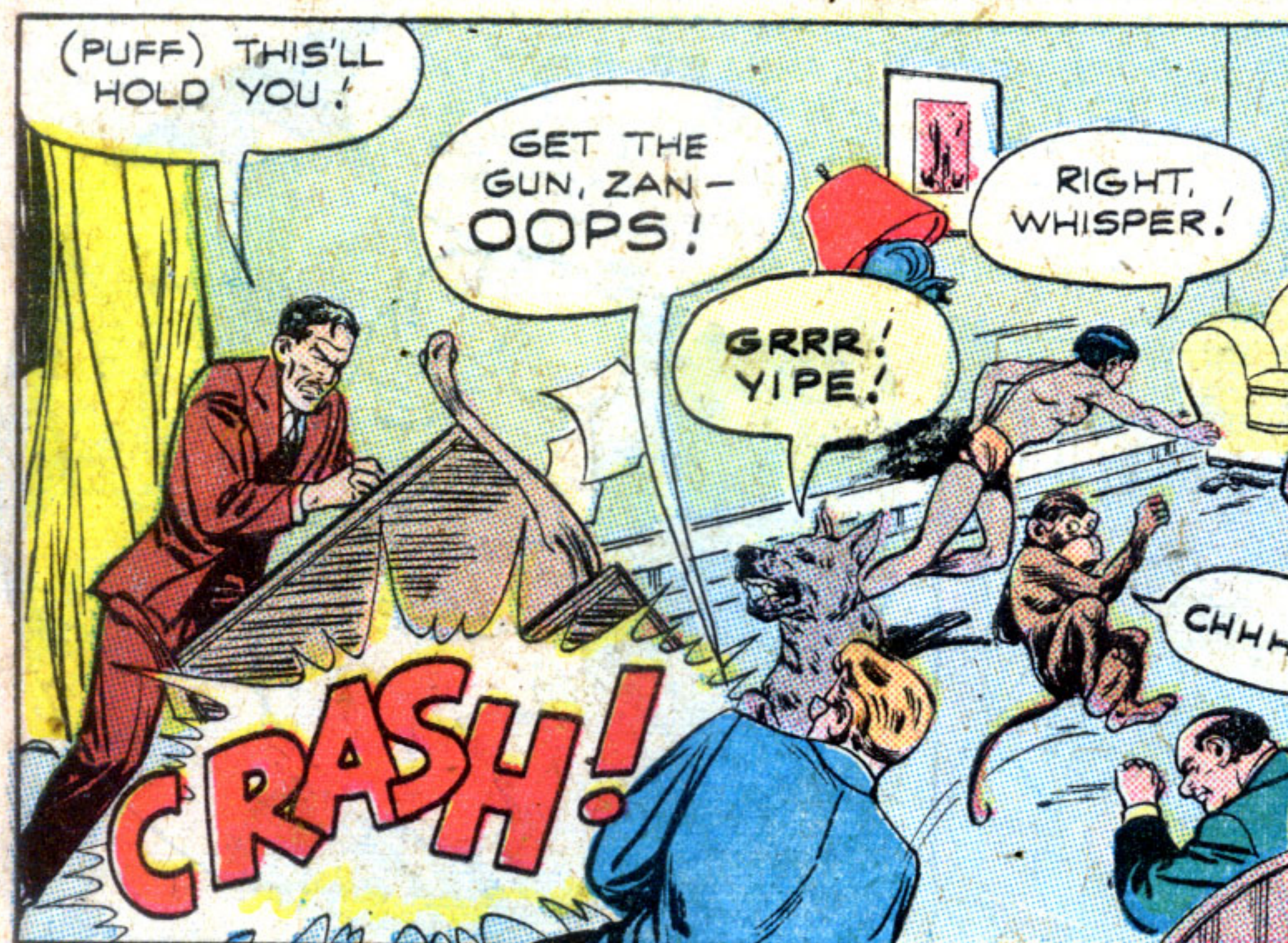
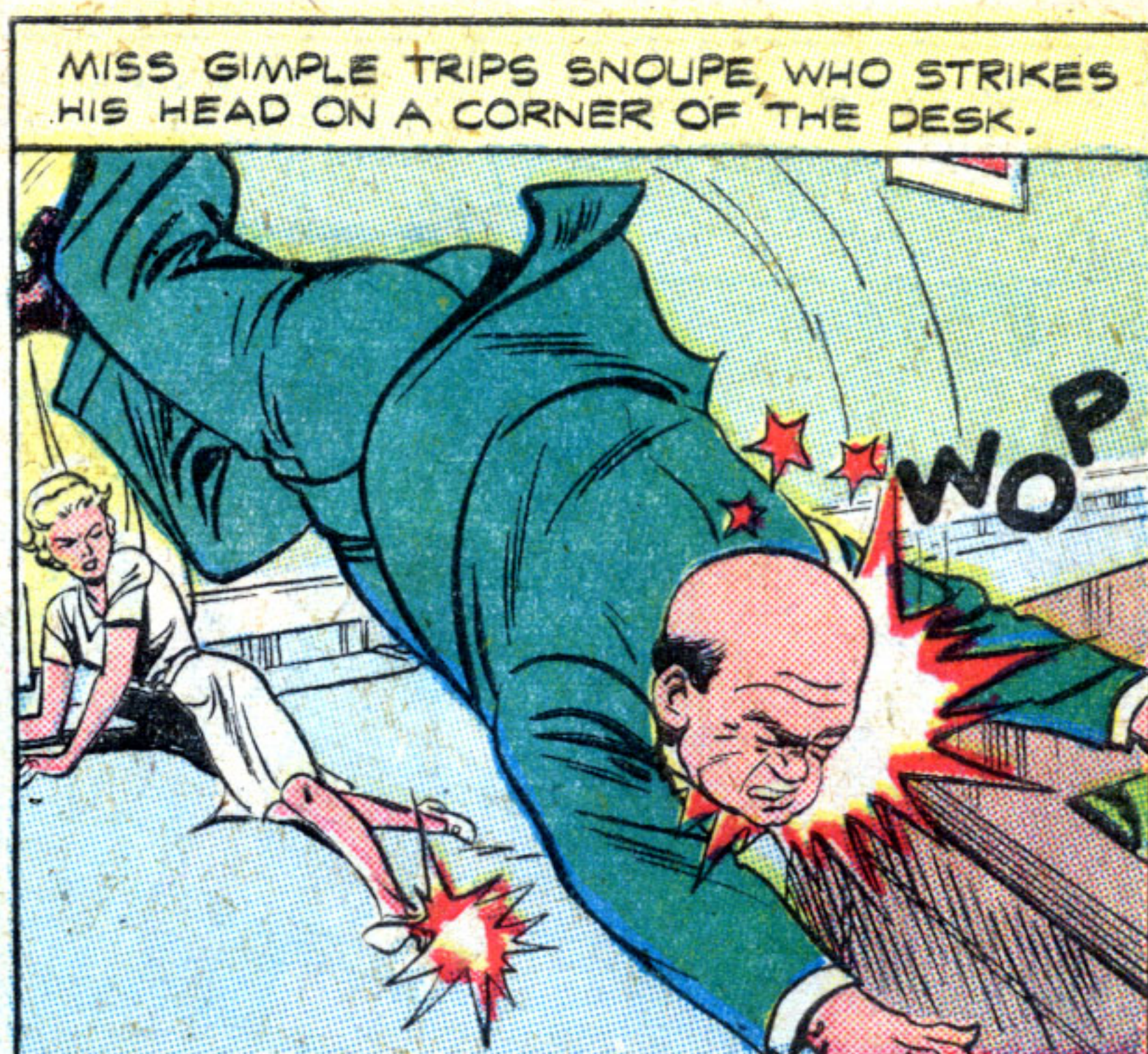
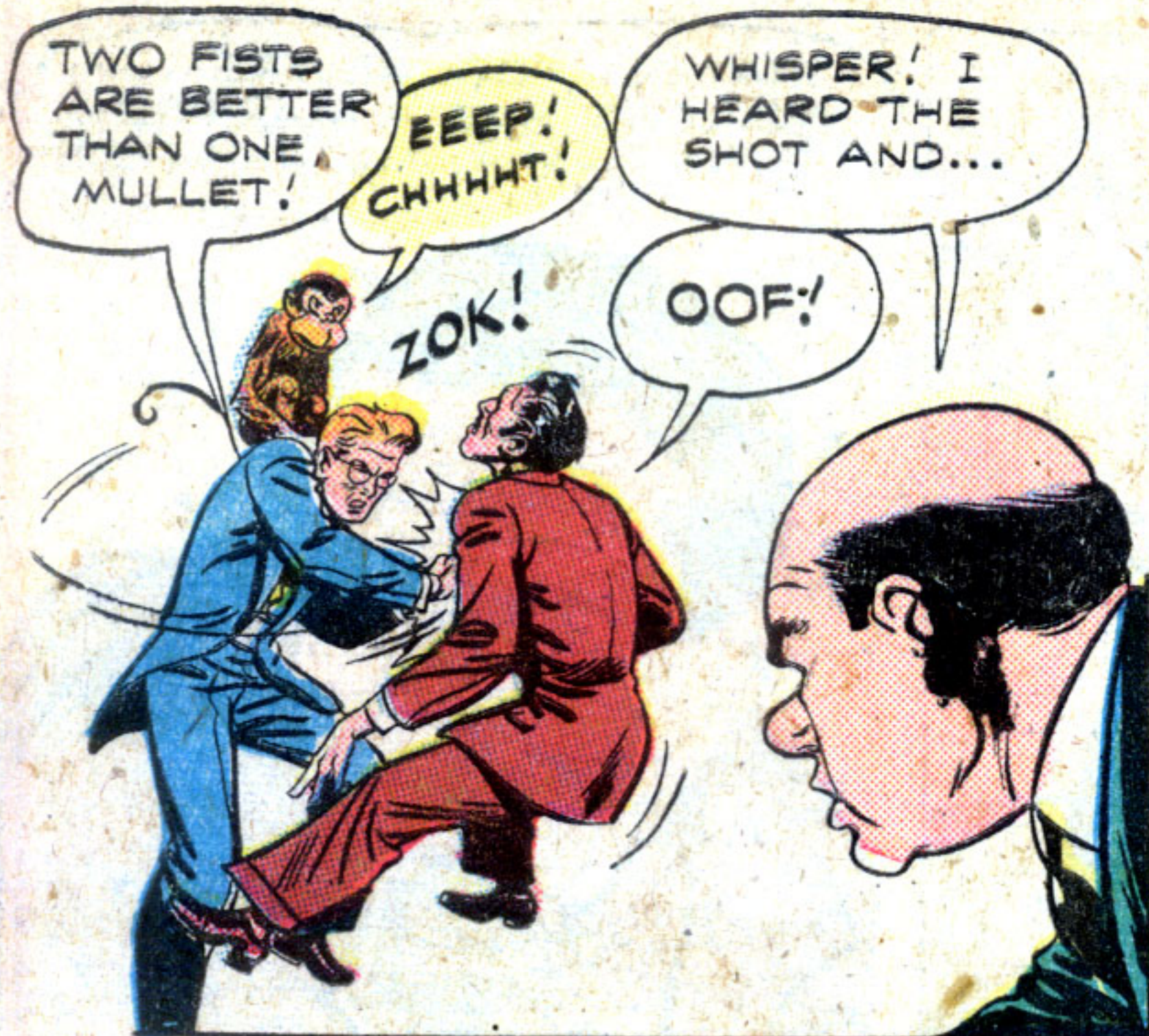
EEEK!
THE DOG!

GRRRRRR!

BANG!

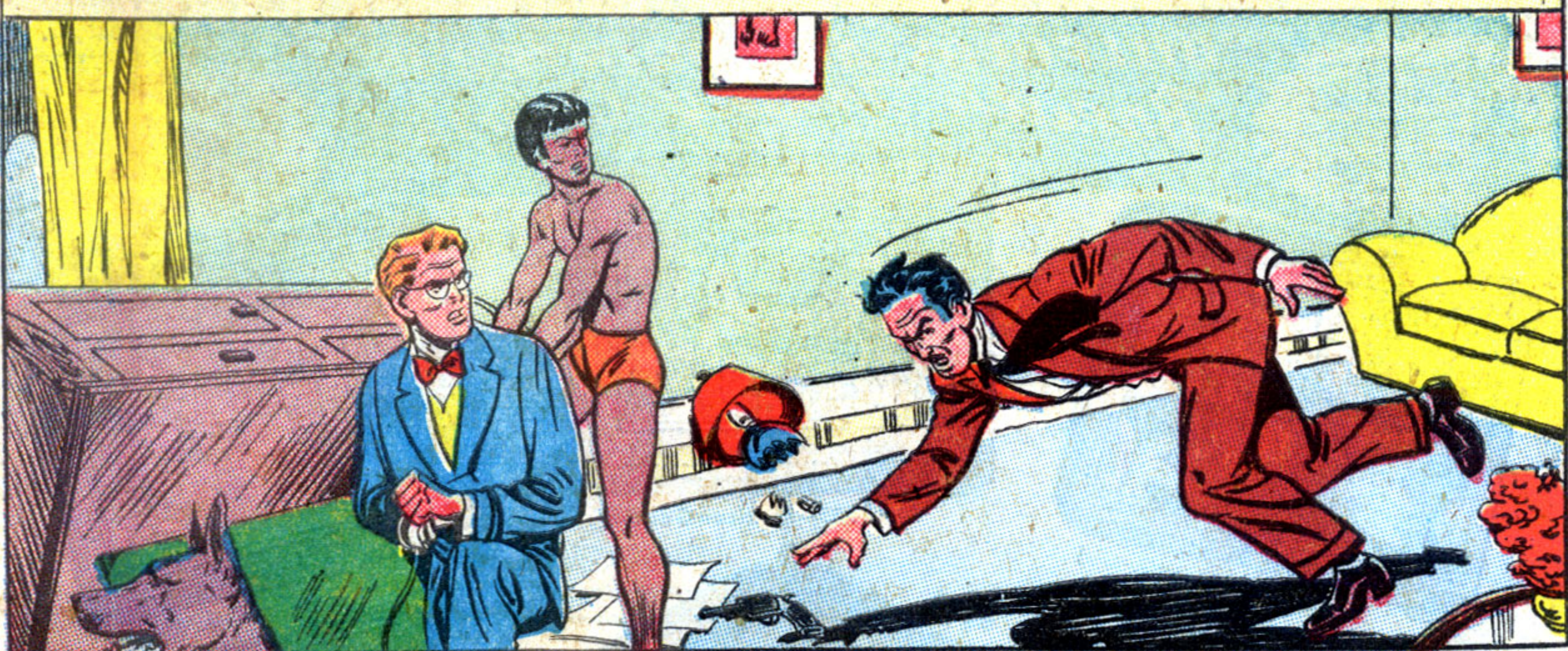


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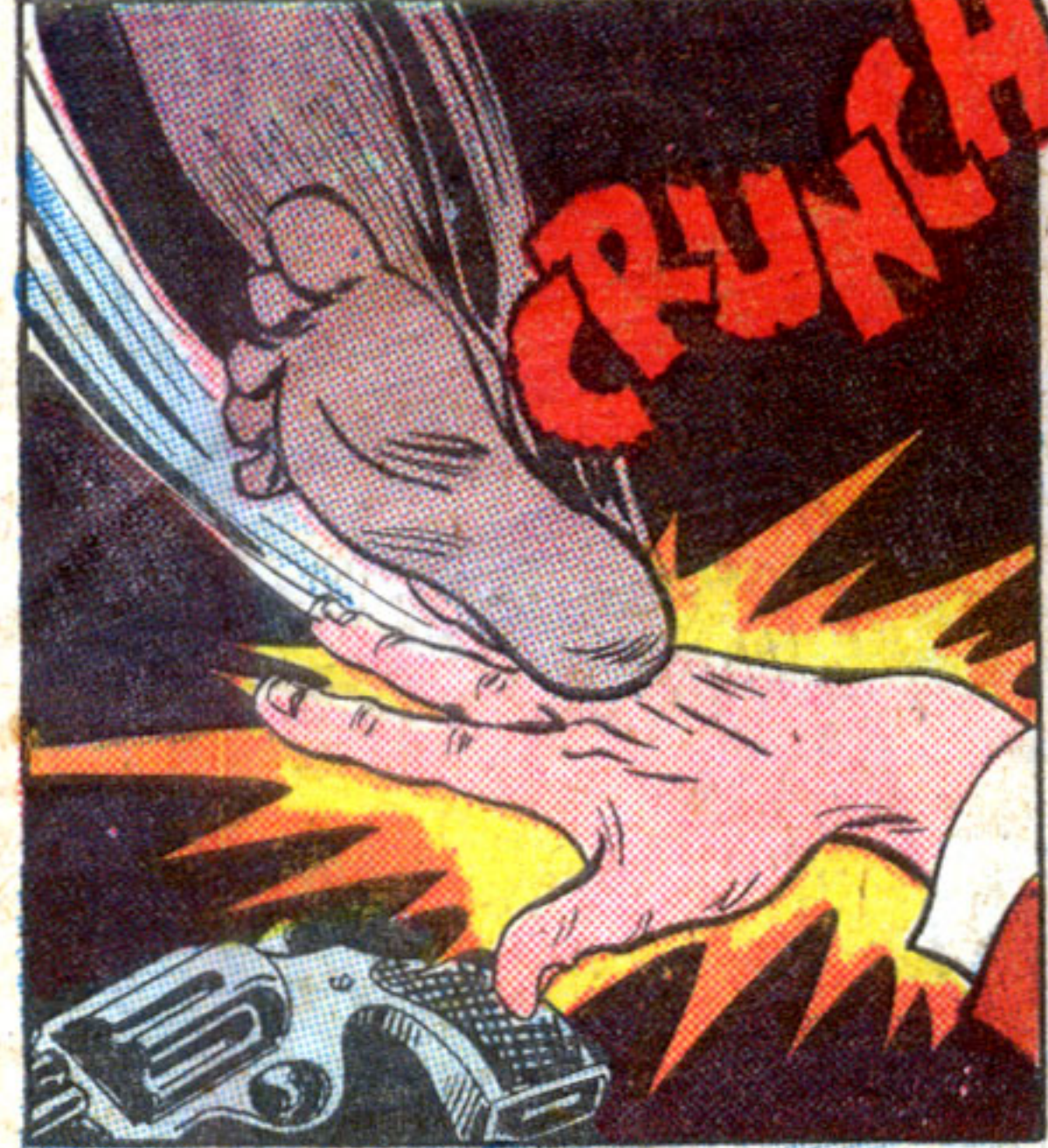


QUESTION No. 17. In what part of the ship is the cargo stored? Hint: Look at Picture 3.

MULLET* DIVES FOR THE PISTOL AS ZAN LIFTS THE DESK OFF WHISPER AND GRAY,

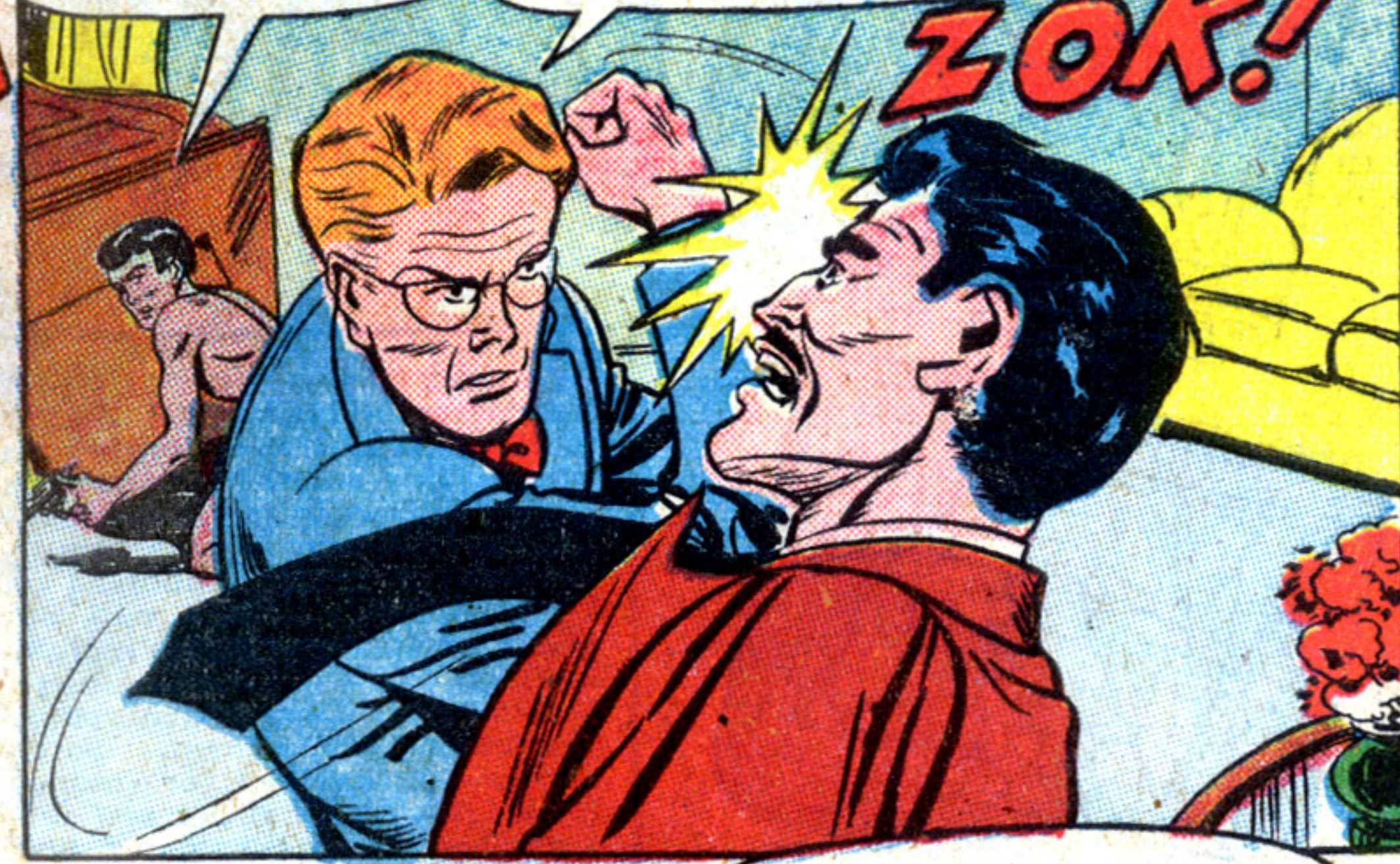


BUT ZAN IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.



ME GOT-UM GUN, WHISPER!

GOOD! I'LL SWAP MULLET MY FIST FOR IT!



LATER...

OW! MY HEAD! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THE MULLET'S WANTED TO KILL THE PARROT?

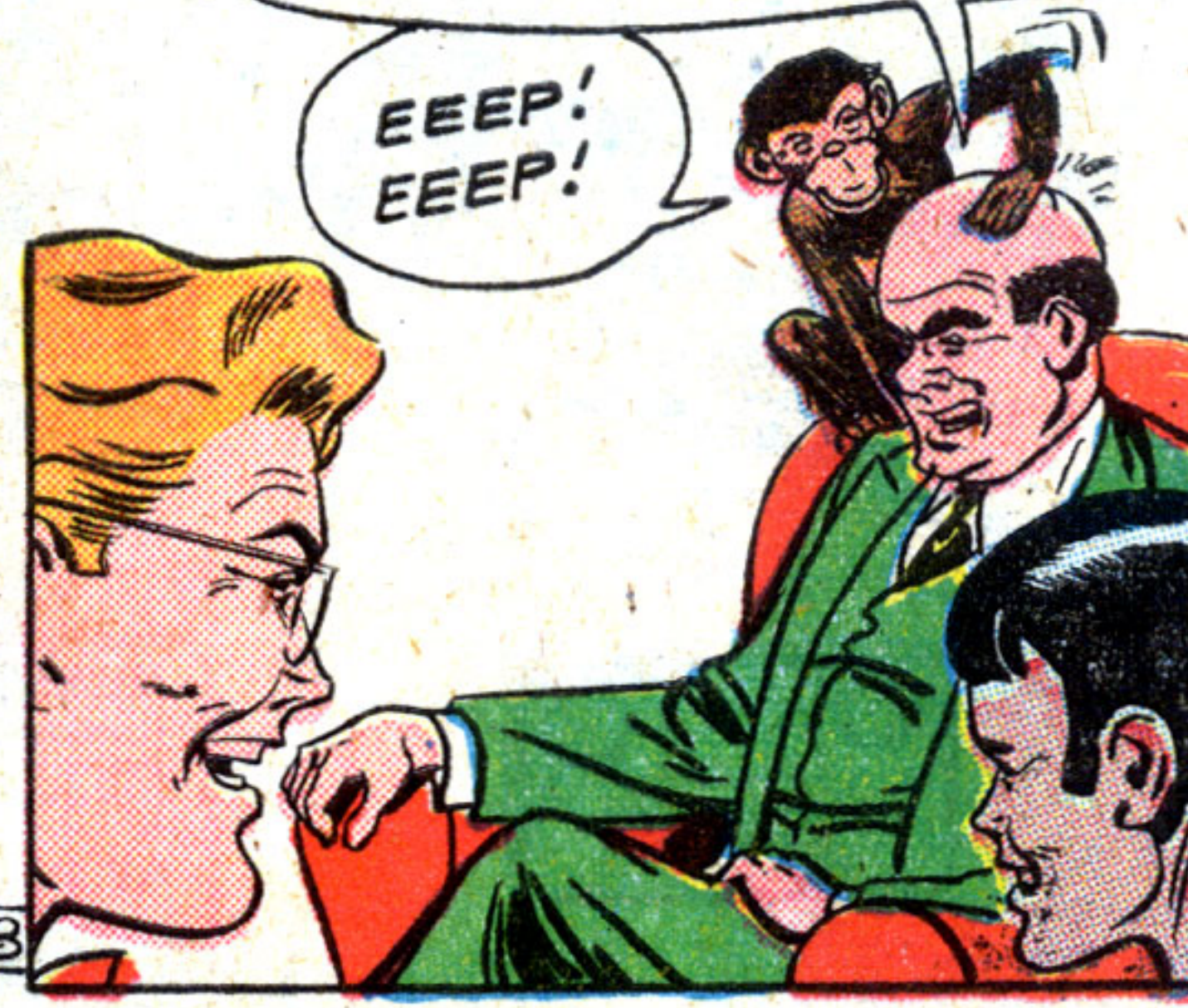
THAT'S EASY! THEY WERE AFRAID THE BIRD KNEW TOO MUCH AND WOULD TALK!

PURR!



AHHH! THE LITTLE RASCAL'S RUBBING MY HEAD. HE'S GOT MORE SENSE THAN I GAVE HIM CREDIT FOR!

EEEP! EEEP!



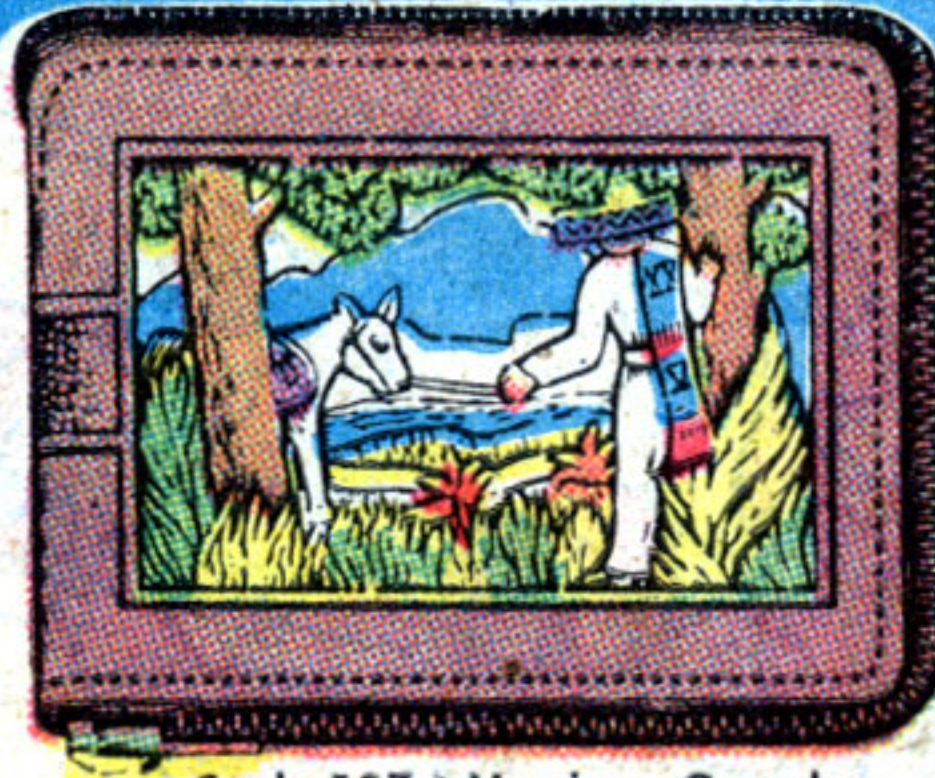
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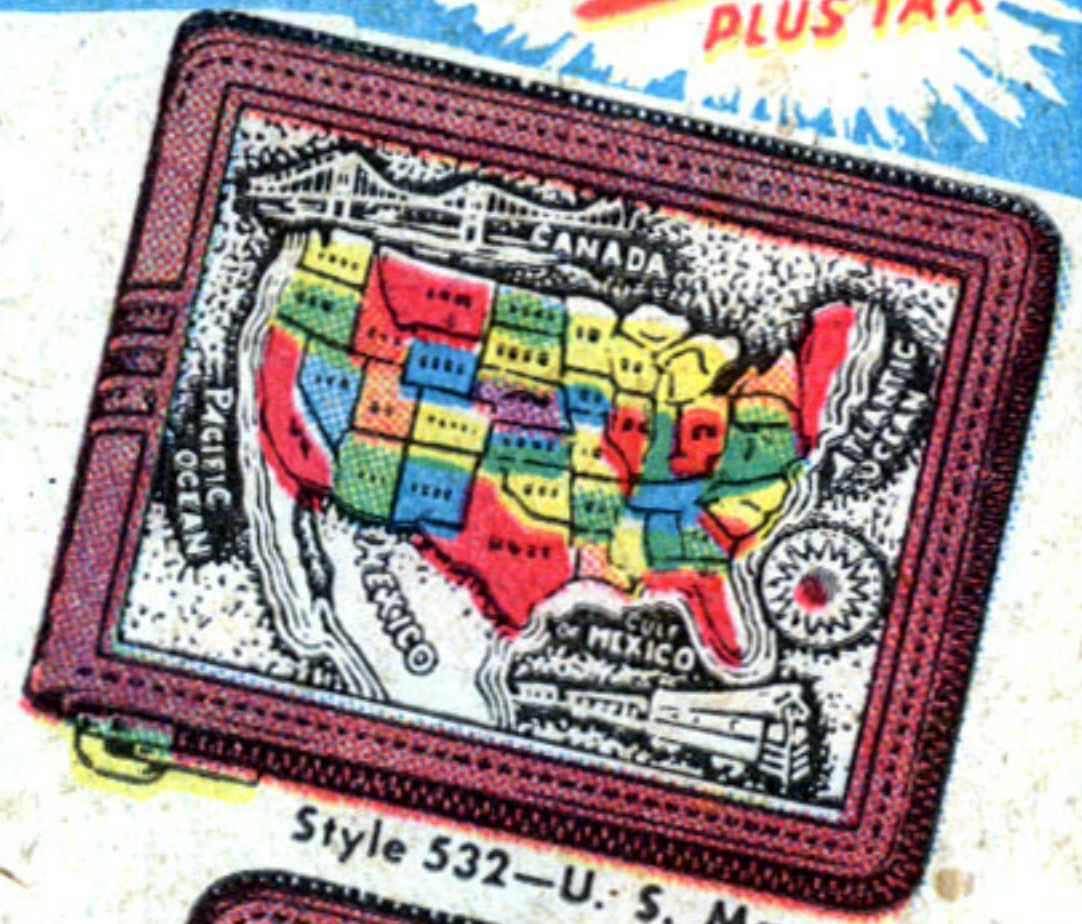
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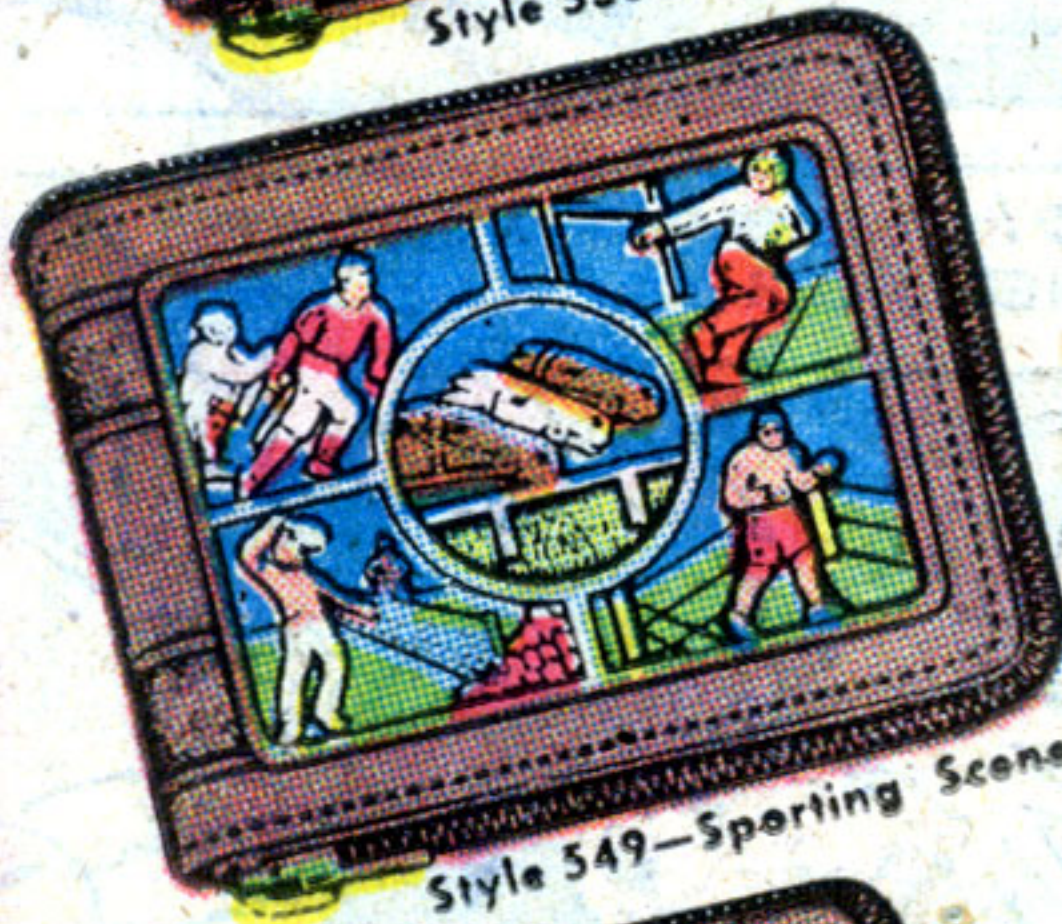
Style 536—Mexican Girl



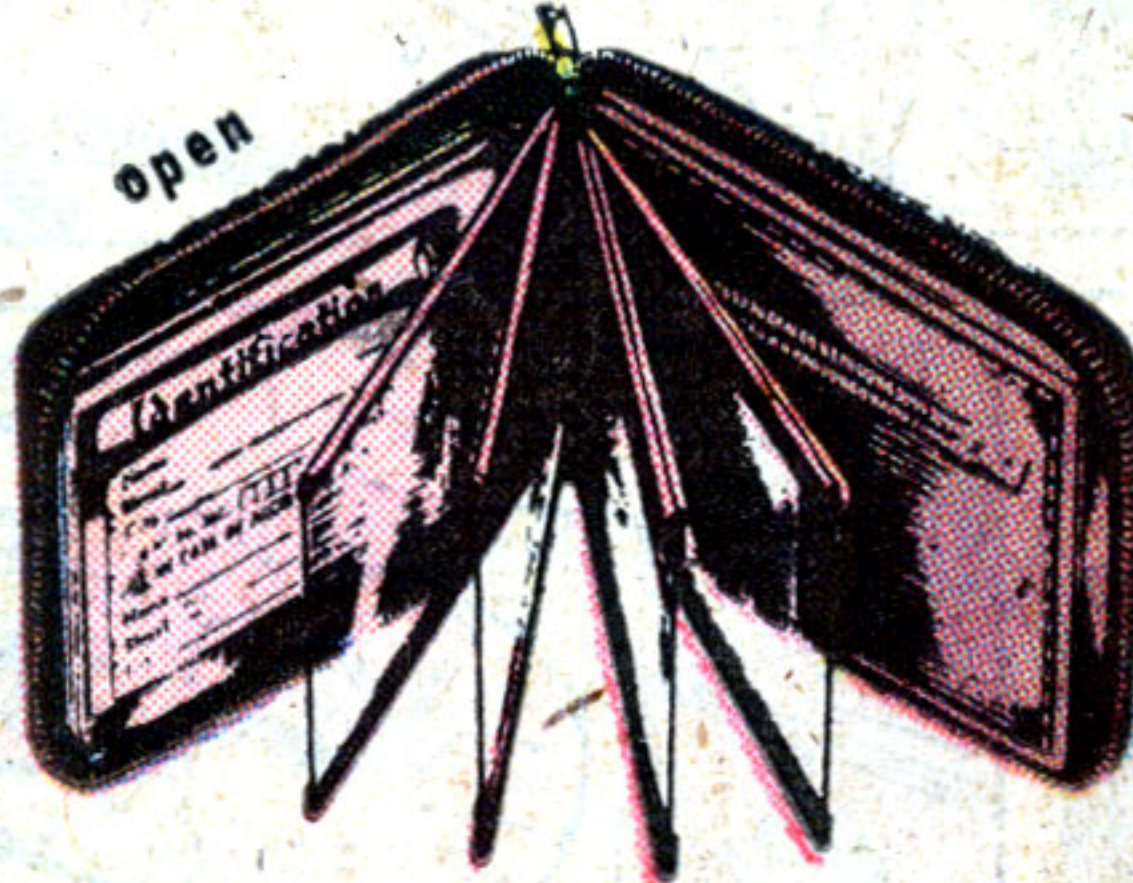
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



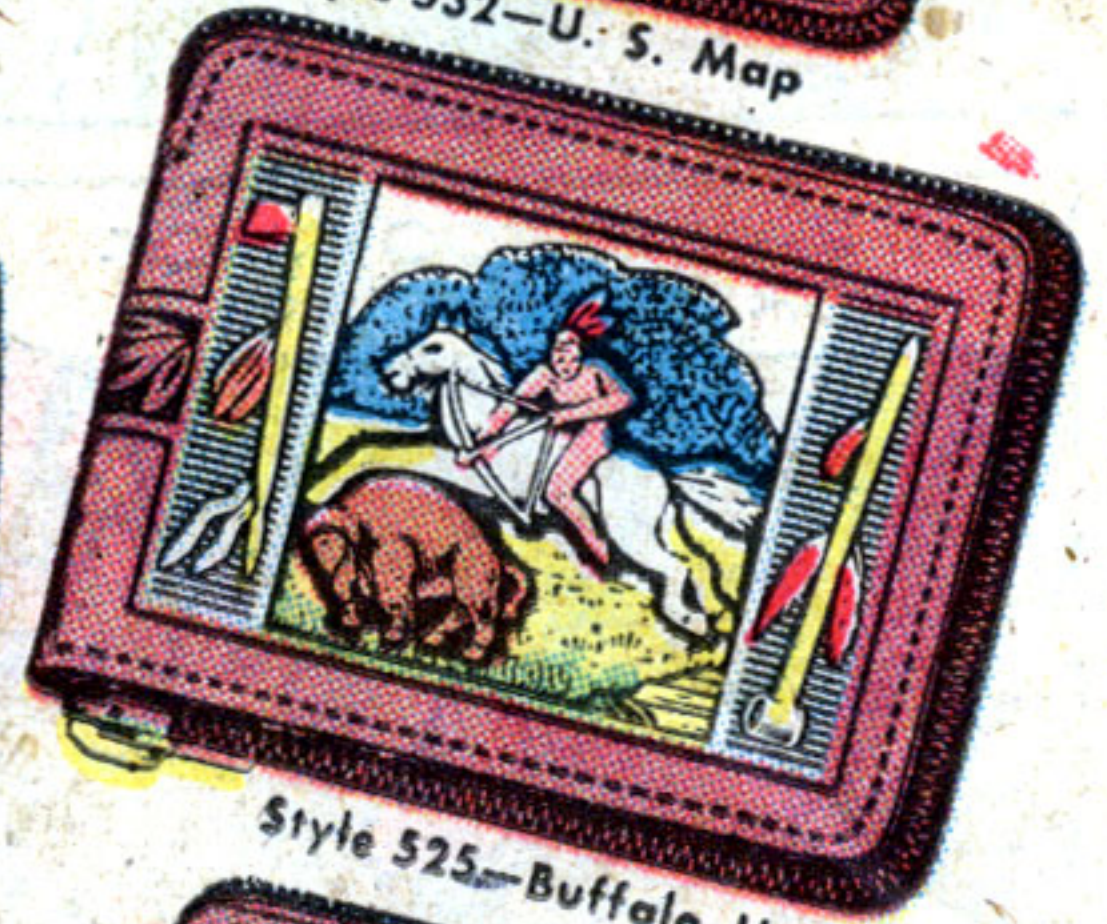
Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



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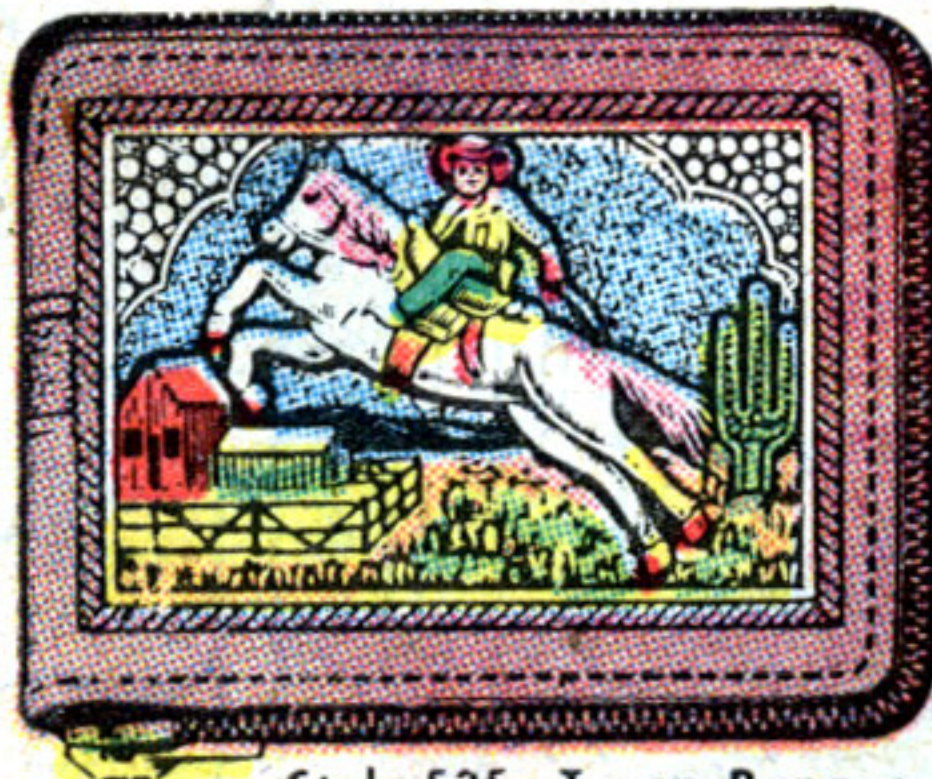
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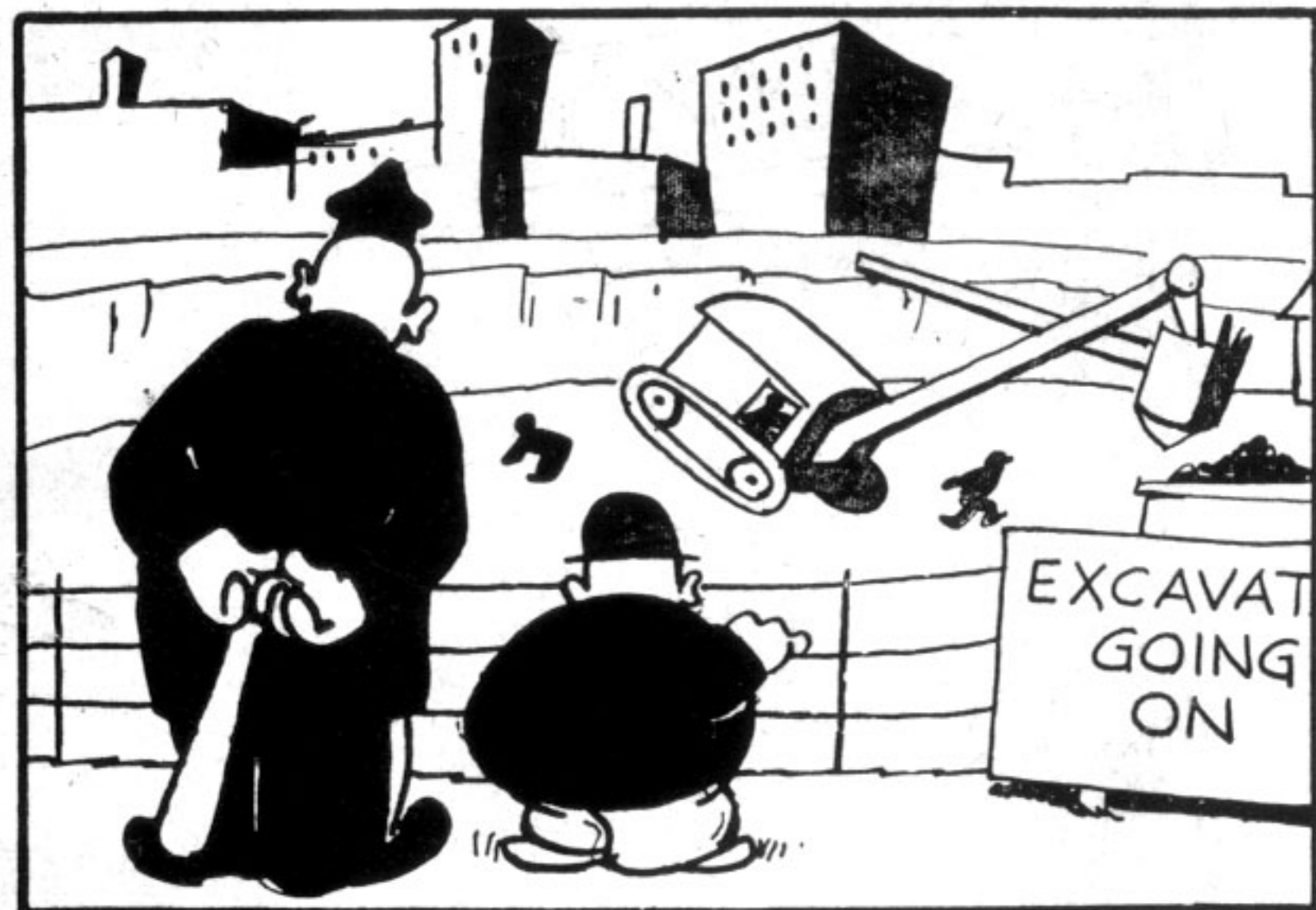
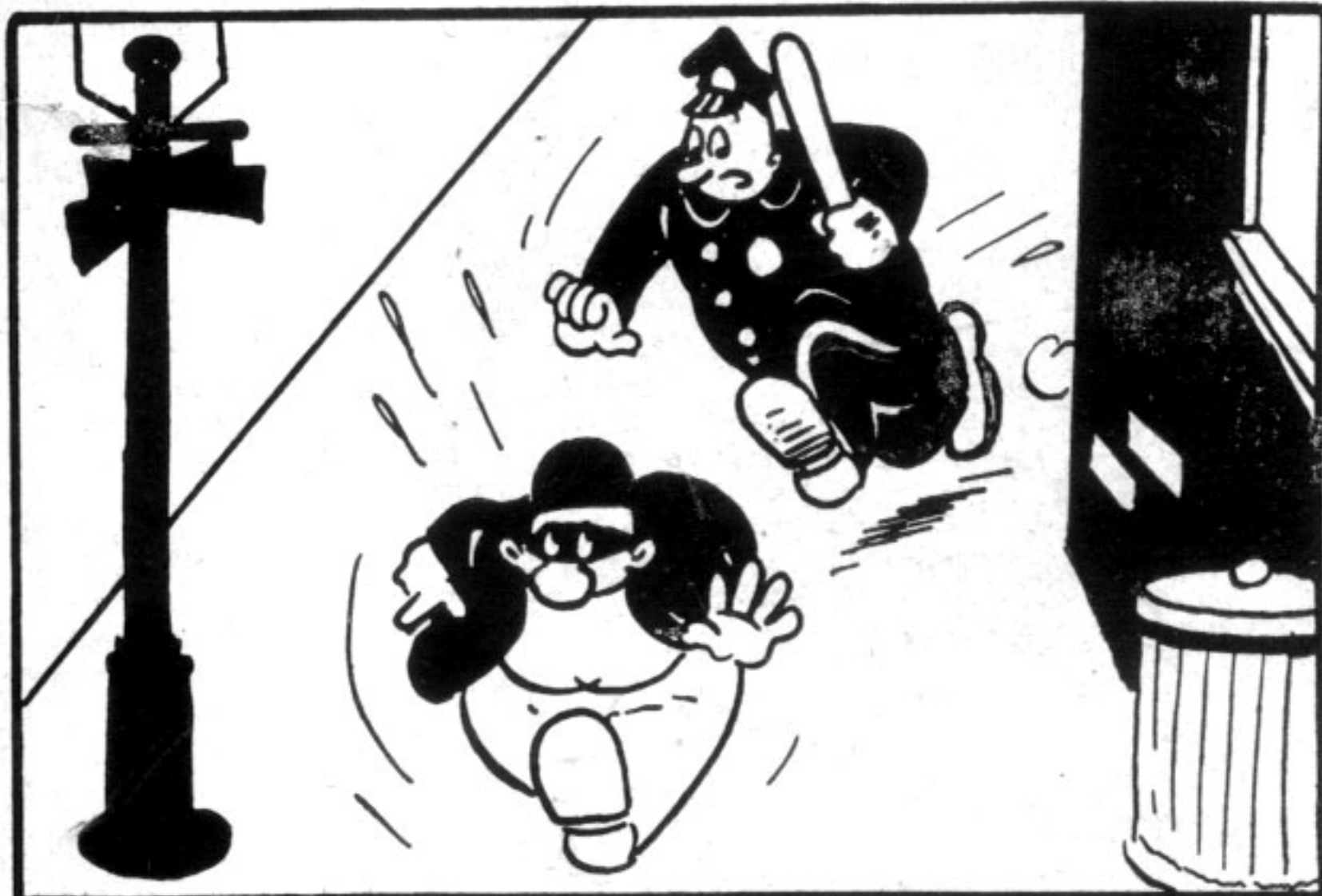
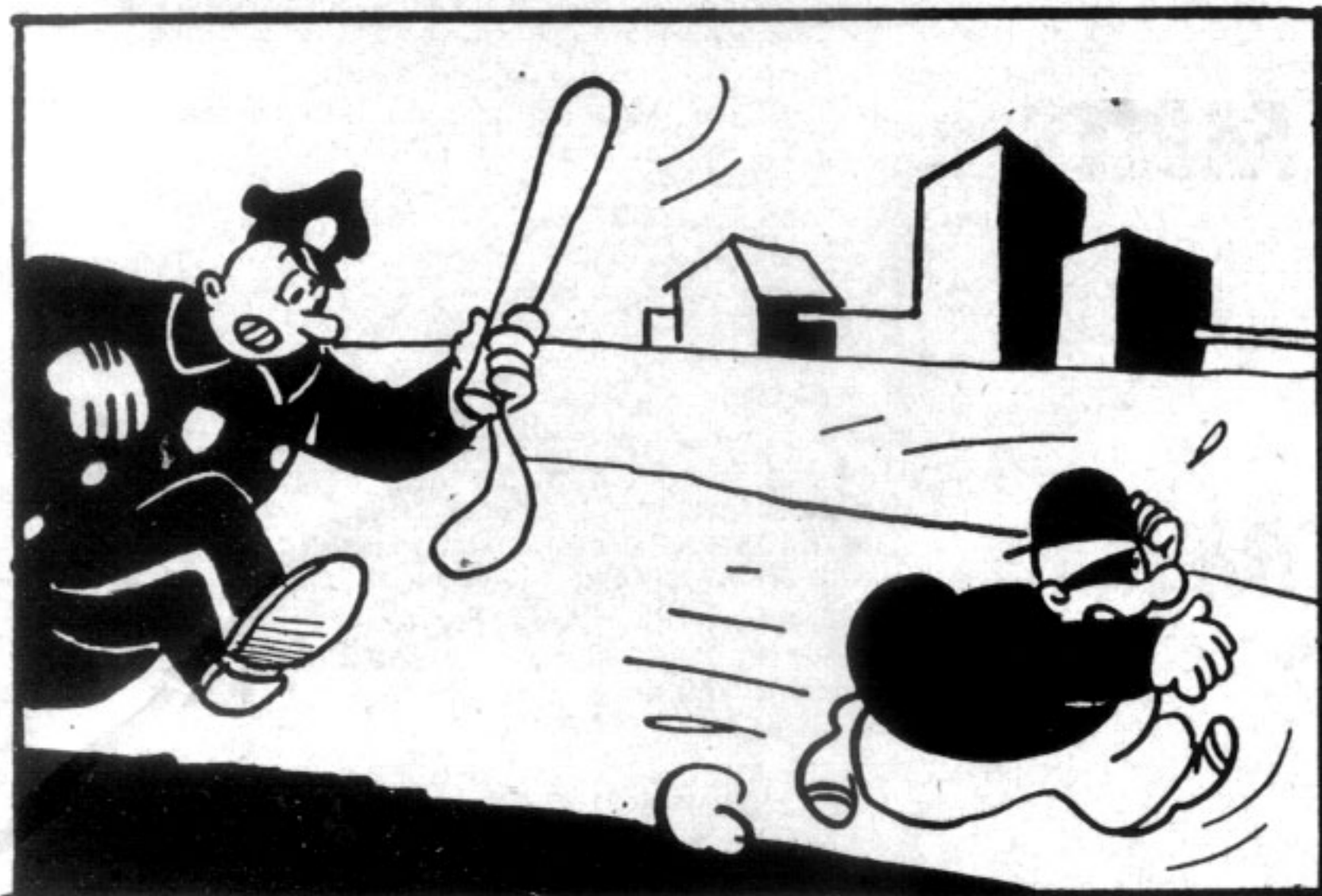
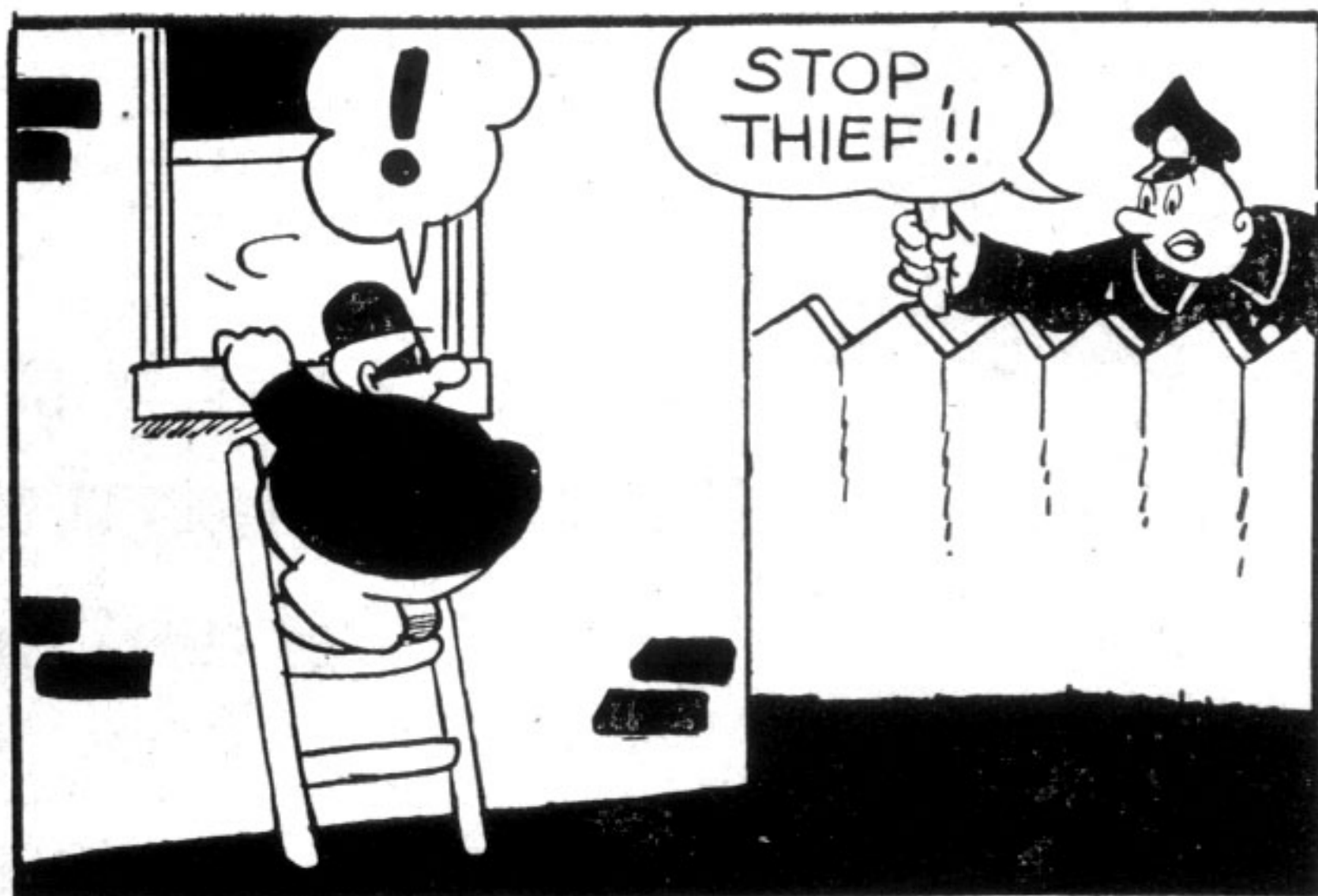
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